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The "House" on sport, by members of the London stock exchange. ...

William Alphonse Morgan

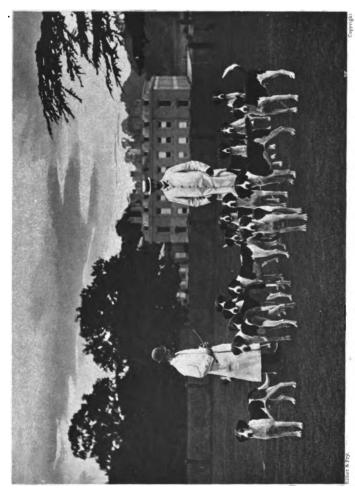
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#### THE

# "HOUSE" ON SPORT,

#### VOLUME 2,

BY MEMBERS OF THE

## LONDON STOCK EXCHANGE.

COMPHED AND EDITED BY

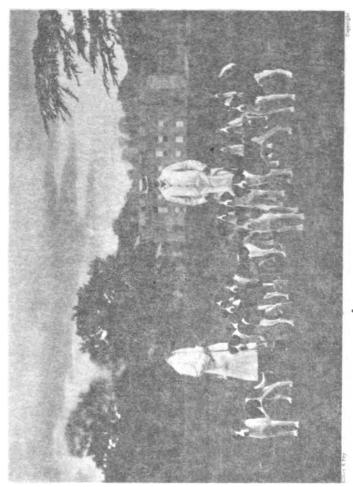
W. A. MORGAN.

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND BRAWINGS.

#### London :

GALE & POLDEN, Ltd.,
2. AMEN CORNER, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

1899.



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#### THIS WORK

Es Dedicated to

THE MEMBERS OF

THE LONDON STOCK EXCHANGE

IN APPRECIATION OF

THE SUPPORT GIVEN BY THEM

то

"THE REFEREE" CHILDREN'S DINNER FUND

BY

THE CONTRIBUTORS AND THE COMPILER.

W. A. MORGAN.

LONDON: December, 1899.



#### PREFACE TO VOLUME 1.

THE profit derived from the Sale of this Book will be in Aid of *The Referee* Children's Dinner Fund.

I think I may take it for granted that nearly everyone is conversant with the aims and object of the Fund, which was practically started in 1876. The funds of the charity (which is non-sectarian) go to provide dinners and breakfasts for the starving children of the poor throughout the whole winter. It is scarcely possible to conceive the misery and hardship these little ones go through—hungry and wretched, ill-clad and cold, compelled to learn lessons with the pangs of hunger gnawing at their very vitals. One can endure the ordinary ills of life with a certain amount of equanimity, always providing that one has a moderate sufficiency of food and drink; but the condition of these wretched, unhappy children is sad indeed, turned out, as they are, of their comfortless homes, where poverty and starvation are the only visitors, where a fire, or indeed warmth of any kind, is conspicuous by its absence, their hollow cheeks and thinly-covered bones telling a tale that one does not care to think about.

The members of the Committee are:—

Sir Henry Irving,
George R. Sims, Esq.,
Richard Butler, Esq.,
R. K. Causton, Esq., M.P.,
H. J. Homer, Esq.,
W. A. Morgan, Esq.,
and
Mrs. E. M. Burgwin,
Hon. Treasurer and Secretary,
21, Clayland's Road,
Clapham.

Two years ago the sum of about £600 was collected on the floor of the House in silver and copper, while last year the support generously accorded to "The 'House' Don't!" amounted to about £6000, which was sent to the Fund and duly acknowledged in the columns of *The Referee*. A reference to the columns of *The Referee* of November 17th, 1808, will best show the wide area of the charity's grants.

With regard to this Book, when it was first thought of, I began by wondering "what should be put in." Thanks to the ready help which has been received from all the present writers, my trouble has been, "what shall I omit?" Whether a fairly representative collection has been made or not I must leave readers to judge. I feel that I must apologise to those gentlemen whom I have not asked to write; my lamentable ignorance of their qualifications and capabilities must be my excuse. THE "HOUSE" ON SPORT is not meant to embody a series of great literary achievements, but what I do venture to claim for it is that the writers on and about the various sports thoroughly know their subject, and the greatest testimony that can be adduced to the value of each article on the several sports treated of, is that each contributor discourses con amore, and advises his own sport as the "hobbiest" of hobbies. It is, indeed, delightful to find such unanimity amongst sporting men in sticking to their sporting lasts.

My most grateful thanks are due to the writers of the articles, and to the many gentlemen who have assisted me with their advice and assistance.

That the House should write on sport is perfectly natural, for ever since its inception, the old English sport of Bull and Bear baiting has been carried on right up to the present time, and even now it bids fair to last as long as any of the sports treated of in this volume.

Written by sportsmen for sportsmen, I have headed the book with portraits of a good sportsman and a gallant horse.

W. A. MORGAN.

December, 1898.

#### PREFACE TO VOLUME 2.

Last year, thanks mainly to the generosity of the Members of the London Stock Exchange, I was enabled to send a cheque for £1,000 to *The Referee* Children's Dinner Fund, beating the record of the previous year by about £400. I then thought that I had practically finished the series of sporting subjects; however, many of last year's contributors and subscribers suggested to me that the list was not wholly exhausted, and the present second volume, I think, proves it, beyond a doubt, and I venture to think that the book, though not containing as many articles, will prove, if anything, more interesting than the one of last year, the subjects being very much more diversified, and traversing a wider area.

The needs of the Charity are greater than ever, the wretchedness and dire misery of the starving children who attend the Board Schools, has been brought to our notice in the columns of the Press, and will, I think, be a matter for serious legislation in the near future.

Though the generosity of the members of the Stock Exchange has already been magnificently demonstrated, I have no doubt that the "House" will respond to the hungry children's appeal, and support the cause by as large a contribution as last year.

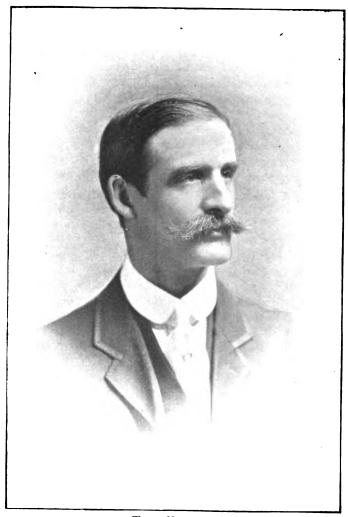
It may be pointed out, with equal justice, that the members who subscribe to these volumes, not only help a charity to minister to the needs of the starving little ones, but at the same time obtain for themselves a book on sport, which may be said, both on account of the contributors, and of the body of keen and generous sportsmen to whom they belong, to be practically unique.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and H.I M. the Czar of Russia accepted copies of the first volume, and graciously expressed their appreciation of it.

In conclusion, I beg to gratefully thank all those who, by their kindly help and advice, have assisted me to produce this, the second and last, volume of the "House on Sport."

W. A. MORGAN.

December, 1899.



THE EDITOR

Mungan

## CONTENTS OF VOLUME 2.

	R.	Norwa	ı R	Sw		PAGE
	-	-	-	-		14
	-	-	-	-	-	29
	-	-	-	-	-	32
	-	-	-	-	-	37
Ву	Hugi	1 E. M.	STU	JTFIE	ELD	55
KIES.						
<b>-</b> ]	By A.	G. Ali	EN .	<b>LURN</b>	NER	198
- By	Hugi	1 E. M.	Stu	JTFIE	ELD	230
	-	By PE	RCY	Shai	RPE	168
	-	By C.	J. 1	Burn	NUP	114
	By	NEVIL	E T	HUR	SBY	159
	By I	R. H. F	ledd	ERW	ICK	242
	- I	By FRAN	CIS	Ogii	LVY	176
	-	Ву Акт	HUR	You	JNG	220
- B	у Мо	NTAGU (	C. S	UMMI	ERS	270
IA.						
	-	Ву Јонг	٠ Н.	Vic	SNE	127
	-	Ву	Ceci	L FA	ANE	42
	-	By C	. W	. Kı	ENT	72
Somer	SET -	- By	ν E.	От	ΓER	213
	By (	CHARLES	G.	R. I	EE	141
THE SA	HARA	-	-	-	-	142
	-	-	-	-	-	151
	By Kies. By Company Co	By Hugh Kies.  By Hugh Kies.  By Hugh  By Hugh	By Hugh E. M. Kies.  By Hugh E. M. Kies.  By Hugh E. M.  By Pei  By C.  By R. H. H.  By Art  By Montagu Cha.  By Charles  By Charles  By Charles	By Hugh E. M. Stukies.  - By A. G. Allen C.  - By Hugh E. M. Stuckies.  - By Hugh E. M. Stuckies.  - By Percy C.  - By Neville T.  - By R. H. Hedd.  - By Francis.  - By Arthur.  - By Montagu C. Stuckies.  - By Ceci.  - By C. W.  Somerset - By E.  - By Charles G.  The Sahara	By Hugh E. M. Stutfinkies.  By A. G. Allen Turn  By Hugh E. M. Stutfin  By Percy Shan  By Neville Thurn  By R. H. Hedderw  By Francis Ogii  By Montagu C. Summ  By Montagu C. Summ  By By Cecil Fa  By C. W. Kiese  By Charles G. R. In the Sahara	By Norman B. Smith  By Hugh E. M. Stutfield  By Percy Sharpe  By Percy Sharpe  By C. J. Burnup  By Neville Thursby  By R. H. Hedderwick  By Francis Ogilvy  By Arthur Young  By Montagu C. Summers

# LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

(In addition to He Authors' P									an	ď
THE PYTCHLEY AT AL									_	'AGI iece
	BIG	GAN	ME S	НОС	TING	G.				
A CAMP			•		•					2
OUR CHEF										3
A Wounded Oryx										$\epsilon$
Koodoo Falling to	Sho	Т					•			$\epsilon$
Geli										8
My Best Koodoo										10
LESSER KOODOO BU										12
A GRAND OLD MAN										14
A GOOD LIONESS										24
When All was Ov										27
My First										30
A Pair of Bulls										31
My First Rhino										32
A RIGHT AND LEFT										34
" Spots"										37
A LUCKY SHOT.										38
NORMAN B. SMITH	•			•			•	•	•	40
F	'OIN'	г-тс	PO	INT	RAC	ES.				
STOCK EXCHANGE PO	DINT-T	ro-Po	INT	RACES	. 18o	8				43
IN LINE FOR START										44
SIR JOHN WINS								•		
WELL OVER .										
LOOKS LIKE TAKING										47

INDEX TO	ILLU	'STRA	ATION	s.			xi.
POINT-TO-POI	NT F	RACE	ES (co	ntinu	ed).		
FIRST STOCK EXCHANGE POINT	-то-Р	OINT,	1892	:			. 48
., ., ., .,							. 40
THE START FROM THE OLD CI	.UB				•		. 50
THE MIDNIGHT STEEPLECHASE	NEAR	MEL	ron N	Лоwв	RAY,	ce81	. 52
THE INSTIGATOR OF THE	MELT	ON	Mowi	BRAY	Mi	DNIGH	T
Steeplechase							
CECIL FANE		•	•		•	•	• 54
BIGHORN HUNTING	i -In	THE	Cana	DIAN	Roc	KIES.	
GORGE OF THE SASKATCHEWAN							. 56
							. 57
THE CAMP THE OUTFIT							. 58
EVENING IN THE BACKWOODS							. 58
Реуто							. 50
WILCOX PEAK AND PASS .							. 60
My Hunting Ground .							
THE AUTHOR							
OUR HUNTING PARTY .							. 6:
IN THE VALLEY OF THE ATHAB	ASCA						. 64
IN THE VALLEY OF THE ATHABASE THE CRADLE OF THE ATHABASE AT THE HEAD OF BEAR CREEK	C <b>A</b>			•			. 6
AT THE HEAD OF BEAR CREEK							. 66
DRYING THE MEAT							
AN EASY FORD ON THE SASKA	тснеч	VAN					. 68
SHOT BY C. G. R. LEE, Esq.							
Hugh E. M. Stutfield							. 70
ROWING							
THE HENLEY COURSE, 1899	•	•	•	•	•	•	. 7
FIRST TRINITY, CAMBRIDGE	•	•	•	•	•	•	. 7
First Trinity, Cambridge Molesey Regatta C. W. Kent	•	•	•	•	•	•	. 8
				•	•	•	. 8
YA	CHT	ING.					
"Tutty," "Senta," "Isolde	·".	•					. 88
"Britannia"			•				. 90
"Britannia"							. 9
" REVERIE"							

#### INDEX TO ILLUSTRATIONS.

## YACHTING (continued).

						_					PAC
" Rainbow											9:
"Iduna" (H.	I.M.	The	Geri	nan E	mpres	ss)					93
" METEOR	,,	,,		,,	•			•			94
"Tutty".								•		•	95
" MAHARANEE	٠.										95
"SATANITA"	•										96
" Anaconda "											97
" Monara"											97
" PLEIAD											97
" Babe"											98
" Fiona"					•						100
" Erycina "										•	101
" Pollie											102
"IREX"											103
" MERRYMAID											10
" Geisha"											106
" Chula										•	107
"THEA"					•						107
"DAY DAWN"	٠.	•									105
"FAUGH-A-BAI	LAGE	ı "								•	100
S.Y. "St. KII	.DA ''										110
" MENEEN"											110
"Rosabelle"											111
Augustus G.	Wili	DΥ									112
" Box and Co	)х "					•					113
			CR	ICKE	ET, 18	399.					
England v. Au	'CTD/	ATTA (	Exc	LAND	1800)	· Dra	'HDIN'	: Tre	т Ма	тен	11.
Australians,			Lind			. 171.	IDIM				116
			•		•	•	•	•	•	•	117
K. J. Key	•	•	•			•	•	•		•	120
Major Poore		•	•				•	•		•	120
England v. A					ur ('i		. 15: 1	e Opasii	r OF '		12
Pavilion										INE	12.
C. J. BURNUP							•		•	•	125
C. J. DEKNEP	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	120

INI	DEX	то	ILLU	STRA	TION	s.			XIII.
	го	TER	н	JNTI	NG.				
THE PACK									, 128
READY TO START .									. 130
A PREFERENCE FOR W	ET I	Геет					•		. 131
TRYING A HOLT									. 132
CROSSING THE STREAM									. 134
"FULL CRY".									. 135
THE PACK									. 138
JOHN H. VIGNE .									. 140
				HU					•
BARBARY SHEEP .									1.12
ARAB WOMEN AT THE	w	· ATPD	· Hor		•	•			. 143
THE WAY ARABS SPE	ND	MOST	OF	THEI	r Ti	ME.	Самр	Beni	•
FAAGH CELESTIN PASSET. CHA		•	•	•	•	•	•	•	. 144
Ali the Cook		•	•	•	•	•	•	•	. 146
MAHOMMED BEN SAID		•	•	•	•	•	•	•	. 147
"It was over this R	IDG	E TH	AT I	STAL	KED A	AND H	IAD A	Miss	
FIRE AND KILLED	ONE	A D	AY (	or Tv	vo A	FTER '	<b>'.</b>	•	. 150
CORSICAN OR SARDINIA	N A	4 OUF	LON	_	_	_	_	_	. 151
A GROUP AT PIRA-DE-C	Onn	ı (H	UNTE	RS AN	ND SA	RDS)	•	•	. 152
CANTONIERA, GENNA D.	a S	CALA	S	•	•		•	•	. 154
THE SARD COSTUME.		•			•		•	•	. 156
CHARLES G. R. LEE		•	•	•	•	•	•	•	. 158
	C	UB	HU	NTIN	G.				
"Marquis"									. 161
Sir John Thursby's N	lew	For	EST	Houn	NDS				. 164
Neville Thursby .									
				ISHI					·
On the Ouse									. 160
A QUIET SPOT									. 170
READY FOR A BITE .									. 171
"THERE OR THEREABO	UTS	,,							. 172
READY FOR A BITE . "THERE OR THEREABO AN OUT OF THE WAY S	SPOT	Г							. 172
Expectancy				•					-73 174
PERCY SHARP									

## DEER STALKING.

										PAGE
A Few Ross-Shir		-								
WITH DEFORME									•	176
DEER ON BEN WY									•	178
THE RESULT OF A									•	180
GRALLOCHING THE	Roya	L.	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	184
Bringing the Sta	g Ho	ME	•	•	•		•		•	185
A ROYAL	•	•	•	•	•	•		•	•	188
THE COMBAT .	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•		189
A FIFTEEN POINTE	R.	•	•		•	•		•		192
THE GLEN QUOICH										193
WHITE-FACED STA										195
FRANCIS OGILVY	•	•	•		•	•	•	•	•	197
		F	BEAG	LING	<b>3</b> .					
A Well-Known M	Maste	R OF	Вело	GLES						200
"TRUELOVE".										202
LEAVING KENNELS										204
An Early Septem	BER	Меет								
In Full Cry .										207
А Снеск										208
A KILL							•			
BREAKING HER U	٠.									210
CASTING THEMSELY	VES									211
A. G. ALLEN TUR										
STA	GHO	UND	s D	EVON	AND	Som	ERSET.			
FORDING HORNER										
UP TO CLOUTSHAM										
OPENING MEET, 18										
Going Out to Tu	J <b>FT</b>		•	•		•		•		217
STAG ABOVE A CO	VER									218
E Ommon										

	INDE	ех то	ILI	LUSTR	ATIO	NS.				xv.
	C	ROU	SE	DRIV	ING.					
"PEACE"-THE M	OODE	1174	ΩE	Δυστι	T					220
"WAR"—THE MO										
A GROUSE DRIVE										222
OUT OF THE VALLE										226
					•	•	•	•	•	•
ARTHUR TOUNG	•	•	•	٠		•			•	228
	CF	HAMO	IS	HUN	TIN	G.				
THE HOME OF THE	Сна	MOIS							•	230
A Chamois Drive Head of a Buck	Снам	ois (V	Vint	ER Co	OAT)			•		236
Trophies .										238
THE AUTHOR .										240
		C	URI.	ING.						
THE GLASGOW ST	госк	Ехсн	ANGE	E AND	тні	3 Gi	.ASGO	w Ir	RON	
Exchange-L	осн L	OMON	D							243
THE GLASGOW ST	оск	Ехсна								
Exchange—Le				•						244
Loch Lomond. A										245
J. D. HEDDERWICI	ι, Šκι	ıp, Dı	RECT	ing S	нот					
St. Moritz. A Ri										
,, "So										
,, CLE	ARING	AWAY	TH	e Sno	w				•	249
,, "Он,										
11 500										-
CURLING AT GRIND GRINDELWALD CUR	LING	CLUB	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	252
GENERAL VIEW OF	Rova	L CAL	FDO:	NIAN N	· Matci	И ат	CADO	FRDF	cr.	~3-
1898, showing										252
CARSEBRECK: LOR										
CARSEBRECK: LOR										
"JUST A REFRESH										•,
LORD BALFOUR BE										
THE KILT AT CAR								EDKE!		_
SUBURBAN CURLING	SEBKE	D (		C.	m D	IDEC	·	S::-		
LOTE OF POON FO										

### xvi.

#### INDEX TO ILLUSTRATIONS.

	C	UK.	LING (	cont	inuea).					
Not a Good "Hea	n."									250
"DINNA SWEEP"										
"LAY ME A GUARD	Her	Е"	•		•		•			26 I
SIR JAMES GILSON	CRA	IG,	BART.	, Si	IPPING	A	Rink	AT	THE	
GRAND MATCH										262
COUNTRY CURLING.										262
R. H. Hedderwick						-				263
DIAGRAM OF "THE	Rini	к "	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	265
•	KAI	NG	AROO	HU	NTIN	G.				
Тне Меет .									-	270
THERE HE GOES, W	ARE	St	UMPS!							272
THE FAMILY AT HO	ME									273
Black Boys .	•		•		•					274
TRYING GROUND BY	THE	Sw	AN RIV	ER	•					276
HELL'S GATE .								٠.		278
Aborigines										279
Montagu C. Summe										280
"Good-Bye".										280



#### THE

# "HOUSE" ON SPORT.

# BIG GAME SHOOTING.

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IG game shooting—the very title has a charm of its own, even to those who know little or nothing about it; while to those who have taken part in any of its varieties, this grand sport is a constant theme of interest and discussion. There are sports and pastimes—many of the former, still more of the latter; however,

of all sports, especially such as come under the head of gunnery, I claim first place for the above.

There are many of us who have tried a hand at most things that can be done with horse, rod, or gun; but whether it be getting well away in a quick thing to hounds, or cutting out the work between flags; busy in a grouse butt, or stopping the little brown bird over the fences and fir belts of Norfolk; pulling down high rocketers, or the first rush of a fresh run salmon, I think the best of these, good though they are, fail to come up to the intense moments of excitement, the bitter disappointments, and the exhilarating successes that fall to the

lot of those who pursue this splendid sport, especially in the wilder and less known tracts of East Africa.

There is no doubt that a beat for tiger, with elephants, is most exciting, and a fine spectacle, but the practical absence of danger deprives it of that essence of sport which belongs to the pursuit of dangerous game in Africa, where the hunter follows up his game on foot, and alone, with the exception of a couple of black boys who act as gun-bearers and trackers. It is not only the sport, but the life and surroundings



A CAMP.

that make the game so attractive; the peculiar effect of these great solitudes, the feeling that you are absolutely "on your own," and the charm of camp life, so greatly added to if you have a real good pal as a partner, when you meet at the end of the day at a well-earned and appreciated dinner, with the lanterns swinging from the tent-poles, and the little table placed between. As you dine, and over a quiet pipe before turning in, you recount in turn the day's failures or successes; far from the

ceaseless roar of the old city, in a stillness that is perhaps only broken by the mournful howl of a hyena, or the crooning song of one of your camp boys; far from the madding crowd in very truth, for, possibly, you are a month's march from the nearest white man.

Leaving the theoretical side of the question, I will now turn to the practical, and by choosing out certain extracts from my



OUR CHEF.

diaries, illustrated by some photographs taken on the spot, I will describe a few phases of the sport as they have occurred to me.

#### ANTELOPE SHOOTING.

I propose to commence with the above, because it is the backbone of East African shooting. In this branch of the sport may be found all the difficulties of Scotch stalking, with the great advantage of the wonderful variety of trophies that may be obtained. Just to quote a few of the larger antelopes. First and foremost, the koodoo. What finer trophy can fall to one's rifle than a really good koodoo bull? His great size, elegant shape, and huge spiral horns, make him a right royal beast. The eland, too, makes a fine trophy, though the horns are by no means in proportion to the huge bulk of this grand beast. What more handsome head can adorn your walls than a good sable antelope? While amongst other really fine trophies, may be mentioned the roan antelope, the oryx, with his spear-like horns, the rough-looking water buck, and the beautiful lesser koodoo. These are just a few of the finest of the many varieties of large antelopes which include the several varieties of the "wilde beeste and hartebeeste tribe," and other kinds too numerous to mention.

Now, as regards rifles for the different varieties of big game, the columns of The Field contain, from time to time, letters, giving most varied opinions, particularly so as regards the modern small-bore rifles of the Lee-Metford and Mannlicher For instance, a few months back a correspondent was advising the use of Magazine rifles of the above types for lion shooting, giving, as his reason, that, in the event of a charge, the many shots in the Magazine would be a great pull over the limited two shots of a double Express. I need scarcely say that his theory is all wrong, for on the occasions, luckily not frequent, that a lion does charge, my own (and, I believe, the general) experience is, that he comes at a great pace, and only charges at very close quarters, rarely, if ever, from a distance exceeding fifty yards. In a rush of anything between twenty and forty yards, one could aim and let off both barrels of an Express, but I doubt if it would be possible to get off two shots from a Lee-Metford or Mannlicher quick enough, and it would be impossible to fire three.

The usual battery would include a double 8-bore rifle for elephant, rhinoceros, or buffalo; a '577 Express for lion, backed by a 12-bore Parodox; a '303, usually a Magazine Lee-Metford carbine, and, perhaps, a '450 Express for antelopes. My own

battery consists of a 10-bore Paradox, shooting eight drs. of black powder for elephant and rhinoceros, a '500 Magnum Express, backed by a 12-bore Paradox, for lion, and a '303 Magazine carbine, with Jeffery split bullets, for antelope. For all but the largest antelopes, the '303 is, in my opinion, quite perfect, and though I usually hear the Mannlicher preferred, I fail to see why. It is especially on grass plains, and in very open country, where stalking advantages are few, that these small bores are so effective. Under these circumstances, the shot has generally to be taken at long ranges, from 200 yards up to 400 yards, and in that clear atmosphere, distances are most difficult to estimate, and it is here that the flat trajectory of these small bores simplifies the matter.

I remember one occasion, when our caravan was crossing a wide, grassy plain, I vainly tried to get near a single buck, the only living thing in sight. At last I rejoined the caravan in despair of fresh meat from that buck, if from any, that day. few minutes later one of my men called my attention to the fact, that the buck was moving along parallel with the caravan. watched him, and he gradually came closer, till I estimated the distance about 300 yards. I at once sat down, and resting my elbows on my knees, I tried him with the 303 as he stood broadside on, with a steady cross wind blowing from head to tail. On firing, I was surprised and pleased to see him collapse on to his rump in a sitting posture, and on going up to him, I found the bullet had gone clean through both hocks, smashing them to rags, hence the sitting posture. I carefully paced the distance, 372 yards, and perhaps the cross wind was jointly responsible, with want of accuracy, in hitting him so far back. I may say that the first year I took out a '303 I shot badly with it for at least a week, till I got accustomed to it, then it was all right.

To quote from a diary of 1896. Monday, April 13th.—Marched 5 a.m. to 10 a.m.; struck out to left of caravan to try and get fresh meat, which was badly wanted; grass all burnt up for want of rain. At last, sighted fine herd of sæmmeringi; fair work with '303, four cartridges, three buck. First shot, 150 yards,



A WOUNDED ORYX.

went over; second, 200 vards, clean through the shoulders; third and fourth, about 130 vards and 150 yards, both clean through the heart, big bucks, one of them the best head I have seen. Tuesday, April 14th. - Marched 5.10 a.m. and halted Route 9.30. lay through a bare plain, with very parched look-

ing grass. Saw a lot of scemmeringi, and a few oryx and hartebeeste. Everything terribly wild; had one shot only at a good scemmeringi buck; killed, through neck; paced distance, 326 yards. April 16th.—Soon after starting, found fresh tracks of oryx, and came up with herd of about twenty feeding in thin bush. Easy stalk to about 130 yards; tried a fine bull with 500 Express, and dropped him. On coming up, I found the poor

beast in a sitting posture, too sick to get up, being shot through both lungs; happened to have the kcdak with me, so took a snapshot before finishing him off.

These are samples of fair average sport in good game country. For the smaller antelopes, I found the 303 quite powerful enough, but after hitting and losing several oryx and



KOODOO FALLING TO SHOT.

hartebeeste bulls, I came to the conclusion that I should lose fewer of these tough beasts with my '500 Express. If the bullet is placed right, of course either is powerful enough, but if a bit too far back, an oryx bull, toughest of antelopes, will go away with a '303 bullet, where he probably would not have got far with the '500 Express. Of all this kind of stalking, by far the best is after koodoo in some of the wild mountain ranges, where you are lucky if you get two or three good bulls for a week's hard work.

On one occasion, I had been out since daylight in some precipitous gorges on the slopes of a mountain range, where, the altitude being some 5,000 feet above the sea, the air was comparatively cool and bracing. It was now mid-day, and my hunter, Geli, and I were enjoying a frugal lunch of biscuits and cold venison by the side of a trickling cascade. Suddenly Geli, who had been scanning the opposite slope, requested me to examine a patch of bushes, about 700 yards off, with my field glass. On doing so, I gradually made out the tips of a pair of kocdoo horns moving about as their owner fed in the bushes. A moment later, and a huge koodoo bull, with a very fine pair of horns, stepped out from the bushes and stared in our direction. I need scarcely say, we kept as still as stones. unsuspicious, he moved back into the bushes. The wind was hardly perceptible, but I soon found that it would require a big détour to be able to approach him with the wind right, without which it would be hopeless, as the scenting power of these antelopes is wonderful.

Slipping down into a small nullah, we half ran, half clambered, along, till we had put a good half-mile between ourselves and that patch of bush on the hillside, and placed the wind in the right quarter. I marked a small, rocky ridge which seemed to command the bushes at about 80 yards range, and, after a creep of five-and-twenty minutes, I gained it, and peeping over full of caution and anticipation, with my good old 500 ready for action, to my intense disappointment I found the koodoo had gone, and was evidently over the sky line. Running down to

the bushes, I was glad to find the well-known spoor leading deliberately away at a walking pace over the upper ridge, so he probably had not yet been alarmed. We were soon over the ridge, and below us lay another gorge, with scattered bushes on its side, and the opposite slope running up to another sky line about 150 yards off. Almost immediately I heard a rattling of stones, and saw the bull galloping up the opposite slope. Snatching the 303 from Geli, I squatted down in my usual



GELI

position, and, sighting rather hurriedly, I heard the unwelcome "spang" of the bullet striking rock; quickly jerking the bolt back, I felt well on as I pulled the second time, and the dull "klop" of the bullet told me I had found him.

Before I could get in a third shot, he was over the sky line and out of sight, and we ran up that slope at a very useful pace. On gaining the ridge, we came upon very rough, rocky ground, with thickets of bushes, and about a hundred yards off was a very steep ascent, crowned by a plateaulike summit. Suddenly, as we followed the very thin blood spoor, I heard a rush in the

bushes, and jumping on to a small mound just behind me, I kept my eyes fixed on the steep ascent, knowing that was my only chance of getting a view in this thick bush. A moment later, I saw the koodoo going at a scrambling gallop up a zigzag path leading to the summit, evidently a track well known to him. Working the bolt of the Lee-Metford very rapidly, I got in four shots before he gained the summit, all of which

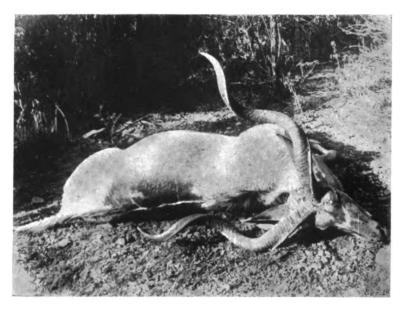
told, and from the great effort the last few yards seemed to cost him, I knew he couldn't go far. As we scrambled up the track which he had followed, we found the rocks fairly splashed with blood, especially towards the top, and when we gained the summit, there the grand old fellow lay, his thick bull-like neck bearing many old scars, mementoes of fights with rival bulls. He was indeed a prize, and as I sat there on the summit while Geli skinned the koodoo, now feasting my eyes on this splendid beast, and now contemplating the magnificent panorama of game country that rolled away into the blue distance below me, I couldn't help asking myself, "Is there anything equal to this at home?"

Possibly someone may describe what I have just related as a clumsy business; personally, I consider it a well got beast. Six shots, fired at a galloping beast, big though he was, at from 100 to 150 yards, and only one miss, is quite good enough.

As a contrast, I will just describe the killing of another koodoo bull, the best I ever got, and also with the :303. our last day on the slopes of these mountains, as we were going to march down towards the plains the next day. My good pal D., who as yet had not secured a koodoo, started off at dawn to try his luck again, while I stayed in camp and had a good rest. About 2 p.m. I thought I would go for a stroll on the chance of finding a pool of water to bathe in. Telling my hunter I should not want him, I began ascending the mountains, coolly clad in a suit of pyjamas and a pair of rubber shoes. I soon hit on fairly fresh koodoo spoor, and as I had brought the Lee-Metford 303 with me for protection, I took up the track. After two hours tracking in very rough ground, I came on convincing evidence that the spoor was several hours old and not worth following. At the same time, I reached a beautiful gorge with a stream in the bottom, and in a flat slab of rock, worn smooth as marble by the spates of centuries, I found a hollow, about the size of an ordinary bath, full of clear water. To get out of the pyjamas and into the water was the work of a moment, and there I lay for over an hour, revelling in the

luxury of a bath, a treat that one rarely gets in this waterless country.

I took the precaution of laying the '303 within hand's reach, in case some prowling leopard tried a creep for me, as I had heard them every night here, though no lions. The sensation of lying in this marble, smooth bath of lovely cool water, with a cloudless blue sky above and grand scenery all round, was so delightful, that it was only the slanting shadows of the declining



My Best Koodoo.

sun that warned me I was four miles from camp, and it would soon be dark. Quickly drying with a handkerchief, I started for camp, but when about half-way, as I was walking along one side of a small valley, aided by the noiseless rubber shoes and the deathlike stillness of the evening, I heard the rattle of a stone dislodged on the other side. Sitting down in the shadow of a bush, I quietly awaited developments. The sun had now disappeared, and the light was bad, but I soon made out a

magnificent koodoo bull coming at a slinging trot along the opposite slope, so as to pass me about 200 yards off. Just as he got opposite to me, I gave a sharp whistle, which at once brought him to a standstill, and facing round, he stared across towards me. Taking the 200 yards' sight very fine, I aimed for the point of the shoulder, and heard the bullet crack sharply on bone. It brought him to his knees, but scrambling up, he shambled off, giving vent to a sort of booming groans, and disappeared into a nullah. I ran across to where he was when I fired, but failed to find any blood, and the ground being nearly all rock, he left no spoor.

After ten minutes' vain search, I heard a shout, and saw D. and his two hunters coming towards me; they were on their way back to camp, and had heard my shot. It appears they had disturbed this koodoo some way back, and, by good luck, had driven it my way. We spread out, hunting for spoor, and in a few minutes one of the trackers picked up a faint blood spoor, and a little further on we found the finest kocdoo I have ever seen in the flesh, lying stone dead. The Jeffery bullet had entered at the point of the shoulder, smashing the shoulder, then through the heart and lungs, but had no exit, hence very little blood spoor; the striking force of these little bullets is tremendous, and the Jeffery bullet, in breaking up, causes a terrible wound; in fact, I was astonished at this bull managing to run some 300 yards before falling dead, seeing that he was hit so correctly. The measurements of this koodoo, as recorded in Rowland Ward's "Records of Big Game," were 54 inches round the curves, 39 inches straight, and 32 inches from tip to tip, and the head looks better than the measurements.

When stalking antelopes in flat country, you generally have to take the shot in a sitting position, with your elbows on your knees, as, if you lay down to shoot, the grass would be too high to see your game. Although this position is a tolerably steady one, it is nothing like so easy for accurate shooting as where you can use a tree trunk or moss-covered boulder to rest the barrels on, for neither the tree nor the boulder have the slightest tremor or



LESSER KOODOO BUCK.

pulsation, and, consequently, you can shoot with absolute accuracy. In open country, where stalking is difficult, and few but long shots obtainable, the unavoidable pulsation attached to the sitting position affects extreme accuracy and makes one often hit one's beast a bit wrong, perhaps a trifle far back; and this, with the larger antelopes, such as orvx, hartebeeste, waterbuck, etc., probably means

losing him, or, at best, getting him after a long and tiring blood spoor.

One of the most graceful and beautiful of the antelopes is the lesser koodoo. In many respects resembling his great namesake, though barely half the size, this pretty creature differs essentially in certain marked characteristics, notably in the white markings about the face, and the absence of the brindled beard which adorns the throat of the great koodoo. It is partial to thick bushy tracts, and is essentially a bush buck. I had the good fortune to kill two fine bucks which for some years were first and second records of this variety; and my best specimen, according to the new edition of "Records of Big Game," recently published, still remains facile princeps, the measurements being recorded 351 inches on the curves, 261 inches straight, 161 tip to tip, and 71 inches circumference.

To quote from my diary. Wednesday, May 6th.—Started 5 a.m. with four men to look for elephants, the camp moving on to a water pool three miles west; at 8 a.m. sighted a fine

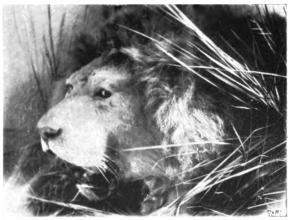
lesser koodoo buck with two does. As there were no signs of elephants in the vicinity, and we had no meat in camp, I followed them, and came on the buck standing on a small hillock 160 yards away; made a neat shot with '500, and dropped him in his tracks. Best head I have ever seen.

One might write pages and pages on the stalking of the many varieties of antelopes, but I will not trouble my readers further on the subject, except to point out that the first object in view is to obtain the finest horns possible in each variety, and to this end, a really good pair of field glasses is as necessary as a rifle. It is variety, and quality, not quantity, that makes a fine bag of big game; and I personally regard a man who tries how many he can kill, of animals that he can't possibly require, with about the same feelings as a keen hunting man regards the shooter of a fox.

Lions, leopards, tigers, etc., cannot be over shot, for they are harmful, and can take care of themselves; but it is for the antelopes, in their many and beautiful varieties, I would plead. They are rapidly diminishing, but if sportsmen will confine themselves to shooting what they actually require, and go for quality, not quantity, they will last a long time yet. The same applies to buffalo; yet in one or two recent works on the sport, the excessive shooting appears to me unsportsmanlike butchery. I make it a hard-and-fast rule never to shoot any buck, unless I have satisfied myself with my glasses that it is a desirably fine head, or am in want of fresh meat; and many a time have I stalked buck, and got well within range, and then finding the heads only moderate, have been content to admire without thinking of shooting. It is possible that some reader of these lines may some day go an expedition after big game himself, and if, like a good sportsman, he remembers my little plea for the antelopes, they will not have been written in vain.

## LION SHOOTING.

We now come to the trophy most coveted by the Big Game hunter. Of all forms of the sport, this appears to me the most essentially sporting, where the hunter pits himself against these powerful brutes on foot and single-handed, and not with the security of the howdah, and backing of other rifles, that prevails at a tiger beat. As to the danger of lion hunting, and the likelihood of being charged, I have come to the conclusion, that you can follow up lions through thick bush with impunity, so long as they are unwounded, though, when once they are



A GRAND OLD MAN.

wounded, it is as well to look out for squalls. As against this, I once came across two sportsmen encamped in a lion district, who assured me they had been twice charged in the same week by lions they had not yet fired at.

To quote from Badminton, that pioneer of big game shooters, Cotton Oswell, says, "There are lions and lions, but, as a rule, if you will take my advice, you will hold as straight as you can when you pit yourself against a lion; and if you accept all chances without picking and choosing, you'll now and again find yourself in a warm corner." Another great authority, Mr. F. C. Selous,

says, "Not only do lions differ much individually in character—one, when encountered, showing himself to be an animal of a very cowardly nature, while another may prove to be very bold and savage—but it would seem that the disposition of lions varies in the different large areas of country over which they range. I look upon it as foolhardy in the extreme to walk along a road or a native footpath after dark, in countries which are infested by lions; you may walk twenty times without meeting a lion at all, and you may meet twenty lions before encountering a really hungry animal; but when you do at last meet him, he will, most assuredly, be the last lion that you will have any knowledge of in this world."

What rifles to use is an important point in lion hunting, as in the pursuit of other dangerous game; and there is no doubt that a '577 Express is the best possible weapon. In the choice of heavy rifles, it is very necessary to consider one's physical capacity, and it must be remembered, that in hot climates, especially after a bout of fever, weight tells more than in our own. I know several sportsmen who use an 8-bore rifle on lions, but this seems unnecessarily powerful; though in the case of a powerful man, who is not confident of his accuracy, it would make things fairly safe. I have always used a '500 Express, as it is a bit lighter than a '577, and nearly as powerful.

The question of bullet comes next. Sir S. Baker, in his book, condemns the use of hollow point bullets on lion, and advocates a solid lead bullet. This once cost me a lion, as I will explain later on. Personally, I consider a solid bullet a great mistake with such animals as lion and tiger. A small hollow point, extending half the length of the bullet, with deep solid lead base, is by far the most deadly. Doubtless Sir S. Baker, writing many years ago, referred to the shallow-based trade Express bullet, which would break up altogether on a heavy bone, and had no weight or penetration. As a second rifle, a 12-bore Paradox is most suitable, with a hollow point bullet, and not less than four drams of black powder. As the second

rifle is likely to be used at a bolting or charging beast, handiness and quickness of aim are essential qualities, and, in this respect, the Paradox is most suitable, as it is very light, and comes up like a shot gun.

As to lions themselves, the likelihood of their charging, and general danger attached to the sport, I can only repeat that it is my belief, and my experience, that until a lion has been wounded, or, at any rate, shot at or otherwise harassed, he is most unlikely to charge; in other words, you can follow the fresh spoor of a lion into bush or high grass without much fear of a charge. On the other hand, when following up the blood spoor of a wounded lion, one cannot be too careful. In these cases, it is always a good plan to restrain your keenness and give him at least half-anhour's start, so that his wounds may stiffen, or if vitally hit, the brute may die.

It is, perhaps, easier to advise this self-restraint than to practise it, as the following account of my first encounter with a lion may show. We had camped the evening before on the edge of a large plain, and in the last rays of the setting sun I could see several herds of hartebeeste and other antelopes in the far distance. About an hour before dawn next morning, I was roused by my hunter, who quickly explained that they had just heard lions roaring in the bush, about a mile away. My companion M. was already up, and the cook had prepared a pot of hot coffee, which was soon swallowed, and before the sun rose, we were on our way through the bush, in the direction from which the roaring seemed to come. We very soon hit on fresh tracks, in the sandy soil, of a large lion.

After following the spoor for about two hours, the trackers announced that we were close to the lion, and we moved quietly through the bush, about sixty yards apart. Then, for the first time, I saw the king of beasts at home. As I rounded a big patch of bush, a splendid lion, with a fine dark mane, stepped out into the open, about sixty yards from me, but before I could find my sight on him, he had bounded over a bush at least five feet high, with the most cat-like ease, heading towards M. A

second later, and I heard a shot, followed by a hoarse growl, and a crashing noise, as the lion rushed through the bush not far from me. In another moment, M. appeared, running at full speed on the track of the lion, followed by his two hunters. I at once joined in this mad pursuit, and for about 200 yards we crashed through the bush after the lion, till, all of a sudden, he rounded up in a thick patch of bush, and commenced a hostile demonstration in the shape of sharp, grunting roars.

As we afterwards found out, M.'s shot had gone through the fleshy part of his leg, annoying him without disabling him. The lion was in a clump of thick bush, about thirty yards in diameter, surrounded by sandy soil, on which we had taken up our position. Being new at the game, and not having had time enough to get our men steady, the result was they lost their heads altogether, and kept up an incessant shouting, every now and then drowned by tremendous roars from the lion. I expected a charge every moment, and, unless it was the shouting of our boys, I can't imagine what deterred him. At last, my head tracker, who had kept his head pretty well, made out the position of the lion. I offered the shot to M., but he could not see him at all, so I moved up to the edge of the bush and peered in where my boy pointed, and whence issued a succession of guttural roars, apparently within a few feet of me.

However, looking from the bright sunshine into the dark bush, it was impossible to distinguish anything at all. My boy suggested stepping into the shade of the bush, and though I didn't fancy pioneering of this sort, there was nothing else to be done; so I stepped a yard into the bush, and almost immediately made out the lion, in a crouching position, about twelve yards away, kicking up an awful row, and looking wonderfully savage. I didn't feel an atom nervous now, and taking a fine sight with the '500 between his eyes, I pulled, and sprang back into the open. All was silent after the shot, and peering in again, I saw him lying dead, and all hands joining in, we pulled him out into the open, and found my bullet had struck him precisely between the eyes, and, of course, killed him stone dead. He

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was a very fine male lion, with a full mane, and in splendid condition. A bottle of "Boy" celebrated the occasion at dinner that evening. I relate the above just as it happened, a case of impetuous keenness which, fortunately, resulted in no one being hurt.

About ten days after this, when camped near a native village, news was brought that a large lioness had rushed their cattle and killed a cow. We at once set off, and taking up the spoor, we marked her down in a big patch of bush. My tracker made her out in a bit of very dark bush, watching us intently, with only her head visible. She was only about fifty yards off, but the light was very bad, and only her bullet head was visible. Not knowing which way her body lay, I unfortunately could not try a body shot, so I aimed just below her chin, hoping to break her neck. An angry growl announced a hit, and a moment later a shout from one of my boys, whom I had posted the other side of the patch, told me she had gone away. Running quickly round, I was informed that a very fine lioness had bolted past my boy, who wisely kept out of sight, with blood streaming from a bullet-wound in her neck, and taken to a big patch of grass some five feet high, and, perhaps, twenty acres in She had left a most liberal blood spoor, and my tracker was naturally most confident we should get her.

We had now a most disagreeable job on hand, to walk this grass in line till we found the lioness, when probably the first intimation of her proximity would be one of us getting knocked down. Still, we had two hunters each, and our two selves made six, so it was five to one against any individual being the sufferer; and plenty of assistance handy in case of accident, so it wasn't so bad as it looked. All the same, the feeling of tension was quite enough, as we cautiously wended our way through the high grass, on full cock, and ready to fire instantly. I have since tracked and hunted up many lions, with one exception, single-handed; but there is no doubt that the presence and backing of a fellow-sportsman, especially if he is a reliable man in an emergency, is a great safeguard, and enables one to

run risks that would be folly single-handed. Strange to say, in the above instance, we never saw that lioness again, partly owing to the density of the grass and bush, and partly owing to the blood spoor, so thick at first, gradually becoming fainter and fainter. It was rather bad luck, as the Express bullet can't have missed the vertebræ more than an inch.

My next bout with a lion was alone, short and sweet. news of a man-eating lion, which was said to have killed ten natives in the past month. I was fortunate enough to get a chance at him at close quarters the evening I arrived at the village. The Express bullet caught him between the eye and ear, and was, of course, fatal, though he was decidedly picturesque in his dying moments, rearing up on his hind legs, fighting the air with his fore paws, giving vent to deep coughing roars, then rolling on the ground, tearing up great sods with his teeth and claws. My shikari begged me to shoot again, but I refused, knowing him to be safe, and not wishing to make another hole in the skin. He was a fine old lion, in fat condition, with his teeth much worn, and a poorish mane. The skin, when pegged out, without any undue stretching, measured exactly eleven feet, the same measurement as the first lion I have mentioned, though, perhaps, a trifle broader skin.

There are many disappointments in lion hunting, as, though there may be many lions in the neighbourhood, it is so difficult to get a sight of them. I have tracked and followed up many lions, some of which have broken away within a few yards of me, without ever giving me a view. Of those I have followed up, and undoubtedly been close to, I do not think I have actually sighted one half; while of those I have seen, I have bagged exactly two-thirds, wounding and losing the remainder.

The next item of interest in this line occurred as follows:—We had pushed on into some very bad country, where such little water as could be found was so bad, that no boiling or filtering would make it drinkable. The result was, that the fever, which had already been troubling our men, and had practically incapacitated M. for hard work, came on worse

than ever, one man dying, and quite half the others being more or less hors de combat. I, too, had a bad time, and only kept on my feet by keeping on the move after game, for it is fatal to give up to it. M. was now in a helpless condition, and I was really rather anxious about him. Under the circumstances, though we had intended making a long trip, to last the best part of the year, we came to the conclusion that, with M. in such a state, the only thing to be done was to beat a retreat to the coast, which would take us about a month's marching. All the morning I had been making preparations for a start the following day, packing up things, and buying a milk cow at a village not far off, as we had nearly a week to march through uninhabited country, and milk was the only food M. could now take.

It was now 4 p.m., and I was sitting in camp having a cup of tea, and, unfortunately, at the moment, reading Sir S. Baker's remarks in favour of solid bullets for lion, when a native came running into the camp, and said that a lion had just killed a cow of his about two miles off. My head shikari, or hunter, was, unfortunately, on his back with fever, so calling to my tracker to get the Express and the 12-bore Paradox and a few cartridges, I slipped on my boots, and in a few minutes we were off. Our guide led us to the place where the lion had killed the cow, and there, sure enough, was the trail in the sand of the body of the cow as the lion had dragged it off to thick bush. At this moment, with the Baker remarks in my mind, I foolishly slipped a couple of solid bullets into the '500, instead of the heavy hollow point bullets I believed in so well.

After following the trail of the cow for a few minutes, we came on its body lying in very thick, overhung jungle, and, as I stood contemplating it, I was glad to see that only a very small portion had been eaten, so the lion was sure to come back. All of a sudden, my tracker seemed to lose his head, and began shouting out, shoot! shoot! It appears that as we were gazing at the cow, the lion was watching us intently through a bush, about five yards away, when my boy caught sight of him. Instead of just touching me in silence, and pointing at the lion, when, of

course, I could have plugged him through the head, the wretched fellow got over-excited at the proximity of the lion, and shouted. Had my head man been with me, this would never have occurred, and I should now have owned that lion skin. On his calling out, shoot! I at once knew he saw the lion, and glancing round, I was just in time to get a glimpse of the brute as he wheeled round and made off. A snapshot as he bolted, found, but failed to stop him.

As far as I could judge, I hit him rather far back, and the solid bullet encountering no bone, would pass through him without mushrooming at all. There was a small blood spoor, and from the colour of the blood, I should say he was shot through the liver or intestines. This is the only solid Express bullet I have ever fired at a lion, or ever shall. Had I used my usual hollow point bullet, it would have caused a terrible lacerating wound, and set up such hæmorrhage, that he would soon have bled to death, and would probably have disclosed his whereabouts by his groans.

As it was, I followed him into a patch of reed grass fully ten feet high, in a bad light, as the sun was now setting. I knew the folly of it, but I was so mad with vexation at the solid bullet, and at my boy for shouting and spoiling my shot, that I didn't care, and told the latter he had got to follow me, and it would serve him right if the lion got him. For fully ten minutes we crept through those tall reeds, till the sun had disappeared and it was half dark, when it would have been madness to stay in any longer, so we came out. I must admit I was glad to be out again safe and sound, for the tension on one's nerves was very great, and though a cool evening, I was all adrip when I got outside.

Next morning, we marched for the coast, and I had to leave this lion behind me. Real bad luck! for had my boy kept silent, this was a real gift lion, and even as it was, I should have got him but for my foolish experiment with a solid bullet. A fortnight later, I killed a lioness which took a sheep from a flock which were being grazed about a mile from where we halted for our mid-day meal. This was a one shot affair, of no particular interest. As I fear I am already trespassing on my readers' indulgence, I will only relate two more encounters with lions, perhaps the most sporting and successful of the lot. These occurred in a later trip which I made with D., one of the best and pleasantest sporting companions a man could wish for. Hard as nails, always cheery and contented, and with any amount of pluck, such a partner is half the battle in a trip of this sort.

It was a beautiful sunrise that heralded a red-letter day for us on the 4th of June, appropriate day for D., who was an old Etonian; while for me, a Harrovian, there was nothing in the date to suggest what was in store. Most of our caravan had already filed out of camp, and were now some hundred vards away, while we lingered over our hot coffee before following, when suddenly I saw the men stop and bunch together, and then one came running back shouting. He soon reached us, and imparted the welcome news that they had just crossed the fresh spoor of three lions. Jumping on my pony, I galloped out to the men, and finding that the spoor headed back the opposite way to our line of march, I instructed the head man to move on to a hill some five miles ahead, and choose a suitable place to camp, instead of making a long march. The lions had circled round our camp, halting in some bushes about 200 We then lost the tracks, and made casts in various yards off. directions.

I had killed a buck just before halting the night before, and left the carcase a few hundred yards from our camping place. It was in this direction I picked up the spoor again, and we soon found they had scented out the buck, and eaten every fragment of it, skin and all. The tracks then took us through rather open, park-like country, and in about an hour we sighted them, about three hundred yards ahead, slouching lazily along, the best of the three being a very fine lioness, with a poorish lion and a smaller lioness. A moment later, they had seen us, and set off at a lumbering gallop. I had previously mounted one of my boys on my pony, with instructions what to do, and

directly the lions saw us, he tore off after them on the pony at full gallop. Shouting to D. to come along, I put on my best sprint and raced after the lions, followed by Geli with my second rifle. After a sharp burst of some 300 yards, I came up with the lions, rounded up by the pony in the centre of a large glade, about 150 yards wide. It was a fine sight, the three brutes right in the open, grunting and growling and switching their tails, the old lioness now and then trying a short rush after the pony, as the boy cantered round in a circle, shouting at the lions.

Being out of breath, and having somewhat out-run my followers, I did not go in very close, but sitting down about 80 yards off, I tried the big lioness; however, I was puffing so much, that it must have unsteadied me, and I only gave her a flesh wound that made her stumble slightly, then she galloped off, followed by the smaller lioness. Yelling to the boy to gallop after them, and not lose sight of them, I turned my attention to the remaining beast, and a steadier shot caught him fair amidships, and before he could recover himself, I gave him another that tumbled him over into a bush. D. had now come up, and we ran on after the lionesses, soon coming up with the smaller one, which faced round with tail cocked and head lowered in the most plucky fashion. We were about 60 yards from her, so telling D. to sit down and take his time at her, I moved a bit to the right, so as to have a flank shot, in case she charged him. However, a heavy '577 bullet crashed through her skull, and she collapsed like a wig.

Calling to D. to come on, and not bother to go and look at either of the two that were killed, I ran on to where the pony had rounded up the big lioness. At first, I couldn't see her; then Geli pointed her out in some grass, about 60 yards off. I could only see her head, but estimating the lie of her body, I heard the bullet crack on bone, and she sprang up and waltzed round on three legs, growling savagely. She then came forward a few strides, and stood rigid. "You good shoot this time," said Geli; "She make fight." "All right, Geli," I replied, and taking a fine sight, just at the setting on of the

neck, she dropped to the shot, dead as a stone. She was a fine beast, measuring, in the flesh, 7-ft. 11-in. from tip to tip, and 9-ft. 10-in. pegged out. After skinning the three, we reached camp in two hours, very well pleased with our morning's work, and hungry as hawks for a most excellent tiffin which our cook had prepared. At dinner that night, a bottle of Moët apiece was drunk to future successes.

On the other occasion to which I referred, we were marching out of some rather mountainous elephant country, and had seen no inhabitants for a fortnight. We had started at 5 a.m. down



A GOOD LIONESS.

a valley with a light sandy soil, excellent for tracking; D. had gone to the left, and I to the right, and I soon came on about the biggest lion spoor I have ever seen. After two hours' tracking, I came across D. and his two shikaries, who had just picked up the track in front. We joined forces, and soon came to a place where he had killed an antelope, and taken it into some thick bush to devour it. Our trackers thought he was close to, and that we should find him here. The bush was so thick, that we had to go through parts of it on all fours, expecting to find the lion any moment. However, we emerged into an open glade,

having drawn the covert blank. The first thing that caught my eye was a grand panther, sitting up on his haunches, like a big dog, about 120 yards off. He appeared to be waiting for the chance of a bit of the lion's meat, as we had previously noticed his spoor following that of the lion and dead antelope. The shot was tempting, but our trackers were dead against firing, and thereby, probably, losing this huge lion, which they thought was close by. During this discussion, the panther slipped away; we might as well have tried him, as we afterwards found the lion was miles from here.

There had been a lot of rain lately, and the ground was, in places, quite swampy; in fact, during the five hours we followed the spoor of this lion, we crossed places well over the knees. At last, the tracks led us to a village, the first we had seen for some time. Here we learned that the lion had jumped the village stockade during the night, and taken out a sheep. Several natives took up the track for us to the top of a rocky hill, where, in a bushy place, we found the head and feet of the sheep. After this we lost the tracks, and after half-an-hour's vain search, D., who was very done up with a tramp of over fifteen miles, and nothing but a cup of coffee to start on, decided to give it up, and went down the hillside towards our caravan, which could be seen slowly winding up the valley. I, too, was fairly done up, and had a bad sore heel, but I hated giving up such a fine lion.

About half-an-hour after D. had gone, we heard a native hailing us from the valley below; he had struck the track again. Quickly descending the hillside, I was soon examining most recent tracks of our big friend. They led through some wet ground into a bushy tract, and, finally, into a great black patch of bush, about 80 yards long and thirty wide. Ringing it round, some deep growls, and a sharp rush in the bush, told us we had at last come to close quarters. I sent my tracker round to the other side of the patch, with instructions to keep up an incessant yelling, and thus act as a "stop" that side. The exterior of this patch of bush was in small leaf, thus making it

difficult to see in from outside. Geli and I crept round the outside, till a very noisy demonstration from the lion told us we were opposite him. There was here a sort of passage, or game tunnel, into the bush, and down this Geli made out the lion. Peering into this dense stuff from the bright sunlight outside, I could at first see nothing. Geli then said, "You no see this?" and flicked his hand about in imitation of a lion's tail. Then, at last, I dimly caught sight of a black tuft being flicked to and fro, and seemed to make out the lion in a crouching attitude, while there was no doubt about the jerking tail. I told him my impressions, and Geli confirmed them. Taking a fine sight on what I took to be his shoulder, I pulled, and then ran a few yards to one side. A perfect volley of angry roars ensued, and then silence.

Geli asked me if I thought I had hit him, and I told him I had undoubtedly hit him in the shoulder, if I had made out the lion correctly. Geli was now getting very excited, though, thanks to my strictness with him, and his own natural steadiness, he was vastly superior to the majority of his class in this All was now inaction; the tracker was still yelling away on the other side, but the lion gave no sign. he was not dead, and began to fear every minute he would give us the slip. It had happened, the previous day, that when creeping up to some antelope, Geli had got in front of me and lost me the shot, and I had rated him soundly, telling him that when close to game, it was I who should be first, and his place was behind. He was now so excited, that he turned to me and "Yesterday, you tell me you go first, and Geli's place behind; well, then, go first you, what you do now?" This was turning the tables with a vengeance, and seemed to imply that I funked the lion, or had no plan of action. This put me "All right, Geli," I said, "I will go first, and on my mettle. mind you follow; I am going to creep down the passage where I shot at the lion; may be, we shall find him dead, may be, we shall find blood; if we do, we will follow that blood spoor till we find the lion." Geli seemed a bit taken aback, and said, "Must be lion kill us;" however, the good, plucky fellow never hesitated.

As we were not yet absolutely out of elephant country, Geli was carrying my 10-bore heavy Paradox, and I the '500 Magnum. Feeling that I was starting on a dangerous job, and wishing for something heavy to stop him at close quarters, I changed with Geli, taking the big Paradox. In we crept, on our hands and knees, silent as the grave, the ground being soft with rain. I quickly got accustomed to the darkness, and could see some yards ahead, and soon saw a glimmer of light shining on a pool of blood a few yards in front. On reaching it, we saw a pool, about the size of a plate, but no lion; all our



WHEN ALL WAS OVER.

conversation was carried on by signs and nods. As I crept cautiously along the blood spoor on hands and knees, I suddenly felt Geli grip me from behind; as I looked round, I saw him pointing to the right, his face working with suppressed excitement. Glancing in that direction, it gave me rather a iump to see an enormous lion, about ten or twelve yards off, sitting up on his haunches, but by all the luck in the world, with his back towards us, listening intently to the incessant shouting which my boy was keeping up on the other side, probably as much for his sake as mine.

I signed to Geli to stop, and he carefully got into a sitting attitude, with the 500 at the present. He was an excellent fellow, though a very bad shot, and he never broke my hardand-fast rule that he was never to fire a shot in these cases, except to save my life or his own. I daren't risk a shot at the lion from where I was, as some stoutish branches, interlaced, covered his shoulders, head, and vitals. Signing to Geli to remain where he was, I crept on a few yards, and then found that, by lying down flat, I could get a clear shot at the small of his back, with a nice chance of breaking his spine. Owing to the bad light, I could not see my fore-sight, but hoped to find his spine Just before I pulled, I glanced at Geli, who was without it. sitting motionless as a bronze statue, and nodded. Before the report had died away, I had scrambled into a sitting posture, and as the smoke cleared, I saw the grand old beast scrambling to his feet, and next moment he came lurching through the bush straight for me, luckily retarded a bit by a broken shoulder, the result of my first shot. I was nicely on him, when I pulled the second barrel, at a distance of five or six yards, and a two-ounce bullet went crashing through his lungs, raking him fore and aft.

I was real glad to see him down, and though he roared and struggled about for a bit, he was dead in a few seconds. My first shot had missed the spine by about an inch, of course going clean through him, as did the last. With our combined efforts, we dragged him outside, and I took a kodak snap of him outside the opening which had provided such an anxious creep. Perhaps we were lucky; still, all's well that ends well. He was the finest wild lion I have ever seen, and his huge skin and fine mane will bear comparison with any I have come across.

## ELEPHANT SHOOTING.

There is plenty of excitement to be got out of the above, and though I have shot few, the circumstances have lived in my memory, and are by no means the least pleasurable that have occurred to me. At the same time, I must admit that after the first feeling of elation, there has followed a sense of regret for so grand, yet naturally harmless, a beast laid low. I am glad to be able to add, that I have no similar misgivings for elephants wounded and gone away, for it has so happened that of the few elephants I have shot at, I have secured every one; indeed, there is no reason why a man, with the right sort of weapon, and the patience to wait for an anatomically correct shot, should not almost invariably secure his beast.

Many sportsmen use a 4-bore for elephants, yet it is not every man who can properly tackle the weight of such a weapon. No doubt the most useful, for an averagely strong man, would be a double 8-bore rifle, weighing about 15-lbs., and shooting from 10 to 12 drams of black powder and a two-ounce conical bullet. My battery for elephants or rhinoceros consisted of a 10-bore Paradox, weighing about 13-lbs., and shooting 8 drams of black powder and a conical bullet, backed up by my '500 double Magnum Express with solid hardened bullets. My first chance at an elephant with this heavy Paradox, I aimed at the apex of the huge ear, as it lay back at rest, this shot being likely to find the heart, and the poor beast sunk down and died in a sitting posture.

It does not appear to me particularly dangerous to tackle a single bull elephant, but I must own to very distinctly feeling a sense of risk when crawling into the middle of a herd. It is not merely the risk of a wounded animal charging, and the chance of being caught if you run for it; though that chance is a very real one, for an elephant goes a very useful pace, and has the great advantage of his long trunk to catch you with, the absence of which makes a rhinoceros charge much less dangerous; but there is also the risk of being trodden on by some

other member of the herd as they madly stampede through the jungle in every direction. I will just mention a fairly successful creep I once had into a small herd.

To quote from my diary. Thursday, May 7th.—" Heavy rain and thunderstorm last night. Started 5 a.m. to look for elephants; at 7 a.m. tremendous storm came on, Geli and I half drowned with rain, hill sides striped with small spates. Soon stopped, and sun came out; wrung out clothes and went on. About mid-day, struck very fresh tracks of a herd." These tracks were evidently since the rain, and after an hour's tracking, we



MY FIRST.

found ourselves quite close. Geli climbed a tree, and made out the herd feeding in tree jungle, some 200 yards off. The wind being right, we crept in to the herd, and soon found ourselves within 35 yards of a good-sized bull, who was busy feeding among some thorn trees, with his stern towards me. There was also a cow feeding, about 20 yards off, just in front, and I could hear branches breaking close to my left. Curbing Geli's impatience, I whispered to him that it was useless to try the bull in his present position, so we lay still for some minutes

till the bull shifted slightly, offering a sort of starboard quarter shot, which was sure to prove fatal, by taking the right lung and passing through the left lung, if not the heart. The report was followed by a tremendous trumpeting din, and through the bush on my left crashed another bull, as Geli and I sprinted off down wind at a pace that felt like "even time."

Zigzagging through the bushes, with the bull in my rear, I threw myself down behind a bush, and saw the bull standing testing the air with outstretched trunk. I had still a barrel loaded, and took a fine sight on his off knee-cap, ready to pull directly a trumpet told he had winded me. It was an anxious moment, as he was only 15 yards off, but the wind held true, and



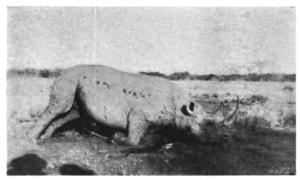
A PAIR OF BULLS.

he slowly shuffled off. Geli soon returned, and said he feared I had been caught, as the bull trumpeted so loudly. Quickly slipping in another cartridge, we crept back, and found the first bull standing in his original place, looking very sick, and quite safe, and the other bull a few yards from him, evidently listening. He was about 50 yards off, and broadside on, so I let him have it behind the shoulder, but though evidently badly hit, he came shuffling towards us, and I gave him the second barrel in the forehead; this fairly staggered him, and he went back and joined his sick comrade, and coming in close, I finished the pair with two temple shots with the '500. I was pleased to have killed the

pair, though the tusks, like most of this mountain ivory, were rather small; yet I could not help feeling considerable regret for the death of these great creatures, and should I some day manage another expedition, I don't think I shall follow any elephant far, unless I am tempted by a really fine pair of tusks.

# RHINOCEROS SHOOTING.

These huge beasts afford capital sport, and a good pair of rhino horns forms a much-valued trophy. Though they have the reputation of being very tough and hard to kill, I have found them easier killed than elephants, and, as in the case of elephants,



My BEST RHINO.

I have never lost a rhino. At the same time, after I had once secured this valued trophy, I did not spend much time hunting these clumsy, but wary animals. In my first African trip, I saw two or three rhino, but never got a shot, and it was not till my second expedition that I got my first chance at rhino, when I made good use of it, bringing off the, I imagine, rare event of a right and left.

The caravan had started at 4.45 a.m., and I had arranged with the head man that they were to halt, and form a camp, at the base of a conical hill, some eight miles ahead, as I wished to spend a few days hunting for rhino in the neighbouring valleys

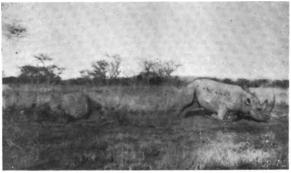
and hills, as the spoor seemed plentiful. As soon as the men were fairly started, I set off down a valley to the right, while D. took another valley to the left, agreeing to meet at the hill camp or tiffin at ten o'clock, when, according to our rule, the first arrival was to begin, and not wait. I soon came across a lesser koodoo standing in some bushes about 130 yards off, with the rising sun right in my eyes. I tried it with the '303, and went over. Not having seen me, it ran a few yards, and stood again, A little further, on Geli picked up fresh tracks when I secured it. of two rhino, and after following the tracks for over an hour, through thick bush, we came to the edge of a large clearing, perhaps half-a-mile long and 400 yards wide; in the centre were two rhino feeding. Examining them with my glasses, I saw that the larger one had a splendid pair of horns, which I was determined to possess. The question was, how to get at them.

From the edge of the bushes, where we were concealed, to the rhinos, was, perhaps, 250 vards. Of this distance, the first 150 yards would be easy, as it consisted of grass nearly thirty inches high; beyond this grass was nothing but short, young grass on which the rhinos seemed to be feeding. There was hardly any wind, but what there was, was right, so Geli and I cautiously wormed our way through the long grass, till we found ourselves peeping through the fringe of it at the two rhinos, which were about eighty yards away. I decided not to fire, until I could make tolerably sure of disabling one with my first shot, for I had no desire to stand a charge from two rhinos in the open without a tree or a bush to dodge round. Amongst trees, I should not have minded a bit, but being right out in the open, far from the friendly shelter of the bushes, it wasn't good Thus all I could do, was to curb Geli's excitement, and wait for a more favourable shot. I soon made Geli understand that it was highly desirable to make sure of disabling one with the first shot, and that one I had resolved should be the big one.

Slowly they fed towards us, till they were about sixty yards off, when suddenly they closed up together, and facing towards us, they stood with their great bodies touching, and gave vent to

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sharp little snorts. What had made them suspicious, I don't know, but prepared to receive boarders. As they stood, a fatal shot was almost impossible; however, after a few seconds' deliberation, they seemed satisfied, and slowly moved apart. Now was my chance; the big one stood three-quarter angle facing, offering me the collar bone shot on the off-side, in my opinion an absolutely deadly shot, if the bullet is properly placed at the setting on of the neck. As the smoke cleared, I was delighted to see the big one kicking about on its side, while the other came trotting forward, snorting loudly. Quickly swinging on to him, I was nicely on behind the shoulder when I pulled, and could hardly believe my eyes when he rolled over stone



A RIGHT AND LEFT

dead, the bullet having passed clean through his heart. Geli danced about like a madman, yelling, "two rhino two bullet, me never no see before."

Going up close, we found the big one just expiring, the body resting on a small mound. The horns were very fine, the front horn 19½ inches, and the rear horn 10½ inches. The smaller rhino was quite dead, but the horns were much inferior, only 10½ inches and 6½ inches respectively. I was much elated at having killed a right and left at these huge animals at a comparatively long range, and was greatly pleased with the performance of the new 10-bore Paradox, which I then fired for the

I photographed the rhinos with my kodak before skinning and cutting away the horns, feet, etc., and I carefully measured the distances, the first having been shot at sixty-five yards and the second at fifty-six yards, a long "double rise" at rhino, for it is obvious that what would be a close shot at buck, with a small bore, becomes a fairly long shot at elephant or rhino with a heavy rifle. It so happened, that the spoor had led us within two miles of camp, which I reached before q a.m., getting a buck walleri on the way, and having had a really fine morning's sport. In the afternoon, D. accompanied me to see the rhinos before they were cut up, and we came on a huge rhino bull with grand thick horns that beat my big one of the morning by at least an inch in length and more in thickness. Having had my luck in the morning, I made over the shot to D., and after he had wounded it, we followed it, and, coming up with it first, I helped to finish it off.

Rhinos are very prone to charge, though if their first rush misses, they rarely turn and hunt a man. They do not run, like an elephant, but gallop, and go a great pace. A rhino charges with the head held low, thus exposing the vertebræ, and may readily be stopped with a heavy rifle. Even with an empty rifle, and in open ground, where running would be useless, I believe an active man could dodge the charge of a rhino by throwing himself to one side just as the rhino reached him.

Just one more rhino experience. We were camped in some mountainous country, looking for elephants; my men awoke me one morning before daylight, and told me they had heard elephants screaming during the night. I quickly slipped into my things, and as I was drinking a cup of hot coffee before starting, one of my men came into camp, and said he had just seen a large rhino in the river bed near camp. On the "bird in the hand" principle, I decided to go for the rhino, and look for the elephants later. The man soon showed me the rhino tracks about half-a-mile away, and following them up, I soon came on a big rhino cow with a half-grown calf. They were feeding at the edge of some bushes on the other side of a piece

of open ground, about 100 yards square. In the middle of this, was a small bush, like a gooseberry bush. Getting this in line, Geli and I crept to it, and were now some 45 yards from the rhinos. Unfortunately, the sun, which was just above the horizon, shone full in my eyes, and, strange though it may seem, when I raised the heavy Parodox, and tried to find my sight behind the old cow's shoulder, she was standing broadside on; everything seemed so misty, that I lost sight of the rhino altogether. Thus I kept putting down the rifle to make sure the rhino was still there, her dark hide being more or less blended with the back-ground of bushes, while she slowly moved on as she fed. At last, I took a quick sight and fired, hitting her about two ribs too far back. With an angry snort, she charged straight for my bush, the calf thundering along in her wake.

In the couple of seconds left to make up my mind, I decided not to try and stop her with my second barrel, as even if successful, I might be galloped over by the calf before the smoke cleared, so telling Geli to keep still and try and dodge her, I got on to my hands and feet, in the position adopted at starting by many sprinters, and prepared to dive to one side just as she Luckily, the cloud of black powder smoke had reached us. hung, and moved a yard or two to the left, and, seeing this, the old cow slightly changed her course from the bush, and dashed through the cloud of smoke, butting right and left with her As she passed within a few feet, I saw blood pouring from her mouth and nostrils, and knew she was shot through the lungs, and was booked. She disappeared into the thick bush behind me, and almost immediately I heard a crash, and a cloud of dust rose in the air. We soon ran to her, and found she had rolled over, and had got into a sitting posture, and though not yet dead, was fast going. Approaching within fifteen yards of her, I threw a large stone and hit her, which she acknowledged by winking her eye two or three times, but no movement. As the sun shone on her wrinkled hide and black beady eyes, she would have made a fine photo, but the kodak was three miles away in camp, and I was, unfortunately,

too anxious to get on and look for the mythical elephants my men had heard, to wait and send Geli back for the kodak; so, as so often happened, the chance of a good picture was thrown away.

#### LEOPARDS.

A good leopard skin makes a very handsome trophy, but there is not much sport to be got out of them. They exist almost everywhere in East Africa, from the Transvaal to Abyssinia; but though they are very plentiful, you rarely see them in the day-time, and if you do, it is generally a momentary glimpse of "spots" as he vanishes through the bush. Sitting

up at night over a sheep or a goat, is the best way to get them, though it isn't much fun. My method has been to try and kill an antelope within a short distance of camp, and visit the kill at daylight, when, if the hyenas have not discovered it, you may often find a leopard either eating or lying gorged beside the kill.



"SPOTS."

On one of these occasions, I had the luck to bring off a rather pretty running shot. I started at daylight, through fairly thick bush, to look up the body of an oryx, killed the evening before, about a mile from camp. On coming near the place, I was glad to see vultures sitting on the trees, an almost sure sign that some large animal was feeding. Telling Geli to remain where he was, and that I would beckon to him if I required my second rifle, as, for instance, if it should prove a lion, I crept up to a bush, which I knew commanded a view of the carcase, at about

50 yards distance. Peering round the bush, I saw a fine leopard, with his tail towards me, busy feeding. As I raised my 500, he looked round and saw me, so sighting hurriedly, I hit him in the left buttock, and knocked him down. Jumping up, growling, he raced across a piece of open grass, bound for some thick bush. The sun was behind me, and swinging on to him, I found my sight very easily, and as I fired, he turned a complete somersault, finishing with his head facing back towards the carcase. The bullet had caught him behind the shoulder, passing right through the heart, and being a hollow point, smashing it to rags.



A LUCKY SHOT.

It was a broadside running shot, about sixty-five yards, and though extremely lucky, was very pleasing. In any case, the first shot had made it certain I should get him, though in following him up, someone might have got mauled. Here, again, I would emphasise the advisability, when taking up

the blood spoor of badly wounded lions or leopards, of giving them half-an-hour or so for their wounds to stiffen and take effect. I fear I have not often practised what I preach, and that it may be a case of *Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor*. Still, when I reflect that in such risks as I have run, Providence has been good to me, I can't help feeling that it is better not "to take the pitcher too often to the well." There are plenty of unavoidable risks in hunting dangerous game, so it is wiser for anyone, whether a new hand or an old, not to unnecessarily add to them.

I hope these pages may not prove too long for their readers,

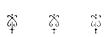
and that they will pardon want of literary style, and simply take them for what they are, namely, extracts from diaries of past big game trips, which were most carefully and accurately kept, and are here reproduced in a more elaborate form. The photographs were all taken by me on the spot just as the game fell, and I much regret that, owing to the trouble of carrying the kodak, I missed many opportunities of taking what would have proved most interesting pictures, had the camera not been far away in camp on those occasions.

I would once again point out, that it is quality, and not quantity, that makes a fine bag, and that every real sportsman will avoid the slightest chance of being called a butcher. Though it is very pleasant to get plenty of shooting, why kill a harmless animal, that you do not want, when the camp is full of meat, and you have already as many heads of that variety as you require? Why not exercise a little self-denial, and let it live?

As regards likely localities for a successful trip, most of the country south of the Zambesi has been cut up by the inroads of civilisation. Still, the Beira district is very accessible, and can still show splendid sport, lions being very numerous. Another good trip, further north, would be from Mombasa to Lake Baringo, or from Mombasa to the Uganda district. Still further north, Somaliland is very accessible, and includes some of the wildest and, except to sportsmen, least known districts in Africa.

There are no white men in the country except on the coast, and very fine sport may be obtained by pushing far into the interior and unexplored parts. I am quite sure that, apart from the pleasures of wild camp life and the sport with the great game, big game shooting has a most beneficial effect on a man. It improves his nerves, increases his self-reliance, and knocks all silly fads out of his head. Most of those who have been once,

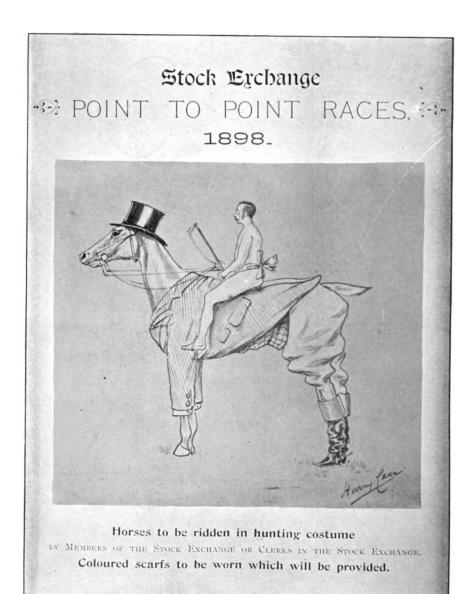
want to go again; and so do I, not again, but again and again. There is something so grand in the life out in those wild and splendid solitudes, that makes life in a city seem cramped and a poor thing. That the time may not be far distant when I shall be enabled to re-visit them, is my dearest wish.





Roman . B. Smith





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# POINT-TO-POINT RACES.

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OFFER these observations with considerable diffidence, and, I may say, rather on the lucus a non lucendo principle, seeing that I have never ridden in a Point-to-Point Race, and, what is more, for entirely private reasons of my own, never intend to; but I have filled the safe office of starter every year since its

inception, except last year, at our Stock Exchange Point-to-Point, and I also was connected with one of a rather historic kind nearly ten years ago, so I cannot resist the request of the Editor to write about the matter.

As my well-informed reader, of course, is aware, this class of race has sprung into great favour within the last 15 years or so. There are Regimental Point-to-Points, Inter-Regimental ones, like the annual one between the three Regiments of Her Majesty's Household Troops, the Grenadiers, Coldstreams, and Scots Guards, Hunt Point-to-Points, Inter-Hunt ones, our own House one, and one organized in that other House, whose wise (or foolish) proceedings sometimes so variously affect our upsand-downs—the House of Commons, to wit. The all-wise reader is also aware, that a Point-to-Point Race is one where the starters assemble at a given point, and are told to make the best of their way to another point, ordinarily a high tree or a barn on a hill, or something that generally fills the eye, and having got there, to return as quickly as they can to the starting post. Of late years, the Grand National Hunt Committee have taken official cognizance of these races, and have issued some regulations as to the number of flags that may be used to

indicate the course, or to warn competitors against unfairly dangerous places; and I need hardly say, that these regulations are characterised, like all the acts of that august body, by profound wisdom. (I mention this, to put myself on the safe side with several members of the Grand National Hunt Committee, who are my very good friends.)

In the choice of the course, the leave, of course, has to be obtained of the occupiers of the land over which this gallant

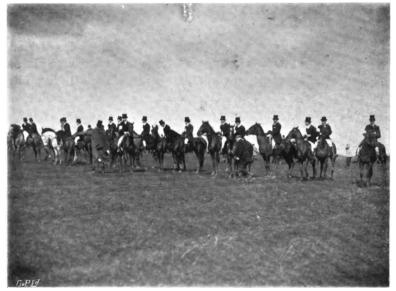


Photo by]

IN LINE FOR START—HEAVYWEIGHTS.

[W. A. Rouch.

squadron is to charge, and their prejudices about corn and seeds to be bowed down to; and as these races generally take place at the end of the season, about March, some difficulty attaches to the selection, except in an exclusively grass country like Leicestershire; but all over England, our farmers are almost invariably such good sportsmen, that with tact and good management, these difficulties are smoothed away. As the object of the whole affair is to make it as like a fast run with hounds as possible, and to gauge the speed, endurance, and cleverness of real hunters, I am of opinion, that the cutting down of fences in the course is strongly to be reprobated. If a man finds that he can't get over a fence that comes in his way out hunting, he tries along until he finds a place where he can, and this should apply in the same way to Point-to-Points, where the genuine fox-catcher should have equal chances with the steeplechaser, and the ordinary hunting man, with a good eye to a country, with the gentleman jock.



Photo by

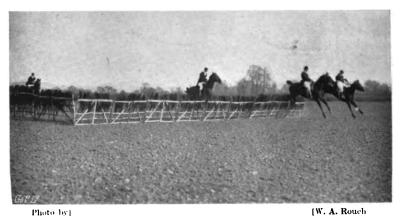
SIR JOHN WINS.

[W. A. Rouch,

After all, a Point-to-Point Race was the mother of all our present Steeplechasing. It took place in December, 1803, and was run from Ipswich to Nacton Church, four-and-a-half miles, after dinner, by moonlight, by officers of the cavalry regiment quartered at Ipswich, an account of which appeared in the Sporting Review of January, 1839. Many of my readers must have seen the prints by Alken of this most sporting affair, in which each man rode with a night-shirt over his uniform, and a

white night-cap on his head. The account was reprinted in the Sporting Times of March 15th, 1890, in connection with another rather similar affair, of which more anon, and very good reading it is.

Some five or six years ago, some of the thrusters of the Pytchley having cast doubts upon the thrustingness of the Quorn men, a match was made between six representatives of each hunt, and was run over the most perfect piece of country for this sort of race, situated on the edge of the Vale of Delvoir, but in the Quorn precincts, and simply a sea of grass and big fences. Lord Lonsdale was Master of the Quorn at that time,



Well Over

and undertook, not only all the arrangements connected with the race, but also had large marquees erected on the Little Belvoir Hill, which overlooks and gives a grand view of the course, in which he entertained every farmer and his wife, for miles around who cared to come, in the most lavish style. Some of the champagne got into the hands and down the throats of some of the tramps and hangers-on, who were attracted thither, and a friend of mine heard one of them say, with a hiccup, "Well, all I can say is, I hope as the —— (Lord Lonsdale) "Il never die." The Quorn men won with great ease, which, however, was no

disgrace to their opponents, riding, as they were, against six of about the best men and best-mounted men in England, e.g., Mr. H. T. Barclay, on "Lord Arthur"; Mr. R. B. Muir, on "Killalo"; Mr. Foxhall Keene, Count Zborowski, Mr. Walter de Winton, on "Harboro"; and Mr. Hugh Owen on a horse of Lord Lonsdale's.

Another ideal vale for a Point-to-Point race, also near Melton, is that below Burrough Hill; in fact, the Melton Steeplechases used to be held there in my, alas vanished, youth. This vale is like a vast soup-plate, and from the frowning top of Burrough Hill, everyone can see every incident of the four-and-a-half miles. The Quorn Point-to-Point, and the Army Point-to-Point, have been



LOOKS LIKE TAKING A TOSS.

W. A. Rouch.

held there, and I'm not sure that the House of Commons didn't come and discharge itself over its forbidding obstacles one year.

Our own Stock Exchange Point-to-Point has necessarily to be run nearer London, and the difficulties of getting a very good grass course have thereby been considerably increased. the best course we've had was on the first occasion, in Colonel Somerset's Stag Hounds' Country, near Potter's Bar, in 1892. I had something to do with the selection and laying out of the course, and got considerably abused in consequence. One competitor insisted that the first fence should be placed well in view, in fact,

right in front of the enclosure, where all the fair spectators, sisters, cousins, and aunts, of the heroes, were massed. I did my best to defer to his wishes, and at that very fence he cut a very complete voluntary. Another, after the race was over, and, to his own monumental astonishment, not won by himself, told me, in no measured terms, that it was the rottenest course he had ever seen; but that, that was not to be wondered at, as it was well-known to everybody that I never jumped a fence! Quite so, very likely, and likewise of course, but as I had no intention of riding



FIRST STOCK EXCHANGE POINT-TO-POINT, 1892.

over it, I was dense enough to fail to see how that deplorable reputation of mine applied. However, mercifully for me, and for the success of the succeeding races, I had no more to do with the laying out of the courses. On that, the first occasion, the Light-weight race was won by Mr. A. J. Schwabe's "Misterton," ridden by his owner, Mr. C. Bowerman being second on his "Beauty." The Heavy-weight race fell to Mr. Jefferson's "Mr. Pigg," ridden by the late Mr. W. Elin, Mr. L. Carr

being second on his own "Bold Boy," and Mr. C. C. Clarke third on the Hon. H. Bourke's "Gauntler."

In '93, the course was laid near Cobham, in Surrey, and the Heavy-weight was won by Mr. Cecil Grenfell's "Baroness," ridden by her owner, with Mr. F. Butler second on his "Rob Roy," whilst Mr. Grenfell was again first in the Light-weight on something of his own, whose name I don't remember.

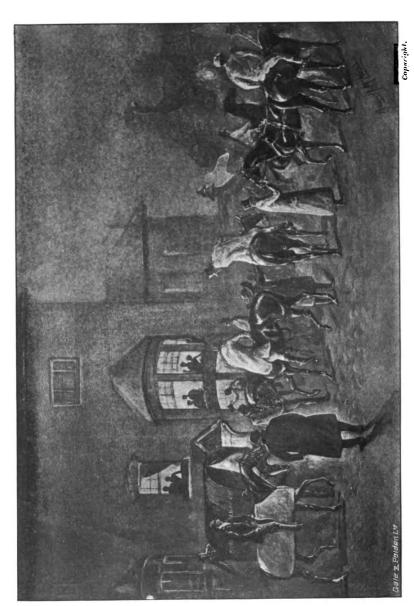
Then there was a hiatus, and no Point-to-Point was held till 1898, when Aylesbury was the venue. In the Light-weight,



FIRST STOCK EXCHANGE POINT-TO-POINT, 1892.

Mr. A. Schwabe came in first on "Spring Hill," but was disqualified for going the wrong side of a flag, and the result was—1st, Mr. W. T. Banks' "Frisky Jane"; 2nd, Mr. W. McIver's "Pat"; 3rd, Mr. H. Fletcher's "Meath." Mr. Schwabe was compensated for his disappointment in the Heavyweight race, as his "David" was first, ridden, if I remember right, by Mr. Ted Sheppard; Mr. McIver's "Bancroft" second; and the Hon. H. Bourke's "Fetcham" third.

And finally, in 1899, the races were held on Mr. Rucker's farm



"THE START FROM THE OLD CLUB,"

By kind permission of the Artist, Mr. Aver's McNett, Seaforth Highlanders, at present on General Galacte's Staff in South Africa.

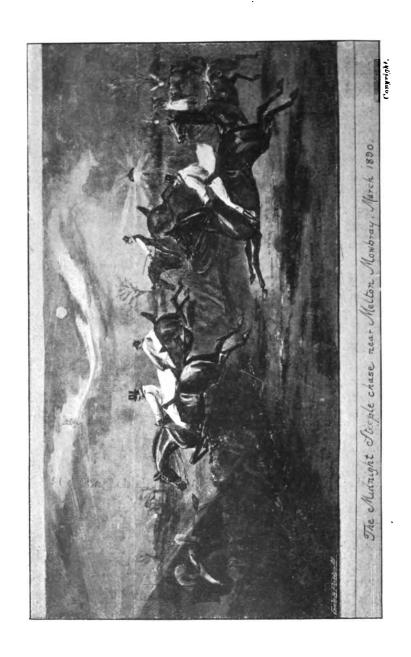
in Surrey, and the results were:—Light-weight—1st, Mr. W. Banks' "Grey Legs" (owner); 2nd, Mr. A. C. Oldham's "Eileen" (Mr. Fraser Tytler); 3rd, Mr. Gerald Gold's "Milo" (Mr. Seymour Caldwell); while the Heavy-weight was won by Mr. McIver's "Willoughby" (Mr. Game); 2nd, Mr. Gurney Sheppard's "The Curate" (owner); and 3rd, Mr. Schwabe's "Spring Hill" (owner).

I hope that this very sporting affair will become an annual one, and that hope ought to be gratified, for there is no Public Institution that contains so many good riders, good sportsmen, or men with long purses, and consequently able to be well-mounted, as the Stock Exchange.

I cannot conclude these few observations on Point-to-Point racing without giving some account of a sporting affair which took place at Melton some years ago, and which was rather in the nature of a Point-to-Point Race, although, if it had claimed to be one, it would not have obtained the official recognition of the Grand National Hunt Committee, as there were certainly more, if not flags, at any rate railway lamps, than that body could sanction.

On the 10th March, 1890, it was suggested by a lady closely connected with the writer by marriage, and whose birthday it was, that a steeplechase by moonlight would be a nice thing for the youth of Melton and the neighbourhood, as an after-dinner occupation, and a change from playing whist or going to sleep in an arm-chair.

The suggestion was received with enthusiasm, and a course marked out over about five largish grass fields, and equally large fences, up to a tree in the middle of a field, and back the same way. Most of the intending competitors dined at our house, so well known as the "Old Club," in red coats and white breeches, bringing their boots and spurs and night-shirts under their arms to put on after dinner. The moon was at its full at the time, but when we look out after dinner, we find, to our dismay, that the sky has clouded over, and that, in the memorable words of James Pigg, on another convivial occasion, "It's h—l—sh dark and stinks of cheese." However, a hurried consultation



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resulted in a messenger being despatched to the ever-obliging Stationmaster, Mr. Beddington, who sent us a van filled with railway lamps. Thereupon, horses were brought round, boots and night-shirts pulled on, and the whole cavalcade started, making a considerable commotion in the generally sleepy streets of the Metropolis of the Chase. Indeed, the Rev. Mr. Karney, worthy man, who lived next door to us, was startled out of his beauty sleep, and preached a sermon in church next Sunday, the text of which was, "Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them"!!

The course was about a mile from the town, and once arrived, we proceeded to place two railway lamps on the ground at each fence, instead of the usual flags, and hung one on the tree which was to be the turning point.

The following were the competitors:—1st, Mr. A. Burnaby, Royal Horse Guards; 2nd, Count Zborowski; 3rd, Mr. C. McNeil; Mr. Gordon Wilson,



THE INSTIGATOR OF THE MELTON MOWBRAY MIDNIGHT STEEPLECHASE,

Royal Horse Guards (now at Mafeking fighting the Boers); Mr. Harry Rawlinson, Rifle Brigade (now Colonel Sir Harry Rawlinson, and on Sir George White's Staff at Ladysmith); Captain W. Warner, at the time Master of the Quorn; Mr. Gerald Paget, Mr. Sydney Paget, Mr. Otho Paget, Mr. E. Heneage, and Mr. W. Chaplin.

Needless to say, the word had been passed round the neighbourhood that there would be sport that night, and the

inhabitants of all the country houses and hunting boxes turned up in full strength. Unfortunately, it had been forbidden by the Master to tell the best sportsman of the lot, Tom Firr, for fear of his wishing to ride himself, and he was as nearly as possible cross to us the next time out hunting, and said he wouldn't have missed such a bit of fun for anything.

It was really astonishing to see how well the horses jumped in the dark, and there were, I think, only three falls among the lot, Count Zborowski's horse falling at the last fence when leading, which prevented him winning the very handsome silver cup which he had himself presented to be run for. The race was run very fast, and the runners emerged from the Cimmerian darkness much before the spectators expected them, in consequence of which, the writer, who had been told to stand near the

last fence and swing a lamp, to show the riders which was the last obstacle, was as nearly as possible ridden over by the leaders.

Everyone having come in safe and sound (by the mercy of Providence), the whole party returned vastly cheerful to Melton, where a most excellent supper, given by Count Zborowski at Coventry House, closed an agreeable, and, I may say, unique, evening's diversion. And that, I think, is all I can tell the reader about Point-to-Point and Midnight Chasing.



Ciri Faus

## BIGHORN HUNTING IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES.

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HIS paper is in no wise meant to be a treatise on the chase of the wild mountain sheep of North America, for I do not possess the experience or knowledge of this special branch of venery which would qualify me to write such a thing. An article for "The House

ON SPORT" ought, I know, to be instructive, but I have, alas! little or no instruction to impart, so I can do no more than obey the Editor's behests by jotting down a few personal experiences which befell me, a short time ago, among the higher Rocky Mountains of Canada.

The bighorn of North America, as my readers may know, inhabits a wide tract of country extending from the Rio Grande to Alaska, and from the Eastern slopes of the Rockies almost to the Pacific coast. Scientific persons call him ovis montana, and tell us that he is first cousin to the Central Asian ovis ammon, which he closely resembles in appearance. I well remember my surprise on first setting eyes on a herd of bighorn. I had expected to see a somewhat podgy, woolly beast, more or less like an overgrown domestic ram. Instead of that, I saw a graceful, long-legged animal of great size (an old ram will weigh, I believe, as much as 300 lbs.), with a tawny coat, a stately carriage and movements, much more suggestive of a deer than a sheep. Speaking generally, the wild sheep of the Rockies is a noble beast, and I shall try, in the following pages, to give some idea of the kind of sport he affords.

In the middle of August, last year, I found myself encamped, in company with two friends, Dr. Norman Collie, F.R.S., and Mr. H. Woolley, at the head of a valley where the mighty Saskatchewan and Athabasca both take their rise in the vast snowfields and glaciers of the Northern Rockies. Our encampment was not much more than one hundred miles northwards, as the crow flies, from our starting point, Laggan, on the Central Pacific Railway, but it had cost us eighteen days of hard travel to get there. It would take too long to give the details of our journey through the mountains (which has already been described elsewhere), and the various difficulties with woods, marshes, and



GORGE ON THE SASKATCHEWAN.

swollen rivers which we encountered. Suffice it to say, that it was just such a journey as many a hunter, trapper, and gold-seeker had made in the old days of the early pioneers of the Rockies, the records of which may be found in various books on backwoods travel. Very interesting, to my mind, are these simple narratives of the old "mountain men," giving their impressions of the scenes through which they passed—the dark and never-ending forest and marsh, the raging torrents, fed by vast fields of everlasting snow, and the avalanches crashing down from the ice-crowned cliffs. Truly, theirs were lives worth living!

"An' it was a game worth playin'! Alone—at the heart of the world, Where the mighty snow-glides thundered, and the long grey vapours curled; When we mere pigmies ventured to storm Creation's hold, Staked our lives on the highest bluff, and played the world for her gold. We had Great Things then for our comrades, and Forces of Earth for foes, There's one goes down in the battle, and another don't care where he goes."

So sings Mr. Clive Phillips-Wolley, who is himself, by the way, a well-known bighorn hunter, as well as a poet of no mean order.

But to return to our camp, which was pitched in an exquisite spot at the edge of the pine-woods, in a broad, green valley surrounded by lofty glacier-clad mountains. The "outfit"—



THE CAMP.

blessed and all-embracing word, which you may apply indifferently to a team of horses or a rifle, to a sweetheart or a mother-in-law (our cook, who was a bit of a theologian, described Creation as a "mighty fine outfit")—the "outfit" was released from its labours, and the equine portion of it gambolled merrily in the lush grass. We humans looked forward to at last enjoying some tent-life, with its many and oft-described delights, in a permanent camp. It was a refreshing change not to be for ever on the move, and not to hear the everlasting chop, chop, of the axe as it slowly carved us our way up the valley, while



THE OUTFIT.

the mosquitoes and horse-flies seemed also inclined to give us a little peace. The object of our expedition, I should explain, was mountain climbing and exploration, rather than sport, and we planned, for

our first day's work, the ascent of a magnificent peak, 12,000 feet high, which rose abruptly from the opposite bank of the stream.

The Fates, however, ordained it differently, as far as I was concerned. After dinner, I suggested an inspection of the "grub pile," which I knew, owing to a variety of mishaps, was getting low. Things proved even worse than we anticipated. We had barely three days' provisions left, on which to do a fortnight's mountaineering, and enable us to get back to our *cache* in Bear

Creek, several days' march down the Sas-katchewan. To make a long story short, next morning my two companions started off to make the ascent by themselves, leaving me to replenish



EVENING IN THE BACKWOODS.

the larder as best I could. It was with somewhat of a heavy heart that I saw them go, for they were certain to have a splendid climb, and I felt very sceptical as to the existence of sheep in the neighbourhood. Hitherto, all my efforts at spying had failed to detect a single head of game of any sort during the whole course of our journey.

It is not easy to explain the diminution of the game in this wild region, which is seldom visited by travellers or sportsmen, and which contains many mountains and valleys that are quite unexplored by white men. We never saw a human being throughout our trip, and the Indians have a superstitious dread



PLYTO.

of our valley of the North Fork of the Saskatchewan, because, as they say, the Great Spirit once made away with a number of their hunters there. It is said that a large number of bighorn perished in the winters of the last few years, which were exceptionally severe, and they also suffer at times from a disease resembling mange or scab. Whatever the cause may be, the fact remains, that game is exceedingly scarce on the eastern side of the Great Divide. In British Columbia, there are more sheep, but the heads are not so fine.

Shouldering our rifles, Peyto (our head packer) and I, with the second packer, Nigel Vavasour, started from the camp. We had a pleasant walk up through the woods in the shade of the great red-trunked pines, where the dear little chipmunks (tree-squirrels) chirped and chattered at us in the branches, till we emerged on to a grassy plateau about 8,000 teet above sea-level. Here we carefully spied the lower slopes of a fine rock peak in front of us, and seeing no bighorn, Peyto left us to hunt the other side of the hill by himself. He got no sheep, but found a fine pair of old ram's horns, which he brought back to camp. Meanwhile, Nigel and I continued on our way towards a pass



Photo by]

WILCOX PEAK AND PASS.

[N. Collie.

that leads over into the Athabasca valley, and our eyes were soon delighted by the sight of quite fresh tracks of bighorn.

I observe that some writers on wild sheep hunting in the United States, speak of it as a dangerous pastime, and give us to understand that the bighorn is scarcely ever found except on giddy shelves overhanging gruesome precipices. They invest the sport with somewhat of the romantic glamour which has always hung around the chase of the chamois. I can only say (and the "Badminton" agrees with me) that in Canada the contrary is

the case, as the animals, as well as the numerous tracks I saw, were all on easy ground. In fact, it struck me that these happy hunting grounds of mine would make an ideal preserve for a wealthy jobber or South African millionaire, or other mortal favoured of Providence. There was no chance of breaking your neck, and the walking was not even fatiguing. The scenery was superb. We stood on a watershed where the Athabasca on the one side, and the Saskatchewan on the other, began their long journeys to the Arctic Ocean and Hudson's Bay respectively.



Photo by]

My HUNTING GROUND.

(N. Collie.

Around us towered great peaks, unknown and unnamed, from 11,000 to 14,000 feet in height, with vast glaciers and snowfields lying in between, whose closer acquaintance we were destined to make subsequently. Here, indeed, we were "alone at the heart of the world." It was a scene to fill a climber's soul with wonder and delight, and, in spite of those sheep-tracks, I could not help joining in spirit my two companions on those dazzling slopes of Athabasca Peak (as we afterwards christened it) just opposite.

However, I was now engaged, not as climber or sportsman, but as butcher to the "outfit" at large, and the present was no time to indulge in artistic reveries, for a few minutes later, a low "H'st" from Nigel told me he had seen the sheep. There they were, fifteen or twenty of them, moving slowly away a few hundred yards to our right, and splendid creatures they seemed to me. Crawling slowly forward on our stomachs, we reached a small depression, where, by lying nearly flat, we could remain concealed. It was noon, and the sheep presently settled down to sleep, as is their custom at mid-day, and we stuck there munching our bread and bacon, and watching the bighorn, for two hours.



THE AUTHOR.

The lambs gambolled mildly on the rocks, while the old ones lay down, only occasionally rising and having a look round to see if the coast was clear. The proceedings of the whole band were marked by much more gravity and decorum than chamois exhibit on similar occasions. The ewes seemed to me to act as sentinels to the herd, like the old does in a band of chamois, though I have read that during the rutting season, at any rate, the rams mount guard. The two hours passed quickly enough, for I know few things more delightful than watching mountain game, such as chamois or sheep, preparatory to a stalk. As you lie out there in those great solitudes, where the silence is

only broken by the distant murmur of the torrent, or the thunder of an occasional avalanche, alternately watching the game and planning your stalk, and drinking in the glorious air and sunshine and scenery, the whole thing appeals strongly to your instincts as sportsman, as lover of nature, and as mountaineer, and the very existence of the world below, with its bustle and turmoil, is forgotten.

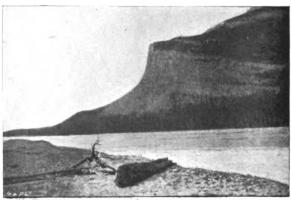
About two o'clock the sheep were astir, and I knew that they would, sooner or later, shift their quarters for their evening meal. They were a long time about it, however, and it was past three when the white rump of the last ewe disappeared over a hillock.



OUR HUNTING PARTY.

Even then we did not venture to show ourselves for a quarter-ofan-hour or so, for every now and then the head of a bighorn would show itself on some eminence, as though scenting danger in the neighbourhood. Skirting some rocks, we followed the sheep up a broad open valley, with a good-sized lake and a lofty glacier-clad peak at its head, and finally sighted them on a grassy knoll that sloped down to the water's edge. Leaving Nigel to watch the sheep, I started off on a long détour, hoping to stalk them from above. On the way, I came across two other bighorn, and whether they gave the alarm, or the herd caught sight of me, I don't know, but the whole lot made tracks further up the valley. They were not much disturbed, however, so scrambling up the rocky ground as fast as my legs would carry me, I skirted the hillside for a considerable distance, till at length, after crawling over some uncomfortably sharp stones, I managed to get within range.

Oh, how nervous I felt! I am not much subject to "buck-fever," as a rule, but the occasion was an exceptionally trying one, even though I did not then know that this was destined to be our last and only chance of getting meat. I have no pretensions to be a great rifle shot, but what, thought I, would they all say in camp, if I failed at the critical moment, and my



IN THE VALLEY OF THE ATHABASCA.

bad shooting should cause the expedition to end in failure? There were a couple of rams with good heads browsing about two hundred and fifty yards off, and my instincts as a sportsman impelled me to fire at them; in my quality of butcher, I finally put a bullet through a ewe who lay, with her lamb beside her, at a distance of about a hundred and eighty yards. As may be imagined, there was a general skedaddle among the bighorn, during which I blazed away at them with my remaining cartridges, killing one and wounding, I am sorry to say, three others. My readers will, I trust, agree with me, that the circumstances in which we were placed, formed some excuse for this

otherwise unsportsmanlike performance. Nigel joined me soon after, and with his revolver I managed to polish off one of the wounded ewes, while he was grallocking the two dead ones, and then nightfall forced us to make tracks for home over the hill.

It was nearly midnight before my companions turned up. They had reached the top of their peak, after an exciting climb, and their account of their adventures, and the wonderful panorama of unexplored mountain country they had seen from the summit, made my mouth water.



THE CRADLE OF THE ATHABASCA.

Altogether, this had been a red-letter day for us. We were now free to devote ourselves to the more serious business of mountaineering and surveying, but I managed to put in a little more hunting before we left. I had exhausted my luck, however, in this one day; and the last we saw of any bighorn, was next morning at breakfast, when, just as the men were starting to bring down our quarry, we descried, against the skyline, the heads of four sheep craning over the top of the cliffs, two or three thousand feet above the camp. They were

evidently meditating a descent into our valley, but seeing the "outfit," they disappeared in the opposite direction.

I made two attempts to find the wounded sheep, but both were unsuccessful. The second was on our return from a three days journey into the Athabasca valley, in the course of which we climbed a fine peak on the main range. Leaving the "outfit" at the top of the pass, I scrambled to the top of the hills overlooking the scene of my stalk, but not a sign or vestige of bighorn was to be seen. On the further side of the summit, I looked down on a scene of extraordinary desolation, and more unpromising ground for hunting it would be impossible to imagine. Not a



AT THE HEAD OF BEAR CREEK.

tree or blade of grass was visible for miles—nothing but naked rock and shale, alternating with ice and snow, dominated by barren hills with the curiously striped and parti-coloured formations which are not uncommon in the Rockies.

Another fruitless, but charming, walk I had after sheep, was on the lower slopes of Athabasca Peak. Here an emerald green lake nestled in a hollow of the wood at the foot of the great mountain, overhung with great bastions and buttresses of crag, and the benches of grass above the trees seemed excellent ground for game, but I saw nothing but tracks, and they were not particularly fresh. Some of the old trails, now disused and covered with grass, were of remarkable depth, showing the quantities of game that must have existed in the old days. My last day's hunting was with Peyto, in a valley which I think must lead down into the head waters of the Brazeau River. Saddling our horses, we rode hard for three hours to the top of a pass, where we tethered our nags, and spent the rest of the day looking for sheep, but finding none. We saw a good many tracks, however, and I am inclined to think that fair sport might be obtained in this valley. The scenery is pretty, rather than grand, and the stalking would be easy work. In the afternoon, a heavy thunderstorm drove us back to camp, drenched to the skin.



DRYING THE MEAT.

Our stock of mutton was now well-nigh exhausted, and with the prospect of famine before us, we turned our faces homewards. As it was, we were half starved before we reached our *cache* in Bear Creek. I may say, that the flesh of the bighorn thoroughly deserves its high reputation, and, making allowances for our mountain appetites, we all agreed we had never eaten such good meat. Some of it went bad, owing to the heat and flies, but our men dried a good lot of it. This dried meat, though highly indigestible, is very sustaining, and in the days of our scarcity, we were glad enough to get it.

Viewed as a sport, I must confess that bighorn hunting did not strike me, after my short experience, as being equal to my favourite amusement of chamois hunting in the high Alps. It is true, that your quarry is a much nobler beast than the little antelope of the Swiss mountains, but the ground on which you hunt him is far less grand and interesting. In the Canadian Rockies, the trees grow higher up the mountain than in the Alps, but the limits of the grass are much lower, and this circumscribes your hunting ground, and makes the game easier to find, as well as to stalk. However, when both are so charming, comparisons between the two phases of sport may well seem invidious, and it



AN EASY FORD ON THE SASKATCHEWAN.

will be long before I forget those few delightful days I spent in the chase of the Rocky Mountain wild sheep.

As to advice and hints on outfit, etc., I have little to give beyond what is to be found in the recognised works on big game shooting. Better, and more portable, than the light tent recommended in the Badminton, which weighs 19 pounds, is the Mummery tent (named after the celebrated climber who lost his life on Nanga Parbat), which is made of silk, and only weighs three-and-a-half pounds. For travellers in the Canadian Rockies, waterproof bags are absolutely indispensable, as the rivers that

have to be forded are often deep and swift and dangerous; while the Indian pack ponies have a playful way of swimming about in deep water, just for the fun of the thing.

Concerning hunters, native or otherwise, I can offer no opinion, as I did my own stalking; but I am told that Indians, though good for bear, are much inferior to white men as hunters of mountain game. Personally, I subscribe to the American view, that "Injuns is pizon," and I would rather not have them with me on any important expedition.



SHOT BY C. G. R. LEE, Esq.

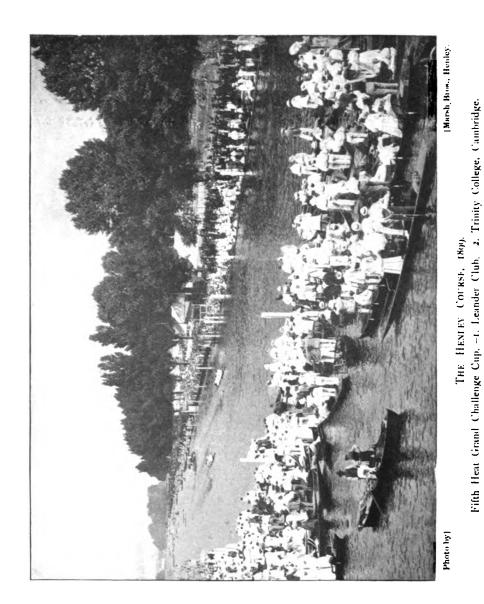
Before you start, carefully overhaul your provisions, and husband your "grub pile" en route, for packers are an improvident race. At the same time, it is bad policy to be always prying into the larder, as the men bitterly resent it. On our journey, we let the men do exactly as they liked. The result was, that, though we had nothing to eat at the end, they worked for us willingly and well throughout, and made a great success of

the trip, which, without their cheerful co-operation, must have ended in dismal failure. Lastly, don't do as our packers did, and take three useless curs along with you. As companions, they were agreeable enough, but they ate a good deal more of our bacon than was good either for them or for us, and they were, I believe, the main cause of the semistarvation which overtook us on our way home.



Hugh Em Stutfield





## ROWING—THE PAST SEASON.

NE Thousand Eight Hundred and Ninety-nine will be remembered more, perhaps, for the laying out of the Henley Course with "Booms," for the magnificent weather which continued throughout the whole season, and for the general prosperity, if I may use the term, of rowing itself (as shown by the number

of entries at the principal Regattas), than for the quality of the crews concerned. It is true that, at Cambridge, 1899 will be memorable as the year when the list of consecutive victories of Oxford was broken, but, speaking generally, it cannot be said to have been a particularly exciting rowing season. Certain crews have towered above others, and close finishes have been few and far between. The tone of the sport, however, has been very sound, and the season may fairly be called a good average one, with few extraordinary features.

The 'Varsity crews come first in order, and here, the obvious feature has been the great improvement in Cambridge rowing, which has resulted in the defeat of Oxford. No efforts were spared to ensure the success of the light blues, and, no doubt, every rowing man felt how vital it was to rowing in general, and 'Varsity rowing in particular, that Cambridge aquatics should improve. It is certainly a matter of congratulation to all, that at last the Cambridge University Boat Club authorities have pulled themselves together, and surmounted so well the difficulties that beset them. Cambridge, this year, sent up a really good crew, and one composed, for the most part, of men

entirely fresh to the tideway. They were well together, and rowed with a swing worthy of the best Oxford crews. Though hardly so powerful as the Oxford crew of 1898 (which was represented, to a large extent, in Leander, the eight that recently won the Grand at Henley), they were neat and fast, and possessed of no bad faults. Their style, inculcated by Mr. Fletcher, the old Oxford University Boat Club President, was characteristic rather of Oxford than of Cambridge, but it was Oxford's best style.

Mr. Gibbon, at stroke, was untried in first-class racing. Although he had never gained a place in the Eton Eight, he had, by his rowing in the Vikings' crew of the previous season, attracted the attention of several old rowing men; with the result, that he was tried for the Cambridge Trial Eights in the succeeding autumn, and was given a seat. In the Cambridge crew, he showed himself a first-class stroke. Mr. Dudley Ward, at seven, would help to make any crew; while Mr. Etherington Smith and the other members all rowed up to their form. The whole crew were excessively keen, and Mr. Fletcher had many of those difficulties removed which, at times, make a coach's task anything but a pleasant one.

Oxford, on the other hand, were never satisfactory as an Eight. They had lost, in Burnell and Carr, their two best heavy weights, and alterations had to be made in the crew at a late stage of practice. It may be, that the men were unduly discouraged by the fact, that the public wished Cambridge to win; that, at any rate, was the impression they gave one during the later stages of training, and Mr. McLean certainly had a difficult task when it came to the finishing touches. Gold was not at his best (he kept that later on for Henley); Herbert and Warre, at seven and six, were hardly with him; and he worked, if anything, too hard in his endeavours to bring his crew on. In the race, he rowed splendidly, but his men could never quite go his pace, and Cambridge had won all the way after the first mile.

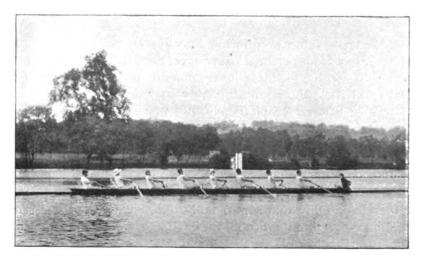
Next in order of time, after the 'Varsity Boat Race, come "the Eights" at Oxford, and "the May Races" at Cambridge.

At Oxford, I cannot say I was much struck with any of the crews. Magdalen were, perhaps, the most noticeable, while New College rowed rather above expectations, and, in keeping head, did a good performance. Balliol, with five blues, were most disappointing in the races, and seemed lacking in "go," failing altogether to realise what was expected of them. There were no other crews of note. On the whole, material did not appear lacking, but it will take some getting into shape, and, unless a good stroke be unearthed, Oxford's chance of winning at Putney in 1900 is by no means rosy. So far as could be seen, the raw material looked better worth cultivating than the more finished article.

Of the crews that rowed in the May Races, at Cambridge, I cannot speak from personal experience, but Mr. R. C. Lehmann has kindly written me the following note on the subject:-"The chief point about the Cambridge May Races, was the excellence of the two leading boats, 1st Trinity and 3rd Trinity. were many classes superior to all the other boats, both in power and in style. First Trinity were stroked by Etherington-Smith; Adie (spare man, 1899, for the 'Varsity), being No. 7, and Sanderson, No. 6. They were very rough in the early stages, but at last got together, and went well, with great staying power. It was this quality that kept them head, for 3rd Trinity pressed them hard to Ditton every night, on one occasion almost overlapping, but they always fell away from that point, and finished about their distance behind. It was thus proved again, that the shortening of the distances, from 175ft. to 150ft., which came into effect in 1898, would not enable a boat, by merely bustling, to bump another which could stay. Third Trinity had four blues:—Gibbon, Dudley Ward, Goldie, and Chapman. were a pretty crew, and well together, but they had a 'tail,' and only got their advantage by rowing a much faster stroke than 1st. They did not stay very well. The six blues in these two crews, with Adie and Cockerell, made up the Trinity College (United) crew at Henley. The 1st Trinity second crew, with I. A. Campbell, 14st. 8lb. (the Captain of this year's Cambridge

Rugby Team), at No. 6, made a bump every night. The remaining six of the 1st Trinity first crew (the two blues being in the United Crew), together with Campbell and another man from the second crew of 1st Trinity, made up the 1st Trinity crew which won the Thames Cup, at Henley. The only other Cambridge College crew of any note were Pembroke. They were a pretty good eight, and rowed at Henley."

At Henley, this year, the weather and attendance constituted a record. One of the chief items of interest was the "booming" of the course for the first time. For several years past, this has



FIRST TRINITY, CAMBRIDGE.

been talked of, and if it had not been for the risk of the experiment, would probably have been attempted earlier. It was felt that, with the yearly growth in the number of spectators, something must be done, and the result proved a triumphant success for all concerned—committee, competitors, and crowd alike.

What rowing men would do without Henley, it is impossible to say. Here it is that one meets, annually, all one's rowing friends, and talks shop enough to last, at a moderate estimate, for the best part of a year. There are many friends whom one sees on no other occasion; at Henley, therefore, the loss is brought home to one of those old rowing men whose deaths have been recorded since the preceding season. Who could fail this last year to miss Tom Nickalls' genial presence, or that of G. L. Davis, E. C. Otter, George Ryan, or James Hastie? Since Henley, there have been yet more to mourn in G. B. James, who stroked London so well in 1890 and 1891, in Drake Smith, and, most recently of all, in R. S. Farran, who fell at Elands Laagte, shot through the head whilst binding up a wounded officer—Captain Orr.

But to return to rowing. I hardly thought the crews at Henley were more than average. There were a few really good crews, but in others, on the contrary, the rowing was atrocious. bad rowing was by no means confined to the smallest clubs, for many well-known colleges and clubs entered for races with the worst crews they have put on for years. Leander again won the Grand with a fine strong eight, composed, for the most part, of members of the Oxford 'Varsity Crew of 1898. They were well stroked by Gold, who was quite at his best, and in a marvellously short time shook themselves together, "coming on" rapidly every day up to the racing. They did not, however, start favourites, as many were of opinion that the Trinity Combination Crew, which was almost identical with the Cambridge Eight that had proved victorious at Putney, would turn out too good for them. But somehow, the latter never came on at Henley after the first week. Possibly, some of the members of the crew were a trifle stale, for though they showed up well when paddling, they lost their dash when it came to actual racing, and never at any time finished strong. Balliol were again out of it, and, composed as they were of the nucleus of the 1899 Oxford Eight, their failure seems to show that there was a screw loose somewhere in that combination. London sent up a really good crew, made up partly of 'Varsity oars, and stroked by Pavne. They were never good enough to beat either Leander or Trinity, but it would have required an eight of very exceptional class indeed to have done this. In any ordinary

vear, they would have stood a good chance of winning the Of other crews, the Magdalen College Steward's Four were very good, and showed fine form, both in practice and the racing. The way in which they fairly beat the Hamburg crew at their own game was a treat to see. The pace at which both fours went at the start, and which they kept up for the first half-mile, was something terrific, but the Germans were the first to crack, and in the end, Magdalen won as they liked. It was a victory they well deserved. Harcourt Gold repeated his fine performance of the previous year, in stroking the winning crew, both in the Grand and in the Stewards. I never saw him row better, and if he should retire on his laurels, he will have retired at his zenith. Of other crews competing for the Grand, there is little to be said. Thames sent up a very poor eight; indeed, the well-known red, white, and black colours, were represented by indifferent crews the whole season. Eton, for the Ladies' Plate, sent up a good crew, which won easily. Very few college crews entered for this event, possibly from the fear of being "licked by the boys," and should this go on, it is quite possible the Stewards of the Regatta will have to make fresh conditions for the race. I am sure Eton crews do not desire a walk over against sporting little Radley, but it does seem that they will either have to farm this race, or go for the Grand in the As an event on the card, I am by no means certain that the Ladies' Plate has not fulfilled its mission. It is certain, at any rate, that Eton crews of late years have been far too strong for any opposition. To win the Grand, would cover them with glory; to be runners-up for it, would be quite equal to winning the Ladies. All this is heresy, I know, but I rather think it is a heresy that a good many others hold.

The Thames Cup, so much maligned for encouraging second class rowing, produced a bumper entry. College eights, fearful of the Ladies' Plate, swelled the entry list, while several of the smaller clubs, as usual, tried to improve their status in the Rowing world by entering crews. It has frequently been suggested that this race should be

abolished, but, after such an entry as that of 1899, I do not think any such suggestion will again be made. Surely it is a good thing to encourage the small fry. The idea of rowing at Henley, will bring men down to row as nothing else will; and then Henley itself is an education to a rowing man. Mixing and competing with other crews, seeing all the varied styles, and noticing their faults, does more to improve a club's rowing than any amount of scrambling over the course at a minor regatta. The pity is that all crews cannot arrange to have at least a week's practice at Henley before the races.

The Stewards' Cup, with the exception of Leander and, possibly, the Favorite-Hammonia Rowing Club (Hamburg), had an indifferent class of entry. The Canadian Four were not the crew they were in 1895, and never looked dangerous. The Metropolitan Fours were poor, rowing their craft more after the manner of an Eight than a Four. Time was when four-oared rowing was understood on the tideway as nowhere else, and it is to be hoped that this, the highest class of rowing, will be more cultivated by the London Clubs in the future. The names of Le Blanc Smith, Gulston, Hastie, Evre, Hughes, Looker, Clarke, and Broughton, were names to conjure with in connection with this branch of the science, and it seems a pity that their successors should not follow in their steps. As to the Hamburg Four, they showed themselves astonishingly fast against inferior crews, but when they met Leander, they collapsed rather ignominiously.

The Visitors, Wyfolds and Goblets, were rather below than above the average, while the Diamonds were retained by Howell, after a good race with Blackstaffe, who, however, never appeared dangerous. The following are the results of the final heats of the regatta:—

## HENLEY REGATTA, 1899.

FINAL HEATS.

Grand Challenge Cup.

Leander Club, 1st; London Rowing Club, 2nd.

Thames Challenge Cup.

First Trinity, Cambridge, 1st; Kingston Rowing Club, 2nd.

Ladies' Challenge Plate.

Eton College Boat Club, 1st; Pembroke College, Cambridge, 2nd.

Stewards' Challenge Cup.

Magdalen College, Oxford, 1st; Favorite-Hammonia Rowing Club, Hamburg, 2nd.

Wyfold Challenge Cup.

Trinity Hall, Cambridge, 1st; London Rowing Club, 2nd

Visitors' Challenge Cup.

Balliol College, Oxford, 1st; New College, Oxford, 2nd.

The Silver Goblets and Nickalls' Challenge Cup.

Leander Club, C. K. Philips (steerer) and H. W. M. Willis (stroke), 1st; St. George's Hospital Boat Club, G. E. Orme and D. Pennington (stroke and steerer), 2nd.

Diamond Challenge Sculls.

Thames Rowing Club, B. H. Howell, 1st; Vesta Rowing Club, H. T. Blackstaffe, 2nd.

The Wingfield Sculls of 1899 were also won by Howell, after another hard fight with Blackstaffe.

The Metropolitan Regatta this year was chiefly noticeable for the successes of London and the victory of the Vikings' Four. The latter a fresh proof of the indifferent four-oared rowing of the tideway!

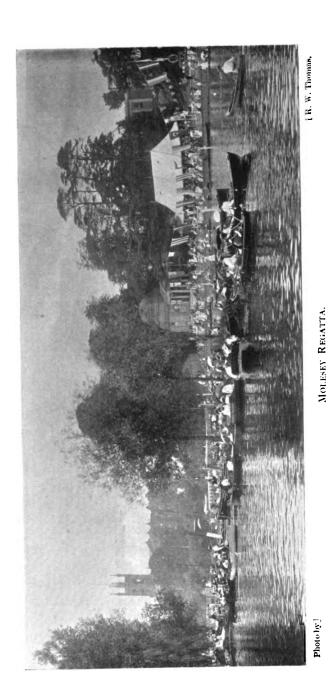
Kingston Regatta follows close after Henley, and it has often happened that this fact has spoilt the entry. This year, however, there was no trouble of the sort; in fact, the number of crews entered was so large, that the regatta began at ten and did not finish till past seven. London carried off the principal race of the day, while Thames won the Fours with a rather scratch crew after a foul.

At Walton, London again won the premier event, while the racing in some of the minor events was very exciting. Molesey and Kingston won the Walton Eights and Fours respectively, and Kingston also won a race for clinker-built boats against the School of Mines Club—this latter by a few feet only. This event, in which boats were provided by the Committee, hardly proved the success anticipated.

Next to Henley in importance comes Molesey Regatta, at all events from the social point of view, and this year the racing was extended to two days, owing to the heavy list of entries. Such an innovation was especially interesting in view of the fact that it was regarded as a very risky experiment to ask competitors to get away for a two-day fixture. The success of the enterprise was, however, never in doubt, and, judging from the attendance (which was easily a record), and the very large entry, necessitating no less than twenty-eight races, there can be little doubt that Molesev will continue a two-day regatta in the future. As to the actual racing, on Friday a dead heat between London and Molesev in the Thames Cup Fours (won by the former in the row off) started the first day well, while the final heats between London and Thames, and Twickenham and Molesev, were well worth going to see. I must mention here a very sportsmanlike proceeding on the part of the London Rowing Knowing that they had conclusively proved the superiority of their first Eight, London changed their crew for this regatta, and so gave their old rivals, Thames, a chance of winning—of which the latter availed themselves. With regard to serious racing on the Thames, as Henley opens the ball, so Molesev closes it, and a two days' regatta evidently befits the occasion. Before passing on, let me note that in the death of its late Hon. Secretary, Mr. J. A. Milner, this regatta has suffered a heavy loss. It is to the ten years' hard work and untiring energy of Mr. Milner, that the regatta owes much of its present success.

Of other regattas, Staines proved as successful as ever, as was only to be expected from the keen local support which it always

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receives. Goring, on the contrary, was a trifle disappointing. Everything that was possible was done by the Committee and the hard-working Secretary, Mr. W. B. Hallett, even to the carting of club boats to and from the regatta free of charge. spite of all this, few clubs came up to the scratch—partly, I think, because it was settling day on the Stock Exchange. The chief race of the day took place in the Fours, between two crews composed of 'Varsity



C. W. KENT.

and Eton oars, entered respectively as the Fieldhead and the Vikings' Clubs, the first-named proving victorious. The Reading and Datchet Regattas were as successful as ever.

With regard to the various minor regattas, with their invitation events, Cookham, always a favourite, more than held its own with sculling, gondolas, and skiff racing. At Bourne End, a rather more ambitious programme than usual was attempted, but the best-boat events did not fill, and the regatta was hardly as successful as usual. Maidenhead, Sunbury, Hampton Court, and Richmond all held their usual varied list of events, which went off as well as ever.

The following table should be of interest. A complete list is given of the victories of the more important Thames rowing clubs during the season, both at Henley and the lesser regattas. Leander, it should be noticed, make a point of only competing at Henley, and do not take part in subsequent upriver racing:—

## WINNING RACES.

LEANDER CLUB.

Henley Regatta.

Grand Challenge Cup Silver Goblets and Nickalls' Challenge Cup (C. K. Philips and H. W. M. Willis).

LONDON ROWING CLUB.

Metropolitan Regatta.

Challenge Cup for Junior Eights. Junior-Senior Fours. Junior-Senior Sculls. Champion Cup for Senior Eights.

Kingston Regatta.

Senior Sculls (H. W. Stout). Grand Challenge Cup for Senior Eights.

Staines Regatta.

Challenge Cup for Senior Fours. Staines Eights. Senior Sculls (F. A. Boyton). Challenge Cup Senior for Eights.

Walton Regatta.

Challenge Cup for Senior Fours. Challenge Cup for Senior Eights.

Goring and Streatley Regatta

Challenge Sculls (F. A. Boyton).

Windsor and Eton Regatta.

Junior Sculls (A. H. Cloutle). Ruthven Challenge Cup for Junior Fours.

Molesey Regatta.

Senior Fours. Thames Cup Fours. Senior Sculls (F. A. Boyton).

THAMES ROWING CLUB.

Henley Regatta.

Diamond Challenge Sculls (B. H. Howell).

Chester Regatta.

Senior Sculls (St. G. Ashe).

Kingston Regatta.

Senior Fours.

Staines Regatta.

Senior Pairs (Guy Rixon and A. F. Johnstone). Wingfield Sculls (B. H. Howell).

Walton Regatta.

Junior Sculls (S. C. Smith).

Goring and Streatley Regatta.

Junior Sculls (G. A. Carr). Challenge Eights.

Reading Regatta.

Senior Sculls (St. G. Ashe).

Molesey Regatta.

Senior Eights.

Marlow Regatta.

Challenge Sculls (St. G. Ashe).

KINGSTON ROWING CLUB.

Kingston Regatta.

Junior Sculls (J. de Mejier). Junior Eights. Junior Fours. Pairs (F. D. Rose and A. C. Fitzelarence).

Walton Regatta.

Senior Pairs (J. Crisp and A. C. Fitzelarence). Walton Fours. Mount Felix Eights.

Reading Regalla.

Grand Challenge Cup for Eights.

Windsor and Eton Regatta.

Senior-Junior Eights. Pairs (F. D. Rose and J. Crisp).

Molescy Regatta.

Junior Sculls (E. H. Good).

MOLESEY BOAT CLUB.

· Walton Regatta.

Walton Eights.

Molesey Regatta.

Thames Cup Eights.

VESTA ROWING CLUB.

Metropolitan Regatta.

Junior Sculls (E. Isler). London Cup. Senior Sculls (H. T. Blackstaffe).

Staines Regatta.

Junior-Senior Sculls (E. Isler).

Goring and Streatley Regatta.

Junior-Senior Eights. Junior-Senior Fours.

Reading Regatta.

Maiden Erlegh Challenge Cup for Fours. Sandeman Challenge Cup for Eights.

Windsor and Eton Regatta.

Senior Sculls (H. T. Blackstaffe).

Amsterdam.

Sculling Championship of the Netherlands (H. T. Blackstaffe).

MARLOW ROWING CLUB.

Maidenhead Regatta.

Orkney College Challenge Bowl for Fours. Town Challenge Cup for Fours.

Marlow Regatta.

Borgnis Challenge Cup for Junior Fours. Town Challenge Cup for Fours. Senior-Junior Challenge Fours.

VIKINGS' ROWING CLUB.

Metropolitan Regatta.

Thames Cup for Senior Fours.

Goring and Streatley Regatta.

Challenge Pairs (M. A. Sands and J. H. Gibbon).

Reading Regatta.

Challenge Vase for Fours.

Windsor and Eton Regatta.

Challenge Cup for Senior Fours.

Molesey Regatta.

Senior Pairs (H. Henniker Heaton and W. Dudley Ward).

Marlow Regatta.

Senior Challenge Pairs (M. A. Sands and H. A. Watson). Grand Challenge Cup for Senior Fours.

FIELDHEAD BOAT CLUB.

Goring and Streatley Regatta.

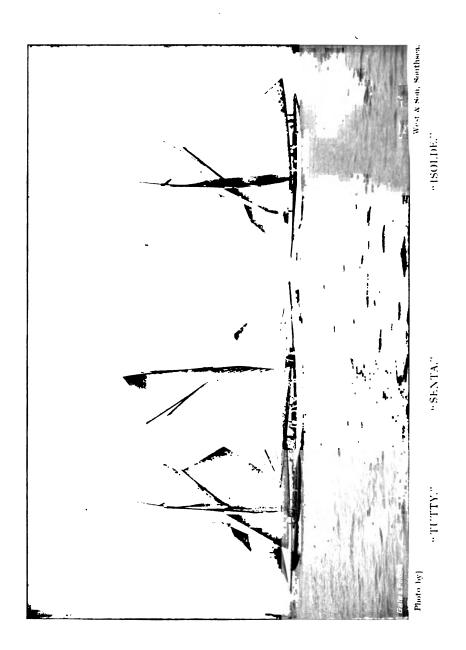
Challenge Fours.

Maidenhead Regatta.

W Kent

Sculls (R. B. Etherington Smith).





## YACHTING.

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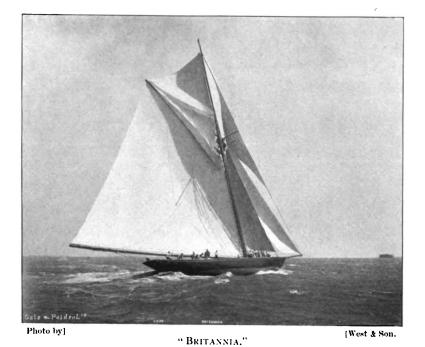
HAT Yachting should not be universally acclaimed as *the* National Sport of the English Nation of Sailors, as we call ourselves, notwithstanding the epithet originally bestowed on us by a distinguished foreigner, is, at first sight, somewhat peculiar; but when we recollect that the national type is generally portrayed

as John Bull, the portly gentleman farmer, it will be seen that sports appertaining to the "noble animal" have, perhaps, the better claim to popular vogue. Moreover, it is only in the second half of the present century, that Yachting has become a sport of the people, most of our other great national sports being able to date their advent to popularity much further back.

The yacht of an early period presented but few of the amenities of later civilization, and shared, with the contemporary naval and mercantile fleet, that absence of comfort and great liability to misfortune which gave rise to the proverb that "A man who would go to sea for pleasure, would go to Hell for pastime!"

Nowadays, those of us who can, do (by hook or by crook) go to sea for pastime, and no community in the world in larger numbers, or with greater enthusiasm, than the Members of the Stock Exchange.

The immense range of size, from the palatial full-powered steam yacht or roomy auxiliary, down to the single-handed cruiser of the dimensions of a ship's boat, or from the noble, big class racing cutter, whose fame extends throughout the world, to the quite equally sporting 18-footer, affords no type of which examples are not to be found among the list of yachts owned by that above-named body. Still, it is all called Yachting, whether it means Saturday to Monday in a smart little single-handed cruiser along the East Coast, or a foreign cruise in a vessel whose luxuries compare very favourably indeed with the best of



221-Tons -H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

all possible hotels. Naturally, therefore, it follows that the subject is a wide one, and selection of topics difficult, owing to their abundance.

The sport in question has this in common with many others, that although now world wide, it owes its inception to England, but, America excepted, other countries have been remarkably

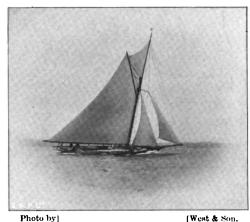


Photo by] [West & Son. "DIS." The late A. D. Clarke, Esq.

slow in following the lead, and still lag far behind. The Anglo-Saxon supremacy here remains quite unchallenged so far, and that finest of all nautical authors, Capt. Marryat, in one of his most charming little tales, "The Three Cutters," published about 1840, writes of the sport as follows:—

"Of all the amusements entered into by the nobility and gentry of our island, there is not one so manly, so exciting, so patriotic, or so national, as yacht-sailing. It is peculiar to England, not only from our insular position and our fine harbours, but because it requires a certain degree of energy, and a certain amount of income, rarely to be found elsewhere. It has been widely fostered by our Sovereigns, who have felt

that the security of the kingdom is increased by every man being more or less a sailor, or connected with the nautical profession. It is an amusement of the greatest importance to the country, as it has much improved our shipbuilding and our ship-fitting, while it affords employment to our seamen and



West & Son.
"REVERIE."
The late A. D. Clarke, Esq.

shipwrights. But if I were to say all that I could in praise of yachts, I should never advance with my narrative."

Thus for Captain Marryat; and now, sixty years afterwards, every word is as true as when written, except that the sport is no longer "peculiar to England." It would be hard to say anything in addition to the above short extract, that could more forcibly and completely depict the good there is in Yachting.

As to America, the subject may very likely be deemed to have



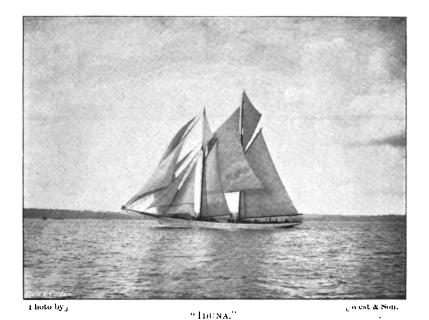
Photo by I

" RAINBOW."

[West & Son.

been recently treated ad nauseam, in connection with the Cup races this autumn; owing to the largeness of the advertisement, however, it is easy to over-estimate the importance of the whole affair, even as a test of Yachting supremacy. While not wishing to belittle our adversaries, or condemn the inaccessible grapes as sour, it may be pointed out that, after all, the competition of huge first-class cutters, built as purely racing machines, is not the only, or highest possible, expression of desirability in

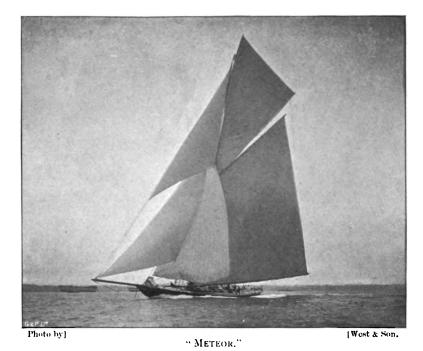
Yachting. Racing itself is but one phase of the sport of yacht sailing, while sailing yachts themselves altogether represent but an insignificant money value compared with that of the steam fleet. Even in racing matters, the test of a season's sailing in class racing, in either country, is worth all the theatrical displays that ever took place in New York Bay. Judged by this standard, England has certainly held her own as against Vigilant, Navahoe, and Niagara, the three principal racing visitors we



364-Tons-H.I.M. the German Empress.

have had, and none of them made anything like the clean sweep of their classes that some of the Fife designed boats did in the length classes in America a few years back. In small raters, we may treely concede the palm to America—or to Herreshoff, since he seems to stand alone as the national designer of sailing craft.

But, let us put all this on one side, and be content to be judged by our splendid fleet of cruisers, which utterly defy comparison with those of America. Which of their much-vaunted schooners will bear comparison with our *Gleniffer*, *Rainbow*, or *Charmian*? Where should we match a modern fast cruiser like *Brynhild* or *Namara*, or those of an earlier date of the *Freda* or *Cicely* type? Whether for speed, roominess, sea-going qualities, or, most of all, for handsome appearance, there has been nothing yet produced in America to beat them.



264-Tons-H.1.M. the German Empress.

On the matter of steam yachts, the comparison is less easily made, for the reason, that all the largest steam yachts in the world are American owned, but, with only two or three exceptions of any consequence, English designed and built. But, considering that, after all the experience of our work that American yacht-builders must have had, the best looking vessels



Photo byl

"TUTTY." 65 L.R.

[West & Son.

they can turn out in this line are the steam vacht Niagara and the steam yacht Aphrodite, need hardly vet begin to look to our laurels.

This is almost equally true of the class of racing vacht hands produced in this country. The two brothers Barr, Scotchmen naturalised in America, take the first place over there. and one of them has had

sole charge of the successful Columbia. Americans themselves admit our ability in handling of the yachts, which is attributable to two very simple causes. First, the very much greater amount of practice the men get here; and, second, their superior obedience and discipline.

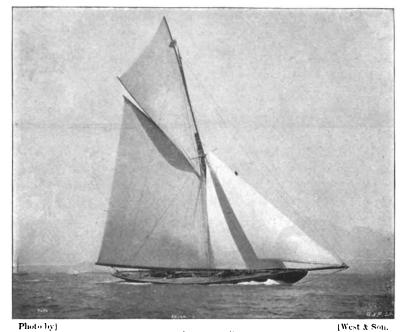
Before leaving this part of the subject, a word of appreciation

must be said as to the good sportsmanship and cordial hospitality (personally, also, experienced by the writer) of American yachtsmen. It is to be regretted that their larger class racing seems to die of inanition between the periodical Cup Challenges, so that there is no inducement for an English owner to try a season in their waters.



"MAHARANEE." 10 Tons-Messrs, Woolston & Ricards,

France and Germany are the only other nations really inoculated with the yachting fever, the former having contracted it earlier, but the latter more severely. In racing matters, France has, of course, a great advantage in possessing a coast favoured by the winter season, and the Riviera regattas, in some recent years, have almost rivalled the home ones in interest. The admirably benign influence of the sport seems to smooth down



"SATANITA."

300-Tons—The late A. D. Clarke, Esq.

all little international animosities, so strenuously fostered by the Anglophobe Paris Press, and no jarring note in the sport is to be heard, whether the racing be in the Mediterranean, or Channel. Germany may almost be said to have but one yachtsman, so much does the Emperor, in this aspect, stand above any other owner.

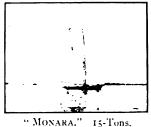
Up to the present, however, all his yachts have been foreign built, with the exception of his state-yacht, which really is a good deal more of a fighting unit in the German Navy, than a pleasure vessel. The Emperor's first large racing yacht was the *Thistle*, the unsuccessful challenger, in 1887,



56-Tons - Robinson Simpson, Esq.

for the American Cup, which he re-named *Meteor*, a name which was transferred, in 1896, to the magnificent cutter he had built on the Clyde in that year, the old craft being turned into a

sort of superior under the name of he added to his fastest and largest schooners, the had sailed some waters, but with cess. She is now under the name of by H.I.M. the



Messrs, E. Wildy and Wilbraham.

training - ship, Komet. In 1898, fleet one of the of American-built Yampa, which matches in British indifferent successionally raced Iduna, and owned Empress.

The enthusiasm of the Emperor, and his fostering care, have done everything for the sport in his country, and though his



"PLEIAD."
50-Tons—Messrs, Long, Watso & Byers.

subjects have mostly, so far, supplied themselves with yachts from our designers and builders, evidently the time is not far distant when those of their own country will be able to turn out German-built yachts which will compete, in every respect, with the best we can do. The very great measure of success attained with the Kommodore was

a sure indication of what will eventually be effected by German perseverance and aptitude.

Already, we are relying somewhat on German-owned yachts to fill our larger classes; our season in 1899 would have been far less interesting, if deprived of the presence of *Meteor*, *Senta*, and *Tutty*; while the Heligoland race, and subsequent festivities, have become quite popular features in the annual programme. Perhaps, no other race depends, as to its result, so little on speed, pure and simple, as the Heligoland fixture, a fact which would



"BABE."
21-Rater—W. A. Beauclerk, Esq.

add somewhat to its popularity, with the owners of venerable and stately old cruisers, were not the attractions of the cordial welcome awaiting them in Germany already sufficient. It is noteworthy, that *Rainbow*, last year, and *Brynhild* this, both new vessels built for this race, and sailing their maiden races, failed to score, while Mr. Cecil Quentin, after winning in his old-fashioned yawl *Merrythought* in 1898, was unsuccessful with the larger and more up-to-date *Cicely*, which he purchased specially for the 1899 race.

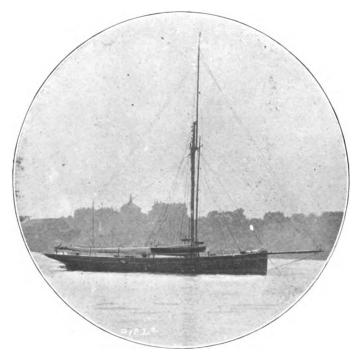
The latest manifestation of the Emperor's fostering care for the sport is the institution of a "nursery" class for next year, the rule being that length, breadth, and depth, added together, shall not exceed 32 feet. This is a revival of an old rule, formerly in use on the Thames above bridge, where it worked fairly well.

It cannot be said that any other country has made much progress in the sport. Italy, Austria, and Russia, have a number of enthusiastic owners, principally of steam yachts, but little building of any consequence goes on in those countries. The British colonies naturally follow in their mother country's wake. Canada has repeatedly vanquished the United States at small class racing, and many years ago essayed, though unsuccessfully, to carry off the American Cup. The Australian colonies, Bombay, the Far East, Natal, the West Indies, and Bermuda, all follow the sport.

The present moment is a deeply interesting one with regard to the future of yacht racing, and the rules under which it is to be carried on. Not only have the sailing rules been cast into a melting pot, presided over by three members of the Council of the Yacht Racing Association, and three ordinary members, with instructions to report to the Association as a whole, but agitations are also on foot for legislative interference with the scantlings or hull, and with the question of whether yachts shall be allowed to race when fitted for that purpose alone, or whether they are to be furnished below deck with all the accommodation of a cruiser. In addition to all this, there looms ahead the great question of the Rating Rule, when its present lease of life shall have expired in a year or two.

The recent re-modelling of the constitution of the Yacht Racing Association, is a great step towards a more satisfactory state of affairs; while the younger, and more progressive, members of the Council, lately introduced, cannot be expected to deal with the above problems with the same grasp of the requirements of the situation as the older hands, who have had more experience of larger class racing, they are, on the other hand, more qualified to deal with the small raters. The interests

of real yachts, the classes which are not mere small boats, of course, are the more important; and if there is the slightest danger of the interests of the small boats prejudicing those of the real yacht classes, there should be distinct regulations formulated for each. The small boat men could not object to this, as wherever they are numerous, as on the Solent and East



"FIONA."
151-Tons—Charles A. Barton, Esq.

Coast, they have already added restrictions to the regulations of the Yacht Racing Association. Small boat owners greatly outnumber those of larger yachts, and as the vote of the owner of an 18-footer carries equal weight with that of a big class racer, it is greatly to be feared that interests may clash. The small-rater man may obtain average capacity afloat, and sufficient knowledge to form an opinion of some value concerning the interests of small classes in a couple of seasons, but the capacity and knowledge requisite for dealing with the affairs of large yacht-racing, are possessed by but few, and to them alone should be entrusted the task of deciding the future of British Yacht-racing. Indeed, the weightier problems are so complex, and so involved with laws of mathematics, higher

than most yachtsmen are conversant with, that much reliance must, perforce, be placed on the advice of such naval architects as are also practical followers of the sport, a body of men who have always, in the past, freely placed their experience and skill at the disposal of the Council of the Yacht Racing Association.

It is one of the characteristics of Yachting, that education in no other sport gives a man any insight into this one. Even the mere



Photo by] . [West & Son. "ERYCINA." 98-Tons—Percy Lord, Esq.

onlooker cannot appreciate the game without assimilating previously half a cyclopædia full of information. An amusing illustration of this, was afforded recently by the hopeless floundering, in a bog of unfamiliar sea-terms, of the smart sporting journalists sent out to report the American Cup race. They were equipped with every possible qualification for their task, except the one really needful, one of a knowledge of the

game; the vocabulary they acquired at short notice did great credit to their industry, but, alas! they studied in a school of hybrid American phraseology, the products of which must have poisoned the enjoyment of many a British yachtsman's breakfast table, far more than the ill-success of the *Shamrock*. To read that "the yachts, after jockeying for the line, started under club topsails, and broke out balloon jibs and spinnakers," is too painful. "Jockeying," is at once inappropriate, and a reflection on another sport. "Club" topsail is the American designate of the started and the sport.



"POLLIE."
20-Tons—II. B. Harris, Esq.

nation of a jackyard topsail. "Balloon" jibs went out of use, both actually and in name, many years ago, and the mastheading of a spinnaker, previously to boom-ending it, has probably been mistaken for setting it in stops, an operation unknown here. Yet the above sentence is quite a fair sample of a high-class newspaper's own special correspondent's report. Indeed, it is a sad truth, that most of our Yachting literature comes far short of the desirable standard, and bears many traces of being written by journalists not them-

selves practical yachtsmen. Both America and France are greatly ahead of England in respect of their yachting publications, and we have, in addition, lately suffered the loss of a man who stood alone as a vivid and accurate depicter of a yacht race, in the person of the late Harry Horn, who has left no one at present showing equal capacity for giving reports, at once so interesting to read, and so valuable as records, while, owing to his scrupulous fairness, he left many friends, and no enemies.

It has been remarked above, that Members of the Stock Exchange are, and have been, represented in every form of the sport—big and little class racing, cruiser racing, sail and steam cruising. In the first of these categories, the late Mr. A. D. Clarke was, for some years, the most prominent. He was first heard of in class-racing with the *Dis*, designed by Soper, and built by Fay & Co., a 10-rater under the length and sail area rule in 1888. Built to fit that rule, she showed marked supremacy over all her opponents, a scratch lot of ex-length and tonnage boats; but in 1889, while still under

Mr. Clarke's flag, she was decisively beaten by the Decima. replaced her, the following year, with that exceedingly handsome 40-rater, the Castanet, by the same designer, which, however, proved not quite a match for the other new boat of the year, Creole, designed by Watson. Nothing daunted, Mr. Clarke had another forty, Reverie, again designed by Soper,



"IREX."
88-Tons—Herbert Marzetti, Esq.

built in 1891, to meet Fife's great boat, the *Thalia*, which also came out that year, but, as before, he had to be content with second place. The culminating year of the 40-rating class, was 1892, *Varuna*, *Queen Mab*, and *Corsair* being added to it, but Mr. Clarke was not represented, though, in 1893, the year of the boom in big cutter racing, Mr. Soper designed for him *Satanita*, the largest cutter ever built, to compete with *Britannia*, *Valkyrie II.*, and *Calluna*. Her extraordinary size, no less than 300 tons, was somewhat against her, but

given sufficient wind, and a reaching course, she was able to give her opponents their time and a beating. The following year, she was again out under Mr. Clarke's flag, the most notable incident of the season being her collision with *Valkyric II.*, whereby the latter was sunk, an accident without parallel in the records of big-class racing, but due solely to unavoidable causes. Subsequently to that season, Mr. Clarke did not appear either in the racing lists, nor as a yacht owner.

Among other owners of class racers, past and present, may be noted the names of Mr. Charles A. Barton, with the celebrated 10-tonner, Maharanee, built at Plymouth (afterwards owned by Messrs. Woolston & Ricardo), the great antagonist of the wellknown Buttercup; then a few years ago, Mr. W. A. Beauclerk, after an unsuccessful debût on the Solent in class-racing with the Heathen Chinee, designed by Mr. Landseer Mackenzie, brought out the Babe, 23-rater, of Payne design, scarcely ever beaten in fair sailed races during two seasons, and created a record of prizes in the class. The brothers Simpson made a similar record about the same time, on the lower Thames, with the 21-footer, Tottie, and, subsequently, brought out the Mousme and Vineta, both 24-footers, the latter finishing the season of 1899, as the best boat of her class; the *Paketa*, Mr. B. J. Angle, belongs to the same class. While on the Solent, Messrs. Herbert Johnson and H. W. Jefferson's 30-footer Mayfly proved herself a good all-round boat. Mr. H. W. Jefferson's 36 L.R. Emerald, is too well known to need any comment. Ladybird, 36-footer, belonging to Mr. F. Schweder, with breezes to suit her, at the commencement of the season, placed several prizes to her credit. In the East Coast 18-footer class, two boats, Coronis II. and Inyati, are owned respectively by Mr. A. Weisberg and Mr. H. T. Michels, while the Mara, still owned by Mr. E. J. Allcard, used to figure prominently a few years ago in the above bridge 1-rater racing.

Cruiser racing has always been a favourite form of the sport with the Members, few of whom can spare the time for class racing, though keen enough for the work. To these, an occasional handicap for their week-end cruisers, offers great inducements, and it serves to keep crews and craft alike up to a high standard of efficiency, while some owners combine the proprietorship of a small rater with that of a smart cruiser. Mr. H. T. Michels owned for some time the ex-20-rater *Thelma*, designed by Fife, and raced her steadily in handicaps; at present, the *Neaira*, of Watson's design, carries his flag, a powerful and roomy 40-ton cruiser, with a fair turn of speed.

The Merrythought, 73-ton yawl, has already been referred to

winning the German Emperor's Cup in the Dover to Heligoland race in 1898; under her earlier name of Cornubia, she was well known a few years ago as the property of Mr. G. Plater, and made some appearances in handicap racing. The brothers Leonard, Harold, and Walter Simpson, in addition to their small racing craft, already reto, own and race in handicaps the sightly smart 34-ton cutter Merrymaid, perhaps Messrs. Black and Co.'s best production. succession to their former



"MERRYMAID,"
34-Tons—Messis, Simpson.

boat, the 28-ton Seaweed; and Mr. Robinson II. Simpson has been racing the 36-footer, Starlight, though his 56-ton yawl, Anaconda, only occasionally hoists a racing flag. One of the most persistently raced of fast cruisers, is the Geisha, owned by Mr. H. J. Garratt, a cutter of 30 tons, designed and built for him two years ago by Stone Bros. She has been very successful, the handicappers being rather apt to expect too great things from some of her more fashionably designed antagonists. A smaller boat of similar type

is the *Chula*, designed by Wilkins, raced during the past two seasons by Mr. J. Pearce, which has much improved in speed since coming into his hands. The little *Fi-fa* has been raced in the small handicaps by Mr. A. H. Bingham, for quite a number of years.

Coming to the purely cruising division, the owners of sailing yachts are a goodly muster. Mr. S. Le Blanc-Smith, who, with Mr. F. G. Gledstanes, now owns the *Thea*, a smart and up-to-date 54-ton cutter, designed and built for them, in 1896, by Camper, Nicholson & Co., has had a considerable amount of yachting experience since his brilliant rowing career, as owner of the *Dandelion*, and afterwards of the *Willow Wren*, in which latter

vessel he nearly 1882, when she and sunk by a whilst lying at Havre. The tracts from a written by Mr. Smith to Mr. wood, from diately after give a good row escape:—



Photo by] [West & Son. "GEISHA."

30 Tons—H. J. Garratt, Esq.

lost his life in was run into French yacht, anchor off following exprivate letter, Le Blanc-E. D. Brick-Havre, immethe accident, idea of his nar-

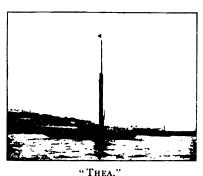
"We anchored in the Petit Rade here, off Frascatis, at about 10.15 p.m. Instantly, we put up our riding light, and two of the hands rowed the ladies ashore with others of the party. We then stowed canvas, and at about 11.15 p.m. turned in. The wind freshening, a heavy sea was then running, and, consequently, we had not got asleep. She pulled so much at her anchor chain, that the skipper kept watch on deck, and this eventually saved our lives. As near as we can tell, about 12 o'clock, we heard him loudly hail a vessel to 'look out,' about seven or eight times, and then to us to 'come up on deck quick.' Up we tumbled, in pyjamas only, and, as I was on the lee side, all I saw was, under the

boom, a craft coming on fast. In a second, I was whacked over the side, and found myself under Willow Wren's bottom. I had a dive to get clear, but came up and hit my head against her bottom, and once again the same. Then I began to think my day was done, and to imbibe salt water, when a final attempt got me clear, and I came up to the top about ten yards to leeward of the Priny (the colliding vessel), which I increased to twenty, clearing my mouth of salt



"CHULA." 20-Tons—John Pearce, Esq.

water. I then howled out, 'Lower your boat!' several times, which they did, and, after hitting me on the head with an oar, got me on board, and on their yacht. At once I saw the mate of my yacht also on board the *Priny*, leaning over the side and calling for help, the Frenchmen standing about all the time and doing nothing. Half drowned, I ran to the mate and helped to pull P.C. on board; he was hanging on by the bowsprit shrouds. It seems that the mate had shinned along the bowsprit, and got on board dry. C. was following, when the *Priny's* bowsprit broke as *Willow Wren* sank, and he hung on to the shrouds until pulled in by us. My skipper,



54-Tons—Messrs, S. Le B. Smith and F. G Gledstanes,

Drake, and his son, were hanging on to the topmast, which was above the water, until taken off by the boat (ours hanging in the davits, had sunk). *Priny* lost topmast and bowsprit. I should think the whole time, to the foundering of poor *Willow Wren*, was about three minutes. I never saw her after the col-

lision, being in the water too long, but they say she filled immediately. *Priny* (cutter) came stem on, not hurting it a bit, but cutting, my people say, a clean wedge into our starboard side, as nearly as possible at the head of my bunk, which I had vacated shortly before."

In another letter, the owner writes:—

"Priny was a 40-ton French yacht, built, I think, at Havre. It was admitted by all on board Priny, that no one was looking out. Eventually, after nearly two years' litigation, I recovered about the value of everything lost. I must say, I have nothing but thanks for the unvarying courtesy with which I was always treated, by the Maritime authorities especially."

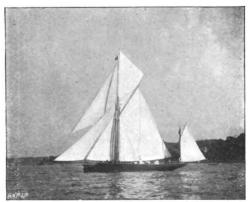


Photo by] [A. Debenham, Cowes.

"DAY-DAWN."

19-Tons—Harry Samuelson, Esq.

History repeats itself, and it is curious that another English yacht was run down at exactly the same spot, last August, by a French vessel, but, fortunately, without being sunk, though seriously damaged.

Mr. S. Le B. Smith then purchased *Dandelion*, which he had for three years, it afterwards becoming the property

of Mr. George Argenti, who, subsequently, sold her to Mr. Henry Whitehead, who, with his friend, Mr. Herbert E. West, is an enthusiastic yachtsman throughout the year.

Returning to the cruising yachts owned by members, Mr. Walpole Greenwell heads the list with his 200-ton schooner Gwendolen, and one of the largest is the Fiona, of 151 tons, owned by Mr. C. A. Barton. She was originally a schooner, built in 1879, by Messrs. Camper, Nicholson & Co., to compete with the Miranda; but in 1890 her rig was altered to

yawl, then, in 1892, to cutter, and, finally, in 1893, to yawl again, which rig she still retains. Had she been raced under all these different rigs, it would have afforded a good test of the accuracy of the Yacht Racing Association rig allowances, but Mr. Barton has devoted himself to cruising to such good purpose, that during his ownership his different vessels have sailed actually over one hundred thousand miles of water, or nearly equal to five times round the world!

Mr. J. Farrell, a well-known sculler of old time, has recently bought the *Loreley*, a wholesome 183-ton schooner, to

replace his former yacht, the Vera, 54 tons. thus owns one of the largest sailing yachts amongst the members of Stock Exchange. The *Medora*, owned by P. Read: Tiercel, by Mr. — Stuttfield, and the 118-ton schooner Nina, owned by the late Mr. W Rudge, are well membered, the latter especially, by the clever caricatures of her owner by Mr. F. Carruthers Gould. Another vessel



Photo by] (West & Son. "FAUGH-A-BALLAGH." 21-Rater—A. Hardie Jackson, Esq.

of the past is the well-known *Marina*, lost on the Red Sand while the property of Mr. W. Morice, whose son, Mr. Norman Morice, keeps the name in memory by bestowing it on his recently purchased 12-tonner, formerly known as *Vanity*.

Mr. Herbert Marzetti has lately acquired the famous *Irex*, 88 tons, head of the big cutter class from 1884 to 1886, and Mr. Percy Lord, a helmsman well known a decade ago on the Thames, the 96-ton yawl, *Erycina*. It is interesting to know

that these two yachts, perhaps the finest extreme plank-onedge type cutter and yawl ever built, will, in all probability, be raced in the cruiser matches next season, where they will meet *Brynhild*, a vessel of the same waterline length, but with 5-ft. more beam, and nearly 1,000 square feet more canvas, illustrating the evolution of the past fifteen years.



S.Y. "ST. KILDA." 57-Tens—J. Allcard, Esq.

Mr. R. M. Long, who, with Mr. Arthur Watson, owned the 15-ton *Cerise* for some years, has, in conjunction with Mr. B. Byers, bought the *Pleiad*, a modern 50-ton yawl, formerly called *Avel*. Mr. A. Solomon, who owns the 52-ton *Avocet*, spends



Photo byl

" MENEEN."

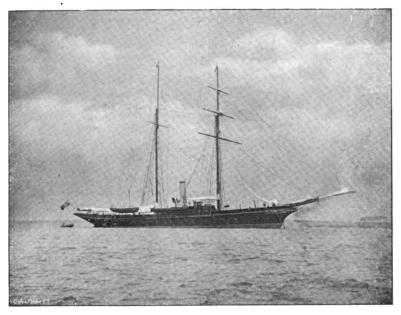
[West & Son.

21. Rater-A. Hardie Jackson, Esq.

most of the summer with his friend Edmund May, in the Western Counties of England. Mr. Thompson, in his Willow Wren, is wellknown on the East Coast. Mr. H. B. Harris, with his Pollie, seems to prefer cruising round the French ports, while Mr. La Verge, after competing in the Royal Cinque Port Regatta in his 20-ton cutter Marigold, nee Decima, devotes himself to the racing on the Dutch Coast.

Mr. A. Royale surprised the East Coast cruisers early this season, by his appearance in the handicap with his 20-tonner *Banba*. *Monara*, Messrs. Edmund Wildy and Wilbraham, has made a name for herself in cruisers' handicaps, and can be seen, early and late in the year, off the East Coast working her trawl.

Mr. Harry Samuelson, of the Day Dawn, Mr. Nasmith of the Chretah, Mr. Schuler of the Juanita, Mr. J. Holden of the



"ROSABELLE."
440-Ton —Theodore Pim, Esq.

Violet, Mr. Miles Bailey of the Elaine, Mr. Leonard Higgins, the Rowena and Nona, Mr. A. E. Morris of the Zoraida, Mr. Geo. Metcalfe, well-known both on the Upper Thames and Southampton Water with his mosquito fleet, complete a list of some of the present owners of small cruisers.

Among the Members who have owned well-known yachts—and now are more or less actively engaged in the sport—the following



AUGUSTUS G. WILDY.

are prominent:—Mr. Hardie Jackson, who, with Faugh-a-Ballagh and Meenen, must have sailed successfully at least one hundred matches; Mr. R. M. Bishop, who was well-known at the helm of the Kismet and Chittywee, and often sailed in the early eighties with Messrs. Taff and Percy Burrowes, in their celebrated five-tonner Arrow: Mr. Sid. Satterthwaite, some years ago identified with his bawley boat Marigold, never tires of class or handicap racing.

Mr. Theodore Pim, after

building the yawls *Rosabelle*, 87 tons, in 1875, and *Elfrida*, 130 tons, in 1886, in 1897 built the auxiliary screw schooner *Rosabelle*, 439 tons, from the design of Mr. Wilkins, one of the handsomest vessels of her class afloat. She has power enough to enable her to steam as fast as most full-powered steam yachts of her length, and with the proportions and model of a cruising topsail schooner, she is enabled to show a good turn of speed under canvas.

Mr. Frank C. Capel, Vice-Commodore of the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club for many years past, now owns the steam yacht *Shuna*, 186 tons, in succession to the steam yacht *Thalatta*, 121 tons.

The steam yacht Ossian, of 147 tons, belongs to Major E. F. Coates; Mr. J. Allcard, after for some years owning the steam yacht St. Kilda, of 142 tons, last year built a smaller craft of the same name, of 57 tons. Mr. Allcard is one of the twelve Members of the Stock Exchange who hold certificates from the Board of Trade as master mariners to command their own yachts, and, not content merely with passing their qualifying examination, some of whom practice at sea this fascinating subject, which is imperative to due efficiency.

Other owners of steam yachts are Mr. E. A. Locock, who formerly owned the yawl *Frolic*, afterwards the steam yacht *Danitsa*, 78 tons, and now the steam yacht *Zouave*, 16 tons, Mr. E. C. Stearns' *Koodoo*, and Lord Alwyn Compton, M.P., *Runnach*, 19 tons.

Finally, the ranks of the Members include one amateur designer of some reputation in connection with small racing craft, viz., Mr. Frank Hemming.

Though the foregoing recital does not pretend to mention every yacht owner in the Stock Exchange, past or present, still, it shows that Yachting, in spite of its esoteric character as a sport, has a very fairly large following in proportion to the whole strength of the Membership, and the approaching opening of the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club House, at Port Victoria, which will add so much to the facilities of Londoners for open water sailing within easy reach of Town, should do much towards increasing the number of yachtsmen connected with the House.

Augustus G. Wildy



"BOX AND COX."

## ENGLAND V. AUSTRALIA.

Played at Kennington Oval, August 14th, 15th, and 16th.

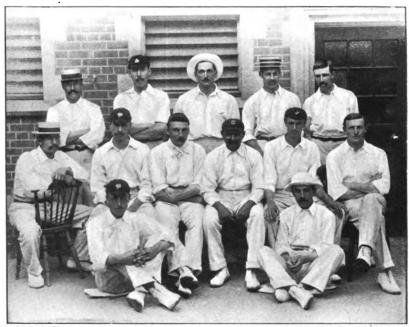


Photo by

[E. Hawkins & Co., Brighton.

Brockwell (Reserve). W. M. Bradley. C. B. Fry. Hayward. Lilley.

Lockwood. F. S. Jackson, A. C. Maclaren K. S. Ranjitsinjhi.
(Capt.) C. L. Townsend. A. O. Jones.

Rhodes. Denton (Reserve).

ENGLAND, 1899.—DECIDING TEST MATCH.

576 is a record made against the Australians in this country.

185 is also a record for the first wicket; and F. S. Jackson and Hayward also established a record by making over 100 runs each for the first two batsmen.

## CRICKET, 1899.

2 2000



F the Cricket Season of Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-Eight was considered extraordinary, on account of the fine weather and the great scores, what shall be said of the Season of Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-Nine, which has just come to a close?

Never before have the meteorological conditions been so continuously favourable, and never before have the batsmen reaped such a rich harvest of runs.

With the exception of May, when the weather was, for the most part, cold and wet, the Season was marked by rainless skies, and, therefore, owing to the great care and trouble now expended upon Cricket grounds, the wickets were generally as hard as concrete, and as smooth as glass. Indeed, so much superiority did the bat show over the ball, that endless discussions and debates were started in the Press. The *Times* even opened its columns to ventilate the various ideas and schemes put forward by those who were anxious to find some means of making batting more difficult, and thus giving bowlers more chance.

Some writers proposed that the stumps should be heightened, some that they should be widened; others thought that some alteration should be made in the leg-before-wicket law; while some even thought that the bat should be reduced in width.

There is no need to enter into a long discussion as to the relative merits of these divers suggestions. We think, how-

ever, that all the various proposals enumerated above, place the batsmen in such a helpless position on a bad or sticky wicket. One thing is certain, and that is, that in very few cases does a batsman reach a hundred without giving some unaccepted chance in the field. Fielding, undoubtedly, is not up to the

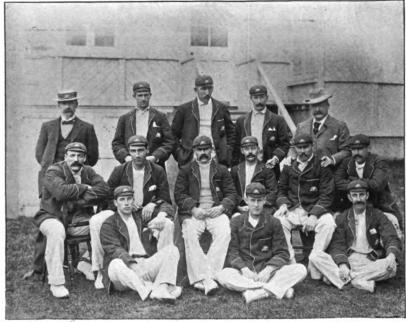


Photo by]

J. J. Kelly. M. A. Noble. H. Trumble. C. McLeod. Major Wardell (Manager).

E. Jones. F. Laver. J. J. Darling S. E. Gregory. A. E. Johns. W. P. Howell. (Capt.)

C. Hill. V. Trumper F. Iredale.

AUSTRALIANS, 1899.

high standard reached by the other two departments of the game. Of course, the great event of the past Season, was the visit of the tenth Australian Eleven, captained by Mr. Darling. The fine performances of the Colonials in Australia against the English team, taken out by Mr. Stoddart, during the winter

of 1897-98, had caused great expectations to be formed of their capabilities. The team which has just left us fully justified these expectations.

When, time after time, during Mr. Stoddart's tour in Australia, we heard of the huge scores of the Colonials, and the



Photo by [E. Hawkins & Co. Lees. Richardson, T. Hayes. Wood.

Lees. Richardson, T. Hayes. Wood.

Lockwood. :H. B. Richardson. K. J. Key. F. P. Knox. Brockwell.

Abel. N. Miller.

SURREY, 1899.

The Team that defeated the Australians, 24th July.

failures of our Eleven, very few people, we think, had any idea what a splendid side the Colonials were, and what great strides the game had advanced out in Australia. Many attempts were made to find excuses for the failure of our men, such as heat, and the change of climate.

When the Australians had been amongst us a short time, and had got into form, it was soon seen that excuses were not needed. In every department of the game, batting, bowling, and fielding, they were seen to excel, and since we found them well nigh invincible over here, it could easily be imagined that they were much more so over in their own country, with everything in their favour. The only other Australian teams to be victorious against England, were those of 1888 and 1896, the former team winning at Lords, and the 1896 Eleven at Manchester.

It is possible that the team of 1882 contained more fine individual players, but we think that the team of 1899 was more sound throughout.

Where they showed such skill, was in playing a steady, scientific game. From first to last, every man was capable of getting a hundred, and you were never finished with them until the last man was out. Ten, out of the fourteen members of the side, obtained centuries, and seven had aggregates of over 1,000.

In bowling, they were exceptionally strong, Jones, Howell, Trumble, Noble, and McLeod, being a very formidable lot on any wicket.

The result of the test matches was most disappointing. Instead of the usual three matches, a change was made, and five were arranged in Australia. The time for play was also prolonged. It was proposed that they should be played to a finish, but this was found to be impossible, owing to the County Championship fixtures. Only one match was brought to a definite conclusion, the match at Lords, ending in a hollow victory for the Colonials. The remaining four were left drawn—that at Nottingham, in favour of the Australians, and those at Leeds, Manchester, and the Oval, rather in our favour. The record of the tour is worth looking at:—Played, 35; won, 16; drawn, 16; lost, 3.

They only lost three matches. Essex beat them in May, at Leyton, by 126 runs; Surrey beat them in July, by 104 runs; and Kent beat them in August, at Canterbury, by two wickets.

This, truly, is a splendid performance, and one of which the Colonials may well be proud.

The visit of the Colonials caused an alteration to be made in the number of matches required to qualify a county as first-class. The number usually required, is eight home and home matches with other first-class counties. This Season, in order to leave time available for matches versus the Australians, six home and home matches were all that were required. Worcestershire profited by this arrangement, and were duly admitted into the County Championship.

Although, of course, great interest was taken by all classes in the Australian matches, we do not think that the interest taken in the County Championship diminished to any appreciable degree.

The struggle for the supremacy lasted right up to the end of the Season, and not until the last match had been played, was the result certain. If Warwickshire could have defeated Surrey, at the Oval, in September, Middlesex would have obtained first place. As it was, Surrey managed to gain the Championship, displacing Yorkshire, the holders. Middlesex, for the second year in succession, had to be content with second place.

Perhaps it might be interesting to take a short glance at the performances of the various Counties. As we said before, Surrey won the Championship, rising from fourth on the list in 1898. There is no doubt that Surrey were a fine side in every respect, but, we think, they were inferior to Yorkshire. In batting they were very strong, Abel, Hayward, Brockwell, and Lockwood, all doing well. Besides these tried veterans, there was no lack of young blood, H. C. Pretty, Hayes, V. F. S. Crawford, and N. Miller, all giving evidence of great ability.

When we find that Abel aggregated 2,124 runs, with an average of 64; and that Hayward compiled 1,798, with an average also of 64; we can see what service they did for the side. Where they were weak, was in bowling. Tom Richardson never regained his old form, and although now and again he met with some success, he was very disappointing. The greater part of the

bowling was done by Lockwood and Brockwell. The first-named, at times, bowled as well as he has ever done. Unfortunately, a strained leg kept him out of all the test matches except one. In the one in which he played, he was a great success. How useful Brockwell was, can be seen if we look at his bowling and batting averages; besides having a batting average of 39, he took 81 wickets for 25 apiece. K. J. Key was, as usual, invaluable in

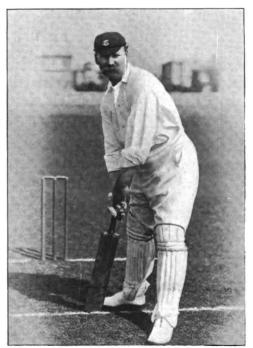


Photo by]

K. J. KEY.

captaining the side, and was ably seconded by D. L. A. Jephson.

Two matches were played against the Australians. The first was lost by an innings and 71 runs. Howell, in this match, took all ten wickets in one innings. The second match was wonby 104 runs. Hayes had a lot to do with this victory, scoring an excellent 131.

Middlesex, under the able leadership of Mr. G. McGregor, again did well. Their first six matches, all played at Lords, were wins. Later on, however, they did not do so well, being

defeated by Notts, Sussex, and Kent. Against Notts, they were all dismissed, in the second innings, for the miserable total of 67, and against Kent, when only requiring 108 to win, they could only obtain 77.

Although, as we have said, Middlesex did well, they were, to some extent, rather disappointing. Their batting was so

uncertain in the earlier part of the Season. In August, however, when the best side was available, there was no such fault to be found. During this month, the side compiled four innings of over 400. Where their strength really lay, was in their bowling, A. E. Trott, J. T. Hearne, and Roche, each on his respective day, being, probably, the best bowler in England. Hearne was not so consistent as usual. He seemed to have lost some of his spin. (A. E.) Trott, however, fairly surpassed himself, taking 146 wickets, for 15 runs apiece, for the County. C. M. Wells was head of the batting averages, but was only able to play in a few matches. P. F. Warner, F. G. J. Ford, and Trott, were the mainstay in batting. No member of the side aggregated 1,000 runs in purely inter-county fixtures.

Third in order came Yorkshire. The Yorkshire Eleven of 1899 was probably the best in the country. They played 28 matches, won 14, drew 10, and lost 4. No less than six members of the side, viz., F. S. Jackson, F. Mitchell, Hirst, Wainwright, Denton, and Tunnicliffe, aggregated 1,000 runs apiece. Thus it can be seen that they were sound all through, and besides being strong in batting, they were strong in bowling. Their great strength lay in their ability to play on a wet wicket. Of course, they obtained higher scores on fast wickets, but they were also worth runs on wet wickets. F. S. Jackson is, probably, on a wet wicket, the finest bat in England. Right up until the last week of the Season, Yorkshire were well in the running for first place. A defeat by Kent, at Tonbridge, and a draw with Sussex, at Brighton, put them out of the running.

Both matches with the Australians were drawn. Lord Hawke, who was not in quite such consistent good form as usual, always made a big effort when required; for instance, in the match v. Hampshire, and also against Kent.

Lancashire improved upon their performances in 1898. At one time, indeed, there was some chance of their obtaining the Championship. However, they failed to keep up their form, and had to be content with being fourth.

From the end of June, until the middle of August, they were undefeated. Tyldesley and Ward were the mainstay of the batting. Mr. McLaren, as usual, captained the side during the latter half of the Season. A great loss to the side was the sad ending of Briggs, as far as cricket is concerned. Everybody liked him, and a more jovial little sportsman never existed. He was seized with an epileptic fit during the test match at Leeds, and has never got over it properly. Hallam also was kept out of the side by ill-health.

While, during the Season of 1898, Sussex only managed to win three matches, this year they won no less than seven. At the beginning of the Season, Sussex were captained by W. L. Murdoch, but after the middle of June, this task devolved upon K. S. Ranjitsinhji. A side possessing three such fine players as K. S. Ranjitsinhji, C. B. Fry, and G. Brann, ought to do well. If they had possessed more bowling, they would have been a much more formidable side. As it was, on a wicket at all soft, they took a lot of beating. Ranjitsinhji obtained 2,528 runs for the County, and C. B. Fry scored 1,579. The greater part of the bowling fell upon Tate and Bland. In the Kent match, at Tonbridge, Bland took all ten wickets in one innings.

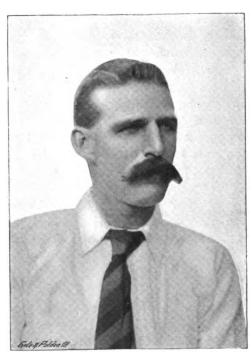
Essex, Warwickshire, Kent, Gloucestershire, and Hampshire, were all very level. Essex and Kent had the honour of lowering the colours of the Australians. Gloucestershire were much below their proper place in the list. We should think that they were the finest fielding side among the first-class counties. Of the remaining counties, Worcestershire were most prominent. At the beginning of the Season, they very nearly defeated Yorkshire. Nottinghamshire again showed their aptitude for drawing games. Out of 16 matches, they managed to draw ten, and win two.

At the beginning of the article, we commented upon the fine weather which lasted through most of the Season. This naturally caused the Season to be remarkable for large scores. Although the batting averages were very high, the bowlers did not do so badly as might have been expected. Many great reputations were enhanced by fine performances, and some new

men also came into prominence. Chief among the latter, was Major Poore. He was first heard of as a cricketer in South Africa, playing once or twice against Lord Hawke's team, with conspicuous success. On coming to England, in 1898, he did nothing extraordinary. In 28 innings, he totalled 735 runs, with an average of 28.

This Season, however, he was really in marvellous form.

Although he had only 21 innings, he totalled 1,551 runs, with the enormous average of For his County (Hampshire), he did even better; in 16 innings, he obtained 1,399 runs, with an average of 116. scored seven centuries for his County, and in the match v. Somersetshire, at Portsmouth, made over 100 in both innings. Many people thought that he should have been included in a representative side. However, the Selection Committee thought otherwise. Of course, only eleven men can



MAJOR POORE.

play, and it can be seen how hard it was to qualify for a place, if such a performance does not merit a trial.

Ranjitsinhji, who was absent in India all 1898, returned to our shores, and signalised his return to English Cricket by making the record aggregate of runs in one Season. The former record aggregate was his 2,780 in 1896, which beat

Dr. W. G. Grace's 2,739. This year, however, he obtained the huge aggregate of 3,159 in all matches, with an average of 63.

This average is all the more flattering, when we remember that he played in all the test matches against the Australians. His play was remarkable right through the Season. To some extent, we think he has altered his style. Formerly, he scored nearly all his runs behind the wicket, by glides to leg and late cuts; this year, he gave more attention to driving, and with great success. It is impossible to compare him with Dr. W. G. Grace, because the records made by the Doctor were often made upon grounds which we should consider unfit for play.

Abel, Hayward, and C. L. Townsend, had a most successful season. Abel, for the fifth year in succession, obtained 2,000 runs in first-class cricket. At one time, he was rather out of form, but he soon regained his accustomed brilliancy, and played some magnificent innings. The greatest effort was 357, not out. There is no doubt that he does not like fast bowling; in fact, he does not try to play it off the Oval, but against ordinary-paced bowling, he has no superior.

Hayward played brilliantly all through, and especially so in the test matches. At Manchester, he scored 130, and at the Oval, 137. His largest score he obtained against Yorkshire, 273.

- C. L. Townsend showed great improvement as a bat. Although very ugly and tedious to watch, he was always worth a lot of runs. His bowling has certainly deteriorated, but yet he took over 100 wickets, as well as scoring over 2,000 runs.
- C. B. Fry maintained the great form he has exhibited since he gave up bowling. Although he was not very successful in the test matches, he always obtained runs for his County. A few others who did exceptionally well, were F. S. Jackson, P. Perrin, and A. J. Turner.

Trott (A. E.) was by far the most successful bowler of the year. He took 239 wickets for 17 apiece, and also scored over 1,000 runs. This double feat has never been accomplished before, not even by the great "W. G." Next to him, came Rhodes, who took 179 wickets, for practically the same average. In

addition to Lockwood, the only fast bowler of any note was W. M. Bradley, who made a great advance on his performances of 1898. He played twice for England v. Australia, but was only moderately successful in the second match; no doubt the Season's work telling on him. Without him, Kent would have been in a fearful plight.



Photo by)

(B. Hawkins & Co. ENGLAND v. AUSTRALIA, 1896,

The Crowd in front of the Pavilion after the Match.

"DECIDING TEST MATCH," played at Kenning ton Cval, August 10th, 11th & 12th. England won by 66 runs.

Other bowlers who did good work, were Mead, Paish, Young, and Lockwood, who, on his day, is the most difficult bowler in the country.

An unfortunate incident of the year was the end of Dr. W. G. Grace's connection with Gloucestershire County Cricket. Owing

to some misunderstanding with the Gloucestershire Cricket Club Committee, into the nature of which there is no need to enter, W. G. Grace, who was living at Sydenham as Secretary of the Crystal Palace Cricket Club, ceased to play for the County. Since then, he has appeared but little in first-class cricket. captained England in the first test match at Nottingham, and also the Gentlemen v. the Players at Lords. In club cricket he was very regular with his centuries, and there is little doubt that he was in as good form as ever.

In the early part of the year, Lord Hawke took a strong team to South Africa, and a most successful tour resulted. The side were never once beaten,



C. Y. BURNUP.

though the combined South African XI. ran them very close in the first match at Johannesburg.

Ranjitsinhji also took a powerful team to the States in the autumn. Five matches were played, three being won, and two drawn.

The Gentlemen of Philadelphia were twice defeated in an innings.

e of Burnet

## OTTER HUNTING.



O those of us, toilers in the city, whom instinct, or what not, has imbued with a love of field sports, especially hunting, the early summer months bring, to many, a period of enforced idleness on those, all too few, days, when our time is our own. Comparatively few have ever thought

seriously of hunting the otter on foot, or are, perhaps, even aware that it is possible to do so nearer London than Devonshire or Wales.

Ask the countrymen, farm labourers, and others in any of the home counties, and nineteen out of twenty of them will tell you that they have never seen or heard of an otter in their part of the country, and feel sure that none exist. Yet almost every stream, or even brook, where there are any fish at all, is frequently visited by otters; even if there are none who breed, and make a more or less permanent home in some sheltered and secluded hole in its banks.

Now there is no truer saying than that "no man can hunt a wild animal, with success, if he is not fairly well acquainted with that animal's habit and mode of life"; but I do not propose in this article to deal, at any length, with the habits of the otter. To do so, from personal observation, would require a much longer experience than I can boast. The subject is admirably dealt with in an article entitled, "The Otter and His Ways," in the hunting volume of the Badminton Library, which I should recommend all who take an interest in otter hunting to study. It may be taken for granted, I think, without fear of contradiction from those who

have followed the sport, that otters are much more numerous than the world at large has any idea of. That, wherever a pack of otter hounds is established, the number of otters will largely increase in the course of a few years, is also a subject on which anyone acquainted with the sporting instincts of British landowners, farmers, and their employés, will have no misgivings. In support of this, I may mention that, being actively interested in a recentlyestablished pack, in one of the home counties, I received reports during the past season of no fewer than twenty-three otters having been shot, trapped, or otherwise destroyed; but that in every case, on expostulating with the delinquent, I was met with an assurance that it was done in ignorance of the existence of the pack, and a promise that in future otters should be strictly preserved. These



THE PACK.

promises, I know, will be faithfully kept.

To glance, however, at the other side of the question, I have been informed that certain fishing clubs, and associations, angling offer a reward (sometimes of  $\pounds 1$ , it is said) for every otter destroyed

in or near their waters. If this is done in any country visited by otter hounds, how can one too strongly express disgust at such a digression from the give-and-take rule of all true sportsmen?

I have heard of shooting tenants in a hunting country being "strongly suspicioned" of "taking care" of foxes, but never yet of one who openly offered a reward for their assassination. over, we have it on authority (among others) of a grand old hunting parson, lately deceased, "himself an ardent fisherman," that the otter mostly lives on frogs and coarse fish, and "is far from being destructive amongst sporting fish."

But to come to the hunting and its fascinations; and fascinating and popular beyond doubt it is, as anyone can testify who has seen the crowd of all sorts and conditions of men (to say nothing of ladies and children, bless them!) whom you will find turning up, no matter how early the hour or how bad the morning, on which a meet has been advertised.

Here the difficulties of the master begin, for though I do not know how it may be in regular otter-hunting countries, in the home counties, where the sport is comparatively new, very few of the field know anything about it.

The chief desire of the ladies seems to be to get up to their knees in the stream and wade. The men, as a rule, seem to wish to keep themselves in wind by running with the hounds wherever they go, and the children are ubiquitous.

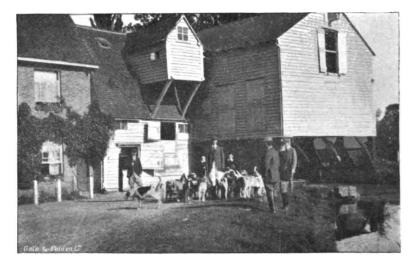
But before moving off, there is generally some breakfast to be eaten, or offence may be given; and as the keen ofter hunter has, as a rule, breakfasted before starting, this sign of the popularity of the sport is sometimes trying.

Moreover, at every farm and mill on the banks of the stream there is probably bread and cheese and beer, or perhaps whiskey and soda, which must be partaken of, for are not the hospitable sportsmen who provide them the very men who will preserve an otter for us another year, even if their reaches are drawn blank to-day? While dwelling on this aspect of otter hunting, I am reminded of my wrath when a certain huntsman, wishing to please everyone, was persuaded to leave a half-beaten otter and draw five miles up stream, because he was told the farmers and millers up - way were expecting us, and would be disappointed if they could not entertain us. We found the hospitality, but not the otter; and though annoying at the time, still it was a very hot morning, and no doubt we shall be rewarded next season by a find in those hospitable reaches. Yes, I think it a poor countryside where otter hunting fails to flourish for want of appreciation and popularity, however much it may from the reverse; but the keen man cuts these little diversions as short as he politely can, and comes out to see hounds work, and kill their otter.

Here I may mention that, although in the course of hunting it is not uncommon to seek out an otter in some stronghold which he is known to frequent, or where he has recently been seen; yet the usual and orthodox method is to draw along the banks up stream until you come across his drag.

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As the otter invariably moves about at night, and returns to his holt at the first streak of dawn, it follows that the earlier the start the fresher will be the drag. Hence the early hours at which packs generally meet, and which, I fear, keep many a man from giving himself the chance of getting bitten with the sport, of which he would probably become a devotee, thus lengthening his days. Starting then to hunt the drag, you want at least three whips: one 50 or 100 yards in front of the hounds, one an equal distance behind, on the same side as the huntsman, and one the far side of the stream. I believe it is the custom in some packs for the



READY TO START.

kennelman to act as a whip, but this, I think, is a mistake, as however well the hounds know the huntsman, they will certainly know the kennelman, who feeds and exercises them, even better, and if he is anywhere near them are apt to gather round him as if at exercise, which naturally causes a good deal of whipping back to the huntsman, and interferes with the hunting.

The kennelman had much better keep back with the field; he can be very well employed in looking after the terriers, of which two should always be out, kept on a lead until wanted, although

they frequently run with the hounds. By this means the kennelman does not interfere with the huntsman in any way, and is saved the extra work of a whip, which, as he probably has to take the hounds out and home again, besides his kennel work, is too much for any man.

In explanation of these remarks, it will, of course, be understood that I am writing of a pack with an amateur huntsman, managed in a modest and economical manner, as I believe most ofter hounds are, and not of a pack lavishly turned out, with a professional huntsman, &c., like a pack of foxhounds.



A PREFERENCE FOR WET FEET.

In this order, with the field well behind the back whip (if you can keep them there), you proceed along the banks, until the hounds strike a drag, or occasionally mark down an otter, in some hole or hollow tree, without the preliminary drag. But before arriving at that joyful period, I must make another digression. Probably in no other variety of hunting can the field, or those members of it who know something of the sport, take so active a part, or render so much assistance to the huntsman. The otter is such a sporting animal, and the scent on the water, and even on

the banks, on a hot summer's morning, when there is no dew, is so uncertain that the best of hounds will sometimes, nay, frequently, pass him over. Keen watchers of the water, therefore, especially where it is deep, 200 or 300 yards behind hounds, may frequently mark an otter making off down stream, after having been disturbed by the hounds passing his holt, and be able to give the joyful tally ho!

On streams where there are long; deep reaches, one or two of the field, I think, may even be trusted on in front to watch, but they should be men who understand the sport, and will keep well ahead of the hounds. But now the hounds having shown a line,

the art and our huntsman intoplay. The mad with exonce, but as it only a drag, some hollow that they are scent is very The run. hounds mav do this, and older a n d after them: the best of us



TRYING A HOLT.

pertinacity of is soon called whole pack is citement at is probably leading to tree or hole hunting, the easily over-young-entered be trusted to often lead the steadier ones babblers lead astray some-

times. The huntsman must now watch his most reliable marking hounds, and keep them steady, while, at the same time, he makes mental notes of any likely places he passes, in case he has to try back; and here again the services of the members of the field who are watching the stream are invaluable. That the huntsman has now every opportunity of exercising his aforesaid art, needs no words of mine to impress upon you. The hounds having over-run the scent, the drag has ended no one knows where; but if the otter is to be killed, the huntsman must stick to him. If he is on the move, and is seen by any of the watchers, it simplifies matters a good deal; but if he is lying in his holt, the skill and perseverance

of the huntsman and of his best marking hounds will have full scope for their display.

But even the wiliest of old dog otters cannot always escape such a combination, and having been marked down, perchance to a hole under an old tree, the aid of the terriers (assisted, perhaps, by some of the field jumping on the bank over the hole) has to be called in to bolt him.

Even then he not uncommonly glides out unseen through some outlet below the level of the water; but if the stream is carefully watched up and down his chain, *i.e.*, the line of bubbles rising where he swims under water, will shortly show his whereabouts. Having fairly got him in front of hounds, the next thing is to hunt and kill him in a sportsmanlike manner; or, as I believe it is technically termed, give him a good swim. As in everything else, however, so in hunting and killing the otter, what is sportsmanlike conduct must be judged according to the surroundings. Unless the stream is a particularly favourable one, there must be a certain amount of what, to the fastidious foxhunter, would seem mobbing and murdering, or I believe a kill would be an impossibility.

In wide, deep stretches, where the water is deep right up to the banks, the hounds have no chance whatever. It is, therefore, often necessary to head the otter, and prevent, if possible, his getting into too deep and wide water; and in many cases this must be done both up and down stream, taking care to give him a good long stretch of water in between.

This is done by the field forming a chain across a shallow, and I believe a net across is considered quite orthodox. But this should only be used to prevent his going back, when he has a clear run of water ahead. As the otter tires he shows himself more, takes to the land more frequently, and as by that time the field is usually scattered up and down stream, and excitement runs high, the ever-increasing holloas, here, there, and everywhere, must be enough to drive the most patient of huntsmen mad.

An otter, when hard pressed, not unfrequently charges the chain of sportsmen, and when he does, I should say, nearly always gets through, as he is a formidable beast, and it requires a quick and determined sportsman who, standing in three feet or so of muddy water, can stop the otter from diving like a flash of lightning between his legs and gaining deep water.

To prevent his doing this, and thereby saving his life, which, by the-bye, very few would grudge him, is in my opinion no more unsportsmanlike than when in fox-hunting a whip is sent on to head the fox should he make for some well-known deep earths which are known to be open, and this is not an uncommon occurrence.

But, failing to gain deep, open water, the otter is now doomed. He is, however, game to the last; though snapped by more than



CROSSING THE STREAM.

one of the hounds, he still continues to twist and dive and fight, leaving his mark probably on several of them. When at length he is fairly collared, what a kill it is! Ten couples or more of hounds rolling and fighting in the stream amidst a scene of such indescribable excitement that even the most humane of sportsmen must feel bloodthirsty. The kill in fox hunting (and the worst of us are up occasionally) is not in it with this part of the otter hunt. And

when at last the dead otter is rescued from the pack, which is probably not until after a ten minutes' worry, what a noble beast he is. A twenty-four pound otter, without a mark on him, so tough is he, though a few minutes earlier you would have said he would be torn to pieces. No, there is no truer or better sport during the summer months than otter hunting; and though the early starts may be trying, the trouble is soon forgotten amidst lovely surroundings on a dewy morn as you trudge along the banks of some rippling stream with the pack working beautifully in front of you.



"FULL CRY."

On such a morning, though perhaps it is in the height of the London season, you will surely feel that the lines—

There is only one cure for all maladies sure,

That reaches the heart to its core;

'Tis the sound of the horn, on a fine hunting morn,

And where is the heart wishing more?

can find an echo in summer, as well as in the hunting season.

And when November comes round again, the old horse will give an extra buck when he feels that you are half a stone lighter than he expected to find you. Now I have taken up too much space already, or I might say a few words as to kennel management; but—a word about the hounds.

I believe there are very few packs that are composed of purebred otter hounds, though the Dumfriesshire, whose splendid stock carry off the palm whenever they are shown, is a notable exception. The pure otter hound is a noble animal, with a splendid nose and a note that is worth going a hundred miles to hear, but he is generally a babbler.

Therefore, though a few pure otter hounds give a tone to the pack, fox or staghounds are the most reliable and best. The larger and stronger the better, and though a hound may have been drafted from a provincial pack for want of pace or shape, and would be simply laughed at in the Shires, yet he will make a good otter hound. The hounds should be kept as fat as three or four hours' walking exercise on all non-hunting days will allow, for pace is not required; and they swim better, and are less liable to rheumatism from constantly being in the water, when kept big.

One of the great difficulties is the task of entering hounds, especially as regards stag and fox hounds, which have previously been wholly or partly entered to those quarries. Here, I feel, I touch on a subject which requires a life-long experience to write about. It is, without doubt, one of the principal difficulties in hunting the otter, where the huntsman has not the same advantages in many ways as with a pack of fox hounds. In the Badminton Library volume it is stated that "in the North of England it is a common practice to enter puppies to foumart first, and, after killing a few of these skunk-like vermin, they take readily to the scent of an otter;" and it is also stated that fox hounds are the most difficult of all hounds to enter, "as not one in ten ever fancies the scent."

A well-known soldier master of otter hounds has, however, been very successful in entering hounds by means of a natural drag, composed of the bed, &c., of the otter obtained from the Zoo. In this way he has found that draft fox hounds, especially out of a

woodland country, where they learn to hunt a good deal by themselves, very quickly take up the scent.

As pure otter hounds are expensive animals, and, as previously stated, inclined to be babblers, whereas draft fox hounds are to be had almost for the asking, I need not point out how much otter hunters may, in future, profit by the experience of this gallant sportsman.

With regard to dress, a matter on which even the keenest of hunting men are a little particular, I believe white breeches, a blue coat with brass buttons, and a scarlet tie and cap are the principal items, if you wish to turn out quite correct; but I have always found my oldest suit of shooting clothes very convenient, and think you may safely so turn out without being accused of "disguising yourself as a blackguard," as you are likely to be in the hunting field, when not properly equipped. A well-greased pair of light shooting boots is indispensable.

Now, I have written of otter hunting as I have found it in one of the Metropolitan counties, but a friend whose experience has been chiefly in Wales, and who wishes, as I do, to advocate the sport, sends me a short sketch, which, I think, shows that there the hunting is conducted on much the same lines. He writes as follows:—

"Otter hunting is a modern sport, as now carried on, but an ancient one, carried on as it used to be in Scotland, and the North, generally, for the purpose of destroying a ruthless fish poacher. The rough hounds and terriers were used, as now, and the beast speared with a spike, at the end of the pole, as so cleverly depicted in Landseer's famous picture. Now the pole is used without the spear, and the otter killed fairly by hounds, only helped by the field heading shallows, called stickles.

"It is a most exhilarating sport; the early summer morning (for five o'clock should be the time to start, if it is light enough), the dew sparkling on the gossamer webs, and the keen but delightful early morning air, would make the veriest laggard bestir himself in future if he had once tasted its sweets. Let us imagine ourselves by the riverside, the hounds striking a drag, where the otter has been hunting during the night, with an occasional dip

into a pool for his prey; and you will often come across the remains of his last night's repast, in the shape of fish-bones and scales. His friends will tell you that he lives upon eels and a few coarse fish only; the M.F.H. will say the fox preys exclusively upon rats! They might as well tell you they both lived entirely upon potatoes. The otter will kill and eat every description of life that the water produces, from a salmon to a minnow, as will a fox kill every animal in creation that he can master, whether he is hungry or not. Well, we will go on with our hunt.

"The hounds follow the scent along the riverside, with frequent checks, for the otter is for ever in and out of the water, and may lead you far, as our beast is a great traveller at night, sometimes taking you miles across country to look up a favourite loch, llyn,



THE PACK.

or pool, as the case may be.

"All of a sudden there will be a burst of music, such music, too. None but an otter hound can throw his tongue to such a splendid note and pitch.

"Alas! the old otter hound is getting rare

in the modern packs; he is found, strange to say, to be more delicate than the fox hound, and two thirds of a pack, now-adays, are either fox hounds or crossbreeds.

"The hounds are now at a holt in the bank, probably under some old pollard willow: put in the terrier, he must be at home, the hounds are so frantic. Yes, what a hubbub in the bowels of the earth. The poor little dog is getting it hot, I am afraid, and is as likely as not to come out eventually with half an ear gone.

"It may be necessary to use your pole, if you can find another entrance, or get the terrier out. But what is that? A swirl in the water under the old tree, and the otter is away, down stream! Get away quickly to the ford, and keep your poles moving, or he will pass between your legs, almost without your knowing it. And now for

a pretty bit of hunting; you can only tell the direction the otter is taking by the bubbles rising at intervals, called the chain, as when he does show his nose, it is only for a moment. The hounds swimming in a long line, giving tongue as the bubbles rise to the surface, are soon a long way behind him; but he will be back among them directly, as he has been stopped at the stickle. Some few of the field, sitting on over-hanging boughs, or on either bank, keep a sharp look-out, and though frequently seen, an hour or so of excitement and keen enjoyment is probable before he is cornered and killed, if he does not escape altogether, which is very often the case.

" But Bugler has got him, and hounds and terriers are all in a heap together, and difficult it is, and not altogether safe, for the huntsman to get hold of his rudder (tail) and drag him to bank. Now cut off his mask, rudder, and pads, and throw the carcase to the hounds. What a worry! What a fight there is! for the otter hound is not of an angelic disposition, and is prone to fight for his share, in real earnest, too. Such is ofter hunting, and a very popular sport it is becoming, and deservedly so. Packs are now to be found in most counties of the United Kingdom, and it may surprise some of my readers to learn that the sport can now be enjoyed within twenty miles of London. People say, 'what a pity to kill a rare beast like this, so close at home. Leave him alone, let him increase and multiply.' But they are mistaken. fox would have long ago ceased to exist if the raison d'être of his existence, fox hounds, were not; and it is the same with the otter, since packs of otter hounds have become numerous, and popular. The farmer, the keeper, the labourer would always keep him for the sake of the ten shillings they could get for his pelt, and he had no friends, for what good was he? A fish poacher, nothing else!

"Now everything is changed; he is a sporting beast; anybody can join in, no horses are required, so everybody preserves him, and, consequently, thanks to the otter pack, his numbers are increasing everywhere.

"I do not pretend to be at all an authority on my subject, but I have seen and enjoyed the sport, and wish others to do so, too. And if the few lines I have written should have that result, my object will be accomplished."



JOHN H. VIGNE.

In conclusion, I can only advise those who have not tried a day with the otter hounds, to take the first opportunity of doing so; and if they are disappointed, and have a blank day (and blank days are not infrequent in this branch of hunting), it rests with themselves whether to repeat the dose or vote it a snare and a delusion.

Being only an apprentice to the sport, I have, with diffidence, taken up my pen in the cause of charity; so should

this short article fall into the hands of any who know the sport better than I do, as I have no doubt it will, I know that my errors and omissions will be lightly dealt with.





## WILD SHEEP HUNTING.

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UTTON murderer" and "sheep slaughterer" are a few of the epithets with which I have been greeted in the House. The latter I may plead guilty to, but the former I deny *in toto*, for to find a wild sheep with the telescope, to stalk him fairly, and then to kill him, is no

murder, but one of the finest forms of sport imaginable.

"Why hunt sheep?" is a question I am often asked. are such tame animals." But are they? I know of no game so difficult to approach, unless it be the other species of mountain game, the chamois and wild goat or ibex. "But surely it must be more exciting hunting dangerous game?" I am asked. Perhaps so; I am not sure; I have only once hunted game of that description. I was after a grizzly, and a tamer hunt I never wish to experience. I had to sit for an hour or two watching a stinking piece of meat, and then, when the brute came to feed, to shoot it in cold blood. This seems to me poor sport indeed, and may, perhaps, deserve the epithet of "murder." To find your game with the glass, to watch him, perhaps for hours, until he moves to a place where one can "make the approach," then to stalk him, taking advantage of every bit of cover to pit your skill, and that of your hunter, against the cunning of the game, is, in my humble opinion, true sport.

Wild sheep are only found in high mountains, where the open air life in camp is most attractive, and a man who has once experienced this has a constant longing to return to it, after a short spell of civilization. May it be my fortune, therefore, to hunt in the mountains as long as I am able. The time may not be far distant when increasing age may have something to say, but until stiffening limbs, and shortness of breath, stay me, the hunting of mountain game, especially wild sheep, will be my hobby.



BARBARY SHEEP.

## ON THE BORDERS OF THE SAHARA.

The Barbary sheep, mouflon à manchettes or aroui, lives on the southern slopes of the chain of mountains bordering the desert of the Sahara, which run from west to east, from Morocco to Tunisia. On the northern slopes these mountains are covered with stunted oak trees, halfa grass, and a certain amount of vegetation, because they are in shade nearly all day, and retain whatever moisture they may attract. On the other hand, the southern slopes, having the sun shining on them all day long, are absolutely arid and dry. When there is rain, the succeeding sunshine on the bare, impervious rocks, dries up the moisture at once, and leaves a waste of desolation, broken up into many rugged and rocky ravines. At the time of year, December to February, when I was there, one would say that there was not a



ARAB WOMEN AT THE WATER HOLE.

blade of anything for the wild sheep to eat; but they must find something, for one seldom sees a trace of them on the northern or moist side. They must get a poor living on the dry leaves of the few low plants that exist on the side looking over the desert. The view from this slope is curious; it is almost like looking over the sea, so flat and extended is the prospect. In the early morning, this illusion is particularly striking, for the mists obscure the black spots in the far distance which one knows to be oases. Often, for want of something to do, after having

spied all the ravines and mountain sides visible, we have amused ourselves with the glass trying to find Arabs and camels in the desert below, but that soon begins to pall, especially when one is sitting in a blazing sun without the possibility of finding shade. Once across the divide, and, on the northern slope, one is cut to pieces by the cold N.W. wind which seems to blow all day and every day.

I paid two visits to the desert. On my first, in February, 1896, I met four other Englishmen at Biskra, not one of whom



THE WAY ARABS SPEND MOST OF THEIR TIME.

CAMP BENI-FAAGH.

had got a single trophy in the shape of a head. I, also, had to return home beaten. However, I did not sit down long under my defeat, but determined to have another try. On my first trip I had engaged an Arab hunter, but soon found out that his idea of hunting Wild Sheep was to walk about the country and try to "jump" one, which he effectually did on several occasions; but the first we saw of them, they were all running far out of sporting range. On my second trip, I took Celestin Passet, a

Pyrenean chasseur, with me, an expert at finding game with the telescope, and a stalker of great repute. He is but a Gascon peasant, with very little education, but with all the feelings and manners of a gentleman, and is absolutely trustworthy, full of pluck, and altogether an excellent companion. I am glad to reckon him as not the least amongst my personal friends.

At the end of November, 1898, he and I met at Marseilles, from whence we took boat to Phillipeville, on the coast of Algeria, and thence proceeded by train to Biskra, a large oasis



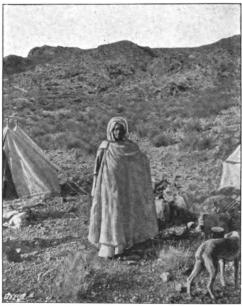
CHASSEUR "A LA SURPRISE,"

and well-known tourist resort in the desert of the Sahara, about 25 miles from the range of mountains spoken of before. My experience in fitting out at Biskra, on my first visit, served me in good stead, for we had everything bought, packed, and ready, and the men engaged, in one day.

My party consisted of Celestin; Ali, a cook, whom I found, when too late, to be a thief and a drunkard; and Mahommed Ben Said, my former hunter, whom I engaged for this trip as

general camp servant, and to go backwards and forwards to Biskra for provisions, letters, etc. I also engaged four Arab muleteers with their mules.

Two days' march in the desert east of Biskra took us to the range called the Armar Khadov. There we hunted ten days, changing camp nearly every day, seeing no mouflon, and hardly any tracks, and those only old ones. On the eleventh day we found fresh tracks, and moved camp to a spot about two miles



ALI THE COOK.

west of a spring called Ain Tarfya. Our camp was just under the wall rock of the main range, behind us a pass into the mountains, below and facing us the flat desert. I occupied one of the tents; all the men the other.

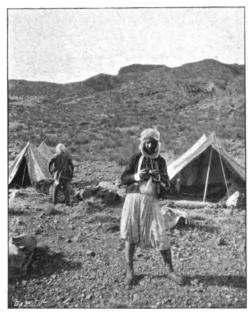
In the morning I was awakened about five o'clock, in the dark, by the voice of Celestin, who was bringing my cocoa, and I learnt from him that the morning was fine, but very cold. This was more than could be said for my usual morning cup of

cocoa, which was scalding hot, and the drinking of which made me quite awake; my toilette was but the affair of ten minutes, then a couple of boiled eggs and a cup of coffee, and we were ready, and started for the day's work. Celestin and I both carried a telescope, he also was laden with my rifle and a fishing bag containing a bottle of Algerian wine, a box of sardines, perhaps, and some bread and dates for our lunch. It was very cold so early in the morning, but we soon got warm, too warm, in fact, climbing. We ascended to the col, and then took the eastern side of a deep valley running north and south. As soon as it was daylight, we spied at every place where we could get a view. At nine o'clock we were about three miles from camp, and sat down to search the other side of the broad valley opposite to us. We could hear a fearful row over there, but whether the howling of a dog or a jackal, we did not know.

We were using our glasses to try and discover the noisy beast, when I was startled by Celestin saying, in low tones, quite excitedly—

- "Oh, oh, oh, j'en vois un."
  - " Quoi donc?"
  - " Un mouflon."
- "Dieu merci, enfin donc nous en trouvons un."

Celestin was a different man at once; he dared not take his telescope from his eye for fear or losing the spot. When he had quite fixed the



MAHOMMED BEN SAID.

place, he tried to explain to me where the sheep was, but his directions were interspersed with "L'animal!" "Qu'il est grand!" "Qu'il a de grandes cornes!" "Qu'il est beau!" all in a whisper. The opposite side of the valley was sparsely covered with juniper trees, of which there were a great many, but the country in view was very extended, and the valley was half-a-mile across. "You see that round tree?" "Yes," said I, but I could see fifty of them. "Well, you see three

others in a line to the right of it?" "Yes," I said, but I could see a dozen groups of trees that would answer to the same description, and for a long time I searched with the glass, and could distinguish nothing.

As we were in full view of the game, we were in a very bad position, so we crawled back out of view behind a rock, where Celestin rested his telescope on his cap and pointed it to the sheep. I looked through the glass, and there saw the beast, a real beauty; he was lying under a tree in the shade, exactly the same colour at his surroundings.

The following extract from my diary, written on the spot, will give a better idea of my feelings than anything I could write now:—

"I am writing this lying in the sun with my head very hot and my feet, which are in the shade, very cold. Celestin is just in front of me with his eye at his telescope ten times a minute. He does not mean to lose the beast if he can help it, only, when the animal does move and we make the approach, shall I get a shot? Shall I hit? He is big enough in all conscience. I shall probably hit him, but will it be in a fatal spot? There is some Arab, miles away to the west, who is firing off a gun, but the mouflon does not pay any attention to it. Celestin coughs, but he does not budge; he lies there, absolutely still, except that he seems to be chewing the cud. Ouery: Do sheep do such a thing? His jaws are going from side to side like those of the domestic cow. Is he to be mine? I keep saying to myself. After all these forty days, shall I really get a shot? It was a little after nine o'clock when we saw him, and now it is eleven, and he will probably not get up to feed until three. By-the-bye, we might just as well feed ourselves. It is quite luncheon time. . . . . . Two o'clock passed, and we are still watching the mouflon, who has got up two or three times, but only to have a look round and lie down again. Celestin says that it is just possible to reach him where he is, but it would be a very long shot, and that it is better to wait until he gets up to feed, when he will probably go into some

ravine where we can approach him better, and that, while feeding, he will not be so watchful. What a difference between these hours of waiting with game in sight, and the last eleven days with never anything in view! To-day, even, it is difficult to know how to pass the time. I have read an old *Times* through from end to end, and my bones ache from lying on these infernal sharp stones."

About a quarter-to-three the mouflon got up and commenced to eat, so after watching him for ten minutes, to see what direction he was taking, we gathered up our belongings, crawled away under cover, and walked back to the col within sight of camp. We then had a very nasty and difficult side-hill climb, with a precipice below, the only way we could find, out of view, to get to the side of the valley where the sheep was. We had, of course, marked the place where we had spent so many hours, and hoped to find the game about opposite to it. Some time before getting there, we left the grub sack and all impedimenta behind us, and walked carefully, spying all the time, to the top of the little ravine, where we had last seen the sheep. We had spied him, still feeding, two or three times on our way to the ravine; but when we got to it, there were so many trees in it that we could not get a sight of the beast at all. It was bad luck, but there was nothing for it but to crawl along, without making a sound, in the hope of seeing him before he saw us; the wind was right, so he would probably not get our scent. So down we went on our backs, and made a long crawl of two or three hundred vards, but still we could see nothing of him. I was carrying my rifle, with Celestin two or three yards in front of me, when within forty vards of me I saw a tail suddenly lifted, and then I could just distinguish the curve of a pair of horns showing above a rock to my right and below me. up and held the rifle ready to fire as soon as I had something more than a tail to aim at. He did not take long to make up his mind to bolt. He jumped away from the rock, under which he was hidden, and gave me an excellent, although a running, shot. I put the rifle to my shoulder, took careful aim, pressed

the trigger, heard a—click, and that was all. A miss-fire! I extracted the cartridge and pushed in another; but did not get a second chance, for the next time I saw him, and that only for a second, he was at the bottom of the valley, 500 yards away. Did anyone ever have such luck? After eleven days hunting, and a month of it a year before, to find a sheep approach to within forty yards, and then to have a cartridge miss-fire. It was hard lines certainly, but I tried to console myself, "Well, you're not the only man who has had a miss-fire at the supreme moment." We followed the beast, of course, for some way, hoping, as he had heard no noise, that he would not go far,



IT WAS OVER THIS RIDGE THAT I STALKED AND HAD A MISS-FIRE AND KILLED ONE A DAY OR TWO AFTER.

but it was a forlorn hope, and we returned to camp very disconsolate; but behind the disappointment there remained a certain amount of satisfaction; for after all, we had found at last, and had made a most interesting stalk; we had done our best, and had nothing with which to reproach ourselves. Only the Fates had been against me.

Two days afterwards, I was rewarded with a good head, but the stalk does not live in my memory as does the one just related.

## SARDINIA.

The true mouflon, that of Corsica and Sardinia, is surely a small edition of the Big Horn of America. His looks and his habits are very much the same, but he is much more active, he has not the same weight of horn and body to carry as his big Transatlantic cousin; his short legs and powerful quarters enable him to move on the most difficult rocks at a tremendous pace. In hunting them, it is seldom that one gets a second shot, unless the animal has not seen the hunter. The principal characteristic of the adult male mouflon is a greyish white patch on his side, a most useful mark for the sportsman, not only preventing him



CORSICAN OR SARDINIAN MOUFLON,

from firing at the females, who do not possess it, but also serving as a mark *not* to aim at, for it is placed too far back for a fatal shot; but the next best thing to knowing just where to aim, is to know just where not to aim.

At the end of October, 1898, I made a trip to Sardinia to hunt mouflon. I was accompanied by my friend, F—, who was as keen a sportsman and genial a companion as I could desire; to him I am indebted for the correction of proofs and the revision of these articles. We travelled viâ Marseilles, Nice, and Leghorn, where we took a small steamer to Arbatax,

the port for the town of Tortoli, on the east coast of Sardinia. At Nice we met our two hunters, my old friend Celestin Passet, and a younger man from the same village in the Pyrenees, named Jean Marie Trescazes; they both accompanied us for the whole trip.

We were fortunate in having secured the services of Meloni, a schoolmaster and taxidermist of Lanusci, a town in the interior of Sardinia, about fifteen or twenty miles from the mountains we



A GROUP AT PIRA-DE-ONNI (HUNTERS AND SARDS).

were about to hunt. At Lanusci, he helped us buy our provisions, hired our transport for us, and generally acted as our factotum during our stay. If we needed anything while living in the mountains, we had simply to send a line to Meloni, and the next day we received it. He engaged a cook for us, an excellent man named Gigi, whose small son, of between twelve and fourteen years of age, also accompanied us. Gigi is a mine owner, but his mine was shut down, so he was glad to do our cooking for a

modest wage; he had lost his left hand in a dynamite explosion, and had only a stump left on that side, covered with a dirty piece of leather. We could not see, at first, how he was going to prepare our food and cook it, and it was just as well that we did not enquire, for in his case we purposely allowed the old adage to hold good, for our hearts never did grieve over what we took care not to see. He was a good fellow, and a sportsman, in his way—the Italian way. After doing the little cleaning and sweeping up, which he considered our dwelling-place required, he would take out his gun and get us a partridge or a hare for dinner, supplemented—oh, tell it not in England! by some delicious little brook trout, killed in November and December, which he caught with the fly in a stream running He was always accompanied by his dog, Fier-avante, and it was very amusing to see them start a cover of partridges and shoot them sitting, or even a flock of goldfinches (very good eating), of which he would get seven or eight at a shot, when they alighted on a neighbouring bush.

The name of Gigi's son we could never remember or pronounce, so we christened him Gigini; he was engaged to ride his father's horse backwards and forwards to Lanusci, to fetch and carry provisions, correspondence, etc.

We had intended camping high up in the mountains, and for that purpose had taken tents and all the requisites for so doing, but in case we should have very bad weather, and not be able to camp, we had obtained, most fortunately, as it turned out, permission to live at one of the *cantoniere*, or road-makers' houses, which have been built by the Italian Government at every ten or fifteen miles along the road, running from north to south, on the eastern side of the island. These *cantoniere* are also used as guest houses, like the dāk bungalows of India.

Pira-de-Onni, the *cantoniera* at which we stayed the longest, is a long building of one storey; at each end of the house is a large room, the one on the right is used as a common sleeping and living room for any poor travellers, the corresponding one on the left is used as a stable for their horses and draught oxen.

Between these two rooms, under three arches forming a kind of porch, are five smaller rooms, two on each side of the single room in which we lived. The two rooms on each side of us were the "apartments" of two road-menders and their wives and children, a kitchen and bedroom for each. One of the kitchens was given up to us during our stay. Our room was a dark, damp, dirty, and dreary place, without a fireplace or any article of furniture, except an old camp bedstead in one corner, and a table set up on hinges against the one draughty window. In this room we lived for more than three weeks. We never had an opportunity of getting into camp, for the weather while



CANTONIERA.
GENNA DA SCALAS.

we were there was perfectly awful, rain in torrents, and wind in hurricanes all night and nearly every day. It was seldom that we did not return from a day's hunt wet to the skin.

This was our "home" for twenty-four days, several of which we were obliged to spend entirely indoors, on account of the torrential rains; but in spite of it all, we had a very good time, and, considering the weather, not bad sport, our bag consisting of ten head between us.

The early morning, the cocoa before turning out, the breakfast and the start, were very much the same as in the preceding article. One morning Celestin and I would go off to some valley we had chosen, while F—— and Trescazes would proceed to their chosen spot in another direction. The following day we would change rounds, Celestin would accompany F——, and Trescazes come with me.

F— and Celestin returned one evening saying that they had startled two big mouflon quite close to the cantoniera; the animals would probably not go very far away, so Celestin and I decided to go in search of them the following morning. followed the road from the cantoniera for about a quarter-of-amile, and then struck off to the right, up a valley running at right angles to the road. A small stream, very much swollen by the rain, ran down from the head of the valley, four or five miles away. On each side of the valley the mountains were covered for half their height with Ilex trees, above that occasional macquia bushes, and from there to the ridges were bare rocks. We had gone about a mile along the bottom of the valley, when we suddenly saw the two mouflons about five hundred vards in front of us; they were very low down. We had been spying every likely place, but had not expected to find them almost on our level at the bottom of the valley. Unfortunately, they had seen, or, more probably, had winded us, for they commenced to climb at once, not by any means in a hurry, though; so we sat still and watched them gradually get to the top, feeding occasionally on the way. After seeing them cross the divide, we waited a short time to see if they really meant going into the next valley, and then followed them, not directly in their footsteps, for the wind would have been wrong for us, but taking the mountain diagonally, getting farther away from the cantoniera each step. It was a long, hot climb, with the wind on our backs, but everything comes to an end, and at last we found ourselves on the crest, a mile beyond the place where we had seen them cross, and precious cold it was there. I was wet through with perspiration, and now I had to sit down in a cold wind, and spy for the game. At first, we could see nothing of them, so we descended the other side for fifty feet or so, always keeping under cover, and stopping every few minutes to search the country, which was in some places partly, in others, entirely covered, with macquia bushes, making it very difficult to see a mouflon hidden in the scrub. At last, at only a few feet below the ridge, Celestin saw what looked to him like the horn of a mouflon amongst the macquia, so we watched it for a good ten minutes until it moved.

"Ah, voilà, ça bouge l'animal! mais, ah! elles sont belles ces cornes là!"

But how to get to the place unseen, was the difficulty; we had



THE SARD COSTUME.

the wind in our favour, and it was pretty true, but the mouflon was a third of a mile away, nearly hidden in the bushes, almost at the top of the ridge, in a commanding position, where he could survey the whole country. Fortunately for us, between him and us were three parallel ravines running over the top of the ridge by which the mouflon had crossed to the valley below. We were lying down amongst the rocks, on one of the lateral ridges, or, so to speak, buttresses, dividing the three

ravines; the tops of these ridges were broken rocks, at the bottom of the ravines was macquia bush, so that, in order to get to the top of the first ridge, we should have to crawl down to the macquia below us, then climb to the top of the ridge, cross it, crawl down again, and climb to the second ridge, which we reckoned to be from 150 to 200 yards from the mouflon. We should then, probably, not be able to see more of the sheep than we could see with the telescope. However, we made up our minds to try it.

First, we left all *impedimenta* behind, only taking the rifle, then off came our boots, and we started. Down we went on our stomachs, and we wriggled and writhed round and between rocks, until we were down in the macquia; there we could stand up, but how sharp the stones were! Half-way up the ridge in front of us, we had to crawl again; once at the top, we could spy, so out came the telescope, and a welcome, "Il s'est couché encore, il ne nous regarde pas," from Celestin, tells me that, so far, our stalk had been successful. Then the wriggling and crawling over the top, and down the side of the second ravine, commenced; a short respite at the bottom, and the ascent on our stomachs. At the top, another spy by Celestin, and the assurance, that we had not been seen or heard. So far, everything was very satisfactory, but on having a look myself, I could see nothing but the horns.

"Il faut attendre jusqu'à ce qu'il s'éleve," says Celestin. Yes, I know, think I, but for how long, and will the wind keep true, and when he gets up, may he not immediately disappear? He was quite 200 yards away, too far for a certain shot, but, as it was quite impossible to approach nearer, I made up my mind to fire when he got up, provided that he gave me a broadside shot. We lay there for an hour, watching him. At last, he rose, and moved forward slowly. I took aim, and pulled. He bounded down hill, but towards us; evidently he had not seen us. However, he soon did so, and as he turned away, gave me a stern shot, of which I took advantage, raking him from end to end, and killing him dead on the spot. He rolled over and over, until he was stopped by a macquia bush. My first shot had gone

through one knee, and had cut the other so badly, that I doubt if he could have gone far; but it was a bad shot, and I had not made proper allowance for the slow pace at which he was moving, besides shooting low. However, one lives and learns! Celestin's joy exceeded mine, I think, but then, perhaps, he is more demonstrative. It was a good head, the best I got, I believe, in Sardinia.







## CUB HUNTING.

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ELL, I hope we shall have a fine morning to-morrow, Charles."

"Yes, Master Jock, I hope so; I was over at the kennels to-day, and hear that our pup will be out with them."

This was splendid news for Master Jock, who promptly retailed it, not only

to the rest of the family, but to other puppy walkers in the village, as here was an opportunity of settling a much-vexed question. Eleven foxhound puppies had been walked in the village, eight had been selected for entry, and our puppy was amongst the lucky eight. We had been unsuccessful at the Puppy Show, but that did not matter, so long as we were among the entry. Now which puppy would be the best hunter?

Master Jock spread the news, "They meet at the Park Gates at four," and the invariable answer was, "I shall be there, and hope to see mine." Ours, we knew, was neither handsome nor a good colour, but we all loved him. Did he not kill seven of the squire's ducks one morning? They were pretty big then, and everybody said it was a fox, but I saw "Ravager" at work from the top of the hill. No, no, a fox will kill some, and bury some, but he will not leave them about like these were. It was bad when "Ravager" killed the Missis's Tom cat; nothing would pacify the old lady. I said Tom was a poacher and deserved to be killed, but the Missis said, "I do not know why you should call him a poacher; nothing was said when Tom brought a rabbit in the other

day, and now that horrid 'Ravager' has killed Tom. I only hope a fox will kill 'Ravager' when he tries to hunt. Eventually the puppy is sent back to the kennels with a real bad reputation, one which any good huntsman would be proud of. "Did he kill the chickens?" "Did he run the lambs?" "Did he rob the larder?" "All right," says the huntsman; "this is the sort I want,"

Early to bed and early to rise, and after much mysterious whispering with the groom, as to when they are to be called, the youngsters retire early. We were keen enough to get up at three, when the kids infused us with their enthusiasm; but after a pleasant dinner, we began to think the whole thing a bore. Why should we get up to see "Ravager" have his first lesson? Well, I must say, I should like to. I was a bit disappointed at the Puppy Show. There is so much luck in showing. I know he is a good worker; why, look how he ran the chickens and killed the cat! Eventually we all retire early.

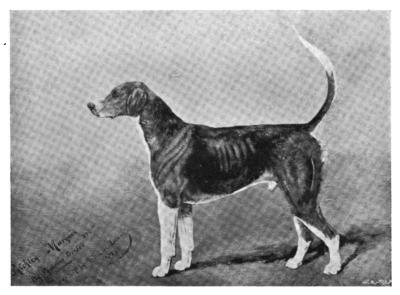
At 1.30 I hear a scratching at the door, and listen; it begins again. Is it a rat, or "Pincher" on the prowl? Anyhow, I feel something or somebody is about, so rouse myself enough to say,

- "Who's there?"
- "It's me."
- "Well, what does me want?"
- "Oh, my night-light is out, and I have been awake so long; it must be morning, for it is quite light outside."
- "Go to bed," I shout; "it is bad enough to attempt to get up at three, and not to be bothered at this hour."
  - "Thank you," says a meek voice, retiring.

At three I am awaked by a noise like a cannon ball; the children had arranged with Henry, a favourite groom, who, they told me, always slept with one eye open, to call them, and here he was, with a mutton fist and foggy voice echoing down the passage,

"Shall I light the kettle?"

And now my turn comes, and the youngsters say, "If you are going to be at the Meet, you must get up at once." So I plunge into a cold tub, enjoy the luxury of a cold shave, and am down in time to find the kettle boiling. Tea is made, but what is this?—the boiling water is quite red. Friend Henry was asked to bring some water, and he has given us soft water, and as there is no time to boil any more, we have cold, boiled eggs and ham, and get to the Park Gates at 3.45. Not a soul there; have we come the wrong day? Charles, the dismal,



"Marquis," Champion Hound, Peterborough, 1899.

says, "I told you, sir, the pup would be out, but I was not sure of the time." But Jock chimes in, "What rot; we always meet at four the first week."

And, by Jove, he is right. Punctual to the minute up comes cheery Will with thirty couple; twenty couple of the new entry. The Huntsman says, "I do not expect the Master yet, so let us give them five minutes." In the meantime four or five puppy walkers from our village have come, and a heated discussion

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commences on the looks and promises of "our" entry, in which the genial Will joins.

"Yes, your 'Lulu' is a beauty. What a pity Mr. Browser's pup, 'Lufra,' died. You know," says Will, "she was of the same litter as 'Lulu,' by old 'Lusty.' I was quite cut up when she died, and such a beauty, too; just such a one as 'Belvoir Gaston,' who swept the board at Peterborough." This brought in Mr. Browser, who hitherto had felt rather out of it. Now he could crow a bit, and, addressing the more fortunate walkers, said, "If I had only had a bit of luck, my 'Lufra' would have shown you all the way."

"Time," says Will, and off we start, but at the first "Loo in there," Master Jock's pony gives a squeal and a buck, and the boy is on the ground, the pony trotting off to graze twenty yards away. First fall, no one hurt; and Charles, who was after "Merrylegs," is called back. "Let Master Jock catch the pony, he knows him better than anyone else," and so the lad goes, determined to give "Merrylegs" a good gallop when once he can catch him, but this is no easy matter; every time Jock gets near, the pony is off, but at last "Merrylegs" gets his fore feet over the reins, and Jock has to extricate them the best way he can. But the pony will not lift up his legs, so Master Jock has to unbuckle his reins, and is then hoisted into the saddle by willing hands.

"That's the way to teach them," croaks old Weathercoat; "lads must begin at the beginning."

What a glorious morning. Will knows where the litter was bred. A brace of cubs afoot, scent good, and such music as only thirty couple of hounds can give; a sudden pause only broken by a fresh entry, running after a rabbit. "Warerabbit, Pusher!" is heard, but no crack of whip, only a friendly warning. The new entry must be treated tenderly; nevertheless, the well-known landlord of the "Fox" has a jibe at a fellow puppy walker.

"Why, that there 'Pusher' is yours, Bill; I don't think much of him running a rabbit like that."

"Never mind," says Bill, "we will see soon what your champion can do."

Will is not to be baffled by cubs, and soon gets a few couple of old hounds back; the merry music peals through the wood, the puppies soon learning their business. What a grand entry they are—as they sweep across the rides, "Forrard on." Now we can give the ponies a gallop, and help to view the cub over the next "Tally ho! over;" there he goes; near the edge of the wood close to our little bitch puppy, who hardly knows what to do, and looks at the cub as much as to say: "Is this another new game?" But an old hound comes on the scene, and soon turns the cub into the mouth of a score of hungry hounds: "Whowhoop!" and the first cub of the season is killed. Everybody is smiling, and time is now given for the puppy walkers of the village to compare notes about their respective late charges. It is wonderful the pride they take in the well-doing of the pack; each puppy walker has a distinct interest; his puppy may be dead, drafted, or unentered: he comes, nevertheless. There are sure to be some of his neighbours out, and, good sportsman as he is, he likes to see his friends enjoy themselves. "Worry, worry!" The cub is deprived of his mask, brush, and pads, and the young hounds are well looked after, to see they all get a taste. And now comes the interesting operation of blooding a new recruit. The brush is eagerly sought after, and much valued. I have now one by me (somewhat bereft of fur), that was given me forty years ago. A young friend of mine, by the way, having, at various times, had brush, mask, and pads, wished to know if there was any other part of the fox he could have? It is a pity this old institution of "blooding" is dying out; it is a pleasing relic of the good old days.

No hanging about: we get to work again, and before seven another cub is killed and our first day's cubbing is all over by eight. Quite enough, too—in this thick bracken, the pollen chokes the hounds, and scent soon dies away in August, when the sun still has great power.

Some people decry cub hunting, and say it is poor fun: no jumping, unearthly hours, and very little coffee housing. I am glad to hear them say so, as there is all the more room for those who do enjoy to see the young hounds work; in fashionable countries, it is practically the only time one can see real hound work, and of great interest this is to puppy walkers; when the crowd gets larger, the field has to be kept more in check. After a time, young hounds will take care of themselves, but they must be educated. The pluck of foxhounds is extra-

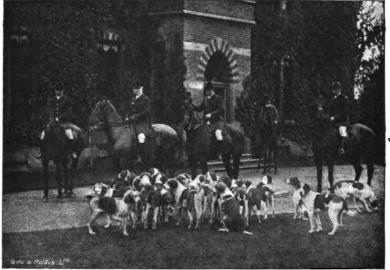


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SIR JOHN THURSBY'S NEW FOREST HOUNDS.

ordinary, when properly led, and the enthusiasm of the Huntsman is soon apparent in the keenness of the hounds. Some huntsmen are inclined to be a bit bloodthirsty with their cubs, knowing full well it may be a case of now or never, as when you have big fields on an indifferent scenting day, and a twisty fox, hounds don't stand a chance with a large field on the top of them. The only thing to do is to rattle the foxes well in the early part of the season, and then,

with fair luck, you can be sure of some good gallops later on. Hunt the large woods well, and disperse the foxes to small covers; they soon find a new lodging, and begin to know the country well.

For the last ten years, there has been a shortage of rain, and the ground has got so baked, that many Masters of hounds have had to curtail their cub hunting. Galloping on the hard ground by the hunt servants soon breaks a horse down. Well, you say, why not ride ponies? Well, some of them do, and at first it answers well, but after you have killed a brace or two of cubs in a wood, the remainder of the litter will be off as soon as they hear the first twang of the horn, and then the pony is not fast enough. Of course, I must make an exception in that wellknown pony, "Jerry," who can, and does, gallop faster than most horses; but, apart from the hunt servants, I wonder more people don't use ponies; they have not, in themselves, so much to carry as a big horse, and, on the hard ground, can rattle about day after day and feel no ill effects. I am looking at it from the sportsman's point of view, not from that of the horse dealer, who is naturally fond of hunting in the woods; there is no limit to the number of horses a man can have out, and now is his chance to see if some of those good-looking, large-boned horses are what they are supposed to be-quiet with hounds and good manners. A good dealer can ride four or more new horses in a morning's cubbing, and get to know something about them. He starts, of course, with a certain amount of knowledge of each individual mount, and, no doubt, has ridden everyone in his own fields; but half-an-hour with hounds, especially if you can get in two or three small jumps, is worth a great deal in making up one's opinion about a horse, and if a dealer feels he can really recommend a horse, a sale is comparatively an easy matter. The difficulty for a dealer is to sell a horse he is not quite sure of. Who shall I recommend him to? him to old Rhubarb, and he turns out what I think him to be, a "Pig," I shall be done for in that quarter; whereas, if I keep him and try to reform him, I shall probably have to sell him at

a loss. No, my business is to pass an animal on at once, good, bad, or indifferent, so here goes for old Rhubarb.

Cub hunting varies a good deal. You get very good sport in the New Forest. Hunting there begins early: a few seasons back, I remember killing a May fox, and cub-hunting the next July; but in the earlier part of the season there is little scent, for when the sun gets well up, the nature of the soil does not seem to admit it. Nevertheless, it is charming country to ride about in, the lovely grassy rides and variety of timber giving an ever-new treat to the eye, but it is no easy work for huntsman Distances are long, and you find you have travelled or hounds. a large tract of country when you get back to kennels. For good sport, you must have a real good Huntsman; it is no case of clapping the hounds on to the brush of a fox in a small covert. Here you have to find your fox, as often as not, by drawing up to him on a faint line; very pretty from a huntsman's point of view, but, to the man on a hot horse anxious for a gallop, nothing more trying and tedious, and it is curious that in the New Forest you find so many men anxious to be on the "jump." It is a very sporting country.

To the man who is anxious to learn something about hunting, i.e., the science of hunting, he may pick up more by cub hunting than any way I know. Money may do some things, but it cannot make a huntsman; it comes naturally to a very few to be able to make a pack of hounds do everything but talk—the soft, low whistle of one well-known huntsman is quite magical in its effect. The whole secret of sport is sympathy with horse and hound. You will see that in stable and kennel management. Go into one stable where he is well treated—the horse looks round and expects a welcome, and into another where the reverse is the case—the horse with his ears back and the whites of his eyes showing. It is the same with the hounds. Some get cowed, others headstrong and masterful, and, after a time, have to be destroyed. This nearly always comes from the way they are handled when young.

To those who say they have not time to cub hunt, I say

"kid;" go to bed early, and have two or three hours with the hounds, and vou will be in plenty of time to do all the work you want to. You do not, as a rule, start for your work until 8 a.m., then why not go to bed a few hours earlier and have the pleasure of a gallop at sunrise? It is good for the nerves, and braces vou up for any shortcomings there may be in the day's work; and you will have the pleasure denied to you later on of seeing the hounds work.



Neville Thursby



## COARSE FISHING.

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HE variety of fish which come under the category "coarse," as distinct from members of the Salmo tribe, is so great, and the various methods employed in their capture so numerous, that it is quite impossible to touch, even lightly, on them all in the space of a

Books are published with full descriptions of few pages. all the fresh water fish, and the localities in which they are most generally found; and works on how to fish are Of the former, I think "British Fresh Water Fishes," by the Rev. W. Houghton, M.A., is one of the most descriptive and accurate; and for sound information and valuable hints on fishing, "The Book of the All-round Angler," by John Bickerdyke, is as good as one can wish. It is written by a practical angler who thoroughly understands how to wield both rod and pen. Salmon and trout fishermen, men who fish exclusively for salmon and trout, are apt to look down on fishing for coarse fish as a thing quite beneath contempt, and there is no doubt that they have, in salmon and trout fishing, with their accompanying exercise, mad moments of thrilling excitement, wild scenery, etc., decided advantages over their humbler brethren of the rod; but there is much, nevertheless, to be said in favour of those who devote their attention to Coarse Fishing, which may be enjoyed by thousands at very small expense, whereas, to obtain a good stretch of salmon or trout water, nowa-days, one must be a Rothschild or a mining jobber.

On the more Southern rivers, on the Norfolk Broads, and on lakes and ponds, where Coarse Fishing is principally indulged in, the water is nearly always more or less in condition, that is to say, one can fish with some degree of hope, even if everything is not exactly as one could wish; there is not that waiting for a spate or a "wee watter," which is so distressing to the man who has paid a large amount for his fishing, and who finds himself at some out-of-the-way spot where there is absolutely nothing



ON THE OUSE.

to be done but fishing, and where, for the time being, it may be for days, possibly weeks, fishing is quite out of the question. With coarse fish, they are always "there or thereabouts" they are not travelling up or down stream for their annual outing to or from the sea, but are on the spot to catch if you can. One hears sometimes that this or that fish is very easy to catch; this is true of all fish on rare occasions, due, perhaps, to some atmospheric change which takes place, and which makes fish

suddenly hungry; they will come on madly in a moment, after refusing to look at a bait for days, and on these occasions an indifferent fisherman will be "busy," and make a bag; but these indiscretions on the part of fish are few and far between, and it is when they are in their normal state that the skilful and experienced angler succeeds, and the novice does not. One great point which many anglers overlook is that fish are particularly susceptible to any vibration, although they apparently have no sense of hearing. A man may stand on the bank and shout, and a school of perch or a basking chub or trout will take no notice of him whatever, if he be out of sight, but let him take a few steps

along the bank (still out of sight), and the fish will slowly silently and vanish as if in the presence of a Boojum. This is a most important point to recollect. I have had a good bit of fishing spoilt by an enquiring friend walking



A QUIET SPOT.

ponderously up in heavy shooting boots to where I have been catching roach, or carp, or bream, and asking in a whisper, "What sport?" and on another occasion the knocking out of a pipe on the edge of a punt, just when the big evening roach had been persuaded to be friendly, has had the effect of putting them off altogether. In quick-flowing water, fish naturally are not nearly so much affected by vibration as in sluggish streams or still water, but it is just as well to be cautious, and to avoid any unnecessary shaking of the bank or boat. When the water is settling down

after a flood, the fish collect together out of the stream, and in the holes and eddies, and they are generally on the feed during this time. On these occasions, the paternoster is very deadly for pike. As a general rule, I have found that the first two hours after sunrise, and the hours immediately before and after sunset, are by far the most productive of sport, except in the case of pike and perch, and these fish seem to have no regular hours for their meals.

There are one or two methods of getting fish, which I have found very killing, and which are more or less unorthodox; for instance, chub are sometimes apparently "right off," and will



READY FOR A BITE.

not look at the most tempting of flies, caterpillars, worms, gentles, minnows, or even cheese, but I have seldom known them to refuse the frog, properly presented to them.

Frogs may be found in hundreds in the

meadows near the water during August, September, and October, and they should be collected in the early morning before the sun is up; they can be kept in a box or baitcan with some wet grass for days. A flip on the head will kill the poor little victim; he should be threaded with a baiting needle from the mouth to the fork on a good-sized barbel hook, a big swan shot should be fixed on the gut about an inch above the hook, and the legs of the frog should be whipped to the gut with green or yellow silk. He is then ready for use. A short stiffish fly rod is necessary, a split cane is excellent

for the work, and the frog should be thrown into all likely spots and worked rather on the sink and draw principle. When the chub does take this bait, he means business, and very often chaws it up a good deal; it is well, therefore, to have a few frogs prepared before starting out fishing, as it takes some little time to thread and tie them up. Dropping quietly down a "chubby" stream in a canoe, great sport may be had fishing in this way. It is not necessary to cast more than once in the same spot, the fish generally taking the bait at once; one can, consequently, get over a good deal of water in a few hours' fishing. Another advantage is, that the small fish do not, as a rule, worry one, as is the case with the fly or the other baits mentioned.

In roach fishing, if the fish cannot be persuaded to take paste, gentles, boiled wheat. or worms. bread crust may with advantage be tried. I have found they will sometimes take this freely when nothing else would tempt them. The



"THERE-OR THEREABOUTS."

bottom crust of a household loaf must be cut off, and after being soaked in water, must be lifted out and placed on a piece of board; the outside of the crust is cut off, and there remains about a quarter-of-an-inch of light brown toast; this has to be cut into cubes, and placed carefully on a round bend-hook, not too small, a diminutive quantity of bran and bread ground bait being used sparingly whilst fishing. All this may seem very "fussy," but it is quite worth

all the trouble if one is keen on catching big roach. The disadvantage about bread-crust fishing, is that the hook has to be baited nearly every swim, and it is, consequently, more suitable to punt fishing than to bank angling with an 18 foot pole.

Attempts to catch large carp should only be made by anglers with unlimited time and patience.

I have found the most successful way of overcoming the wiles of these wary old patriarchs is by means of dry bread on the top of the water. A piece about the size of a small marble is placed on the hook, and another piece, about the size of half a French roll, should be tied to the line at the junction of the gut and the



AN OUT-OF-THE-WAY SPOT.

running line: this makes a good weight for a swing for a long cast, and, the same time, acts as "ground" bait; the fish come poking their noses about the big piece, and not getting a satisfactory morsel, go for

the tempting little round piece, about 18 inches away from it. The gut must not be more than two feet long, and if the knack of throwing from the winch has been acquired, the angler should use an undressed Nottingham silk line.

The rudd, which is not nearly so generally met with as his near relation the roach, is, however, to be caught in very large quantities in certain localities; the tackle need not be so fine as that used in roach fishing, nor is it necessary to strike the fish with such accuracy and precision. Rudd generally swim in large shoals, and although they are at times fished for in exactly

the same way as for roach, I have found it best to locate them by baiting on the top of the water with bread, and then to fish for them as for carp, or with a weighted float and a bunch of gentles, or the tail of a lob worm, about six to nine inches below the surface. To get the big ones it is generally necessary to fish a considerable distance from the boat or bank. Rudd may also be caught with a fly, a large "coachman" is as good as anything. Slapton Ley in Devonshire, and some of the Norfolk Broads, simply swarm with these fish; they are bright, handsome game fish, and it always seems to me a great pity that they are not more generally distributed over our rivers.

Books are all very well in their way, but practical experience is necessary to make the fisherman. I was talking one day on Tweedside to a keen old salmon fisherman, and he told me that he had once fished for pike



EXPECTANCY.

in a piece of water that was full of big fish; "they always fish with a spoon bait there," he said, "but although I got a few fish, I didn't do much good, as I hadn't the patience to let them gorge it." His remark brought back to my mind the recollection of a sportsman arrayed in a knickerbocker suit and a white flannel yachting cap, sitting on a Norfolk Wherry, fishing with a spoon bait, red tassel and all, and a large pike float. He told me he thought there was thunder about, as he 'adn't 'ad never a knock; I agreed with him. I am inclined to think that both these pike fishermen had studied the gentle art

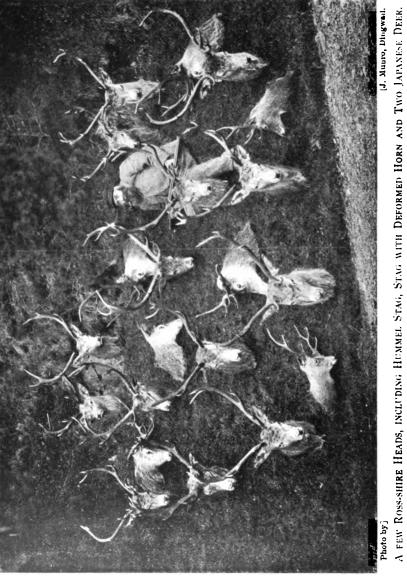
from a book and had not had much practical experience. It is now possible to obtain, from some of the well-known tackle makers, the services of experts in the various branches of fishing, who will meet their patrons by appointment at the water side and

give them the benefit of their knowledge and experience. Those anglers who are anxious to improve, and are not above learning, may pick up many a useful hint in this manner.

I feel that there is so little to be said about coarse fishing that has not been already said, that I forbear from any further remarks. Those readers who fish, probably know as much as or more than I do on the subject, and to those who do not fish, these pages are not likely to be of any interest.



Herry harfy



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## DEER STALKING.

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ITH a detailed description of the making of a Highland deer-forest, the present article has but little concern; still, before entering on the question of deer-stalking pure and simple, it may be well to touch lightly on a few points bearing on the matter.

Ground destined for a deer forest should "march" on one side, at least, with another deer forest, and the more deer country it has round it the better. The first step in making a forest is to remove all sheep, and the next to introduce a few hind-calves; these are brought up by hand, and, by the time they are able to shift for themselves they will have become accustomed to the ground, and may be depended upon not to desert it. Given ordinary conditions of fair pasturage, high ground, and, above all, good "wintering" for the deer, the rest follows easily enough; the stags which will in due time be attracted from adjoining forests may be only birds of passage, but their offspring will come to stay, and in a very few years your forest is fairly on its legs. When I say "come to stay," I must make a reservation. Every well-conducted forest of sufficient size to make its bag independent of passing stags should have a "sanctuary"; that is to say, a considerable area of ground where the deer are left undisturbed. This area should be selected with care; it must be central, and it must offer good facilities for shelter and feeding. Its sanctity must, of course, be jealously preserved, or it will fail to answer its purpose, which is obviously to keep the deer from leaving the forest.

Lastly, and this cannot be too strongly insisted upon, the deer must have absolute freedom to come and go as they please between

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your ground and the neighbouring forests. Fence off all sheep ground if you will, but any attempt to interfere with perfect liberty of the deer as between forests entails in-breeding with all its fatal consequences.

The dates for the beginning and close of the stalking season are largely a question of climatic conditions. Some forests are "carlier" than others; but, speaking generally, the season may be reckoned as lasting from about the 20th August until the end of the first week in October. By the former date most stags will have their horns free of the protecting "velvet"; by the latter they will be roaring and running the hinds, and the venison will be unfit for the larder. Clear, cold weather, with a touch of frost at night, means early roaring, while wet and stormy weather makes the deer



Photo by] [J. Muuro.
DEER ON BEN WYVIS IN WINTER

backward. The season of 1899 will long be remembered as a late one. In some forests stalking was continued up to the 15th October, and even then parties of stags were to be found without hinds.

For the proper equipment of a deer forest many things are needed. For every beat there should be a stalker, two gillies, and at least two strong hill ponies to bring home the deer. A large and airy larder, weighing scales, deer saddles, haunch boxes, and the means of conveying them to the station, gillies' quarters, a good drying room—these, and a host of minor accessories, go to the outfit of a deer forest, and harass the soul of him who is responsible for its well-being. As to the use of dogs, opinions vary; but, to my mind, a well-trained tracker is of inestimable value. Deer-hounds

are picturesque, and are all right so long as the wounded beast is in sight, but a dog with a nose is what we want, and this is generally to be found among sheep-dogs; not collies, for these, though beautiful, are hollow frauds where deer are concerned, but the ordinary short-haired Highland sheep-dogs. Such a one I have in my mind now; many a wounded beast has he saved for me after a long and devious bit of tracking. The poor old chap is dead long since, but four years ago his daughter tracked for over a mile on a cold scent and found a hummel stag that had been wounded the night before. So we will have the dog, too, please.

For his personal equipment, it seems hardly necessary to say, the sportsman will need a rifle and a powerful telescope. As to the rifle, its selection must always depend on individual taste. For many years I used a double ·450 Express, but during the past two seasons I have discarded it for a double hammerless ·303, which is more precise at long distances, and with the Dum-Dum bullet, has tremendous stopping power. Clothes should resemble the ground as much as possible in colour; for general purposes a greenish grey will be found useful, and I think the old-fashioned Lovat mixture is hard to beat.

In the quality of ground, forests vary considerably. On some we find great bare grassy hills, affording but little cover for the stalker save in the rocky corries. Others (and this generally applies to lower country) are broken up with innumerable heathery knolls, offering splendid cover to the sportsman, and often enabling him practically to walk right up to within shot of the deer. On others, again—and these are in a very small minority—we find a large portion of the ground covered with wood, in which the deer get good feeding and shelter from the wet and cold. Of the two last varieties I do not propose to speak, because in one case much of the stalker's art is thrown away, and in the other we do not have genuine stalking at all, but simply snap-shooting in covert, which is but chancy work at the best. The first type will give us by far the best idea of the real craft of Highland deer-stalking, and let us therefore suppose that we are starting for a distant beat on such a forest some fine morning in mid-September. Our party consists of one rifle (whom, for lack of a better term, we will call the "sportsman," in distinction to the "stalker" or forester), one stalker, two gillies, two ponies, and a dog. We should be off early for we have perhaps two hours' tramp by bridle path before reaching our ground, and it is well to remember not only that an early start generally means that we return in time for dinner, but also that it is the habit of red deer to come down in the night to feed on the low ground, and that an early arrival on the scene of action will often save us many a weary climb. Having reached the glen which bounds our beat, we choose a good coign of



THE RESULT OF A QUARREL WITH THE MARCH-FENCE.

vantage, and, taking out our telescopes, proceed carefully and laboriously to "spy" the opposite hill. Like everything else in deer stalking, skill in spying can only come with experience. The beginner has not the faintest notion of the likely spots to scan for deer, and, even when these are pointed out, he has no idea of the size that the deer will appear through the glass, and will often look long and diligently at exactly the right place without seeing anything but the bare hillside. Practice, however, will soon remedy

this, and the novice will presently learn, if not to find the deer readily for himself, at least to do so by following the directions of the stalker, delivered somewhat thus-wise: "Do ye see you peathags, sir, on the green east the burn? Well, cast your eye aboot eighty yards to the richt, and ye'll see a white stone; the stag's east a bittie from the stone; it's lying doon he is, and ye'll no see but his heid." A lucky man you are should the stag be alone: with nothing more than decent stalking, a clear eye, and a careful shot, he is delivered into your hands. But this seldom happens, save with a wounded beast, or a stag who has been driven away from the herd by a stronger rival. In the present case our friend lying in the grass there has a company of a dozen or more beasts scattered about him, comprising two or three smaller stags, several hinds, and a calf or two; and of these, at least half-a-dozen are keeping a sharp look-out. They are north-east of us, about halfway up the hill, perhaps a mile away as the crow flies, and the wind is blowing steadily from the west straight along the side of the hill. Leaving one of the gillies behind with the ponies, we rise and follow the path along the glen to the east, until we get right opposite the deer; then a halt is called, and we have another spy, carefully searching all the ground that has hitherto been out of sight, to make sure that we shall not stumble on any other beasts on our way, and so spoil the stalk through carelessness. Satisfied on this point, we again work along the glen until a shoulder of the hill hides us, and we then leave the path, cross the burn, and begin the climb, keeping well to the east of the deer. First goes the stalker, rifle on shoulder, then the sportsman, and then the gillie with the dog in leash. Our plan is to stalk from above; and here let me say that this is far easier than stalking from below, for the simple reason that deer seldom look uphill, but constantly down, and with this object choose positions which command a good view of the ground below them, whereas they may often be approached unseen from above to within very close range. Unless, therefore, there is no alternative, deer are scarcely ever approached from below. Having got slightly above their level we turn along the hill towards them, but always slanting upwards, going cannily, and stopping now and again while the stalker pulls out his glass just to make sure that what he sees is really

only a tuft of rushes or some red moss. At last he stops more decidedly, bending slightly, and then slowly raising himself on tip-toe. He has seen a hind some 300 yards away, down hill, and to the west of us. Here, then, we leave the gillie, with strict injunctions to lie low both before and after the shot, and not to move until he hears a whistle or sees a handkerchief waved, when he is to rejoin us with the dog. Slipping cartridges into the rifle, we advance again, bending double for a few yards, until we get cover from a slight ridge below us, which admits of an upright position. Presently this fails us, and we find ourselves almost directly above the deer; and now begins the crawl downhill. For this our positions vary according to the extent of the cover; for some way we edge along feet first, and supported on one elbow, but presently the stalker looks round and whispers, "craal very low here, and keep close." So we turn on our faces, and begin a sort of slow glissade down a steep grass slope, the backs of the deer just visible over a small ridge, whose cover it is our object to gain. Suddenly up goes a hind's head, and we stop motionless; but she was not looking our way, and is soon feeding quietly again; and at last we are safely under cover of the ridge. Here we reconnoitre the ground, and, finding that the ridge slopes diagonally down towards the east, we follow along it, crawling now on hands and knees until we are about ninety yards from the deer and slightly to the east of them. Here the slope below the ridge becomes steeper, and, cautiously worming our way to the edge, we get a good view of the deer, or rather the stalker does, for now the greatest care is necessary to avoid exposing ourselves. "The big chap's no up yet," we are told, and we squirm forward beside the stalker to have a look at him. There he is, with his back to us, facing downhill, the only one of the lot that is not on his feet. Now, a lying stag is rarely a pleasing shot, so we decide to wait a bit on the chance of his rising, taking the rifle from the stalker and very slowly shoving the muzzle forward. Ten minutes pass, twenty minutes, half-an-hour, and still the stag lies there, in spite of sundry restless turnings of the head which now and again seem to indicate an intention to move. "Hang the beggar; is he going to keep us here all day?" we whisper. "Whistle him up, John." And we carefully put the sight on him. John gives a short, low

whistle, and in an instant all the deer save the big fellow have their heads up, and are looking our way. A few seconds pass, and then a hind barks, a hoarse, loud "ugh." This is too much for our friend; he rises hastily, gives one look at us, and is just going to bolt after the hinds, who are already on the move, when we fire. "Good shot, sir; he's got it," says John, as we see the beast lash out viciously and then turn to flee. For seventy or eighty yards he follows the hinds up wind (deer will hardly ever travel downwind), galloping madly, and picking his way over and through obstructions with the best of them. Then suddenly he falters as the others turn slightly up the brae, stops short, paws the air with one fore-foot, digs furiously at the ground with his horns, and falls stone dead. Well do we know those signs; the post-mortem shows that the poor brute's heart is literally cut to ribbons by the expanding bullet. This time, any way, we do not need the dog, who presently rejoins us, whimpering with excitement. So the stag is bled and "gralloched," and the gillie, taking with him the "pocadh buidhe," or paunch, as the stalker's perquisite, starts off dragging the stag downhill by the horns to a place which can be reached by a pony, on whose back the beast in due time reaches the lodge.

The above description is, of course, typical of a fairly straightforward and eminently successful stalk, under favourable conditions of wind and weather; but how often do we find everything against us, and the boot very much on the other foot! As an example of persistent bad luck, I may say that in 1807 I stalked for eleven consecutive days in mid-September without firing a single shot, and that, too, on a forest that averaged a bag of between seventy and eighty stags. The deer were resolutely sticking to the sanctuary. Day after day we could see them there in perfect battalions, and we had reason to believe that they "fed out" at night, but never a stag put his nose outside by daylight. Sometimes, again, for no apparent reason, deer are restless, declining to remain in any one spot, and leading the blown and angry sportsman up hill and down dale until perhaps he finally gets within shot too late to distinguish stag from hind. Wild and stormy weather sometimes accounts for this restlessness, but at times it seems to be nothing more nor less than sheer "cussedness."

The "creasing" of a stag, too, may fairly be included among the genuine misfortunes of stalking. By "creasing" I mean shooting a beast high in the withers, so that the bullet just misses his spine, but imparts sufficient shock to stun him. The stag drops to the shot, apparently stone dead, and after perhaps a minute begins to kick feebly. He then struggles to his feet and staggers off, sometimes dragging his hind quarters as if half paralysed, and often stumbling and falling. He looks, in fact, so sick that even an experienced sportsman is often deceived, and, hesitating to



Photo by) [J. Mudro.

Gralloching the Royal.

shoot again, will presently see the beast disappear round a corner. Following cautiously, he will be disgusted to find the stag already out of shot, and going stronger every minute. I have lost three stags like this. The first, after keeping just ahead of two dogs which we slipped at him, crossed a loch half-a-mile wide, in the course of which he swam four yards to the dogs' three, and was finally lost on the other side, the dogs turning back when they had got three parts of the way across the loch. The last of the three

was a very fine ten-pointer, and I grudged him sorely. Careless of contradiction, therefore, I advise everyone to shoot a second time, and shoot quickly, the moment a fallen stag is on his legs again, and especially if he has absolutely dropped to the shot.

Outside agencies contribute their share to bad luck—a roebuck springing out of a hollow, a blue hare racing away, a soaring eagle, a croaking ptarmigan, a fussy old cock grouse going off as if he had a fusee under his tail—all these have many a time come between us and our hopes by disturbing the deer at a critical moment.

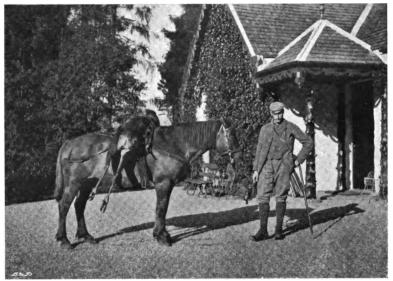


Photo by]

Bringing the Stag Home.

J. Munro.

Sheep, too, will get through fences, and by their importunate curiosity will attract the attention of the deer to the approach of danger. But one of my most curious and laughable experiences (and there is many a joke to be got out of deer stalking) was the simultaneous stalking of an ancient pony turned out to grass in a distant glen and a big party of deer on the flat between two hills. Slowly and painfully we stalked down the bed of a burn, sometimes under cover, but at times spread-eagled against a rock, with

the sun shining full on us, and in view of both deer and pony. For long it was touch and go whether "Hamish," who divided us from the deer, saw us or not, and we knew well what would happen if he did; up would go his head and ears and off would go the deer. Finally we reached the cover of a ruined cow-byre, on the grass-covered roof of which I was actually able to get an admirable rest for the rifle. This tale, however, although quoted as an instance of possible bad luck from outside agencies, has no right here, as I was fortunate enough to get three good beasts out of that lot, the last, I may mention, being the only stag I have ever shot with the 200 yards sight up. And now, to digress a moment, let me say that, to my mind, unless one has constantly practised with the 200 yards sight, it is safer to stick to the 100 yards sight, taking it full, according to range.

Using a Mannlicher rifle, some years ago, I shot a stag through the fleshy part of the neck: for several minutes he stood stock-still on the sky line (which alone enabled me to see him, as it was dusk), shaking his head, while the stalker and I struggled frantically to open the rifle. A persistent downpour of rain had rusted the breech action, and before the side bolt yielded to a blow from the stalker's heavy fist, the stag had disappeared. He was killed a few days later, and bore the mark of my bullet; but after that I carried a pot of vaseline! Towards the end of another season the locks of my .450 Express worked loose, and on two or three occasions the concussion of firing the first barrel brought down the second hammer, the explosions being practically simultaneous. This once robbed me of a "right and left"; one stag was down, and, all unconscious that both bullets had sped, I had the sights on another, and suffered the torments of a nightmare while vainly trying to pull the trigger. Last, but not least, among the elements of ill-luck, are the vagaries of wind and weather. Rain and snow are bad enough, because, apart from the discomfort they give rise to, the damp soon renders the spy-glass useless, and the stalker is reduced to depending on his eyesight; in wet weather, therefore, it is well for the sportsman to reserve his own glass for emergencies. But still worse are mists and shifting winds, the latter being the more aggravating evil; for, while mist banishes hope at once, an unsteady wind will often ruin an arduous stalk at the last moment,

surely a refinement of torture. Wherever we get very broken ground, as in deep and precipitous corries, the wind is generally treacherous, and, try as you will, seems always to blow on the nape of your neck; and on the lee side of a hill, too, the shifting breezes make stalking difficult and uncertain. Clear, bright weather is the exception during the stalking season in the Highlands, and deer stalkers will not readily forget the wonderful weather of 1894. Day after day we revelled in brilliant sunshine. In fact, I remember that out of 21 days on which I stalked in that year, rain fell on only one day, and my fairly straight shooting during that season I attribute chiefly to the favourable conditions of the atmosphere.

But enough of bad luck and its causes: meliora canamus! In 1890—my first year of stalking—I had the extraordinary luck to shoot a very big eight-pointer, who throughout the season had borne a charmed life, with the third shot I fired at him, not one shot being over ninety yards! The deceptive echoes of a corrie kept him from going far after the first miss, and after the second he was weak enough—perhaps contemptuous enough—to stop and look round. The very next beast I got was my first Royal, or twelve-pointer; we stalked to within thirty yards of where he lay below a rock. His solitary state aroused our suspicions, and we were right, for he proved to be a convalescent, with a clean wound through the back of one haunch, which the stalker cunningly disguised. The fraud was never discovered, although I had a bad moment at dinner that evening, when an inopportune person chose a pause in the conversation to ask me, "How many shots I had fired at him!"

A curious experience fell to me once. We were stalking a Royal, and, after the most perfect masterpiece of an approach I had ever seen, or expect to see—uphill, and in full view of about sixty deer—we at length got within shot only to find the Royal hidden by a hollow. Suddenly a hind "picked us up," and the deer began to move off. There was no time to waste, so I aimed at a big and heavy stag, missed him clean and clever, and the next instant got the Royal with the second barrel as he jumped up from his hiding place.

Once again my luck with a Royal was astounding. We had followed some restless deer for hours, and, growing desperate, I

tried a long uphill shot. Down came the Royal, for such he unexpectedly proved to be, shot through both knees. The poor beast was helpless, and another bullet soon put him out of pain. But we had no dog with us, and, had not the stag stood dead square to me when the shot was fired, he would have gone off like the wind, with only one leg broken, and we might never have seen him again.

Once-and surely this was worth many Royals-I shot a



Photo by] [J. Munro. A ROYAL.

wretched brute whose lower jaw had been smashed to bits by a bullet about ten days before. His tongue also had been cut to pieces. During all that time he could have neither eaten nor drunk, and he was a perfect bag of bones, weighing, although a fair beast, less than nine stone. We had great difficulty in getting within shot, as he was never still for two minutes together, lying down, and then rising and trotting several hundred yards; but

doubtless the agonies he must have been suffering accounted for this. We found afterwards that he had come from a forest twenty miles away.

As a last instance of amazing luck, I had something of a field day in 1892. I started by clumsily letting three stags slip away before I could get the sights to my liking, followed them up for a mile or so in a blinding snowstorm, and got one of them through the neck, a good foot away from the intended bullseye. While we were



Photo of two Stags stuffed by William Macleay, Inverness.

THE COMBAT.

dragging him downhill, one of our two dogs, "Oscar," a ferocious black brute, a cross between a deerhound and a "beardy" collie, broke away from the gillie, and in less than no time was high up the big hill behind us, with a party of deer scattering to the four winds of heaven before him. Resigning ourselves, we presently stalked another beast near the top of some steep crags to the west, and got him right enough. Then came the fun. Within three minutes of the shot we became aware of a band of some dozen stags

by themselves slowly climbing the northern extremity of the crags, and obviously blown and bewildered, as any stag would be after being chased for the better part of an hour by a brute like the aforesaid "Oscar." Here was a chance. Hastily climbing to the top, we tore along the edge, bending double as soon as the horns became visible, and presently squatting down, as the fugitives, done to a turn, wearily reached the summit, some fifty yards ahead "Take the big chap," said John, and down he came; "Now him that's last." "Load again." "Now you fellow wi' the white horns," and so on. It was positive murder, for the stags were absolutely bewildered, and not until three were down in their tracks, and a fourth wounded, did they retire out of shot. But it was the chance of a lifetime, and we didn't stop to think of other The wounded fellow led us a dance in the dusk for a full hour, but John's dog, the famous old chap alluded to before, and called (somewhat inappropriately) "Stag," did a marvellous bit of tracking, and finally bayed the stag in a deep-banked burn, where we finished him in the dark. John was beside himself with pride; five stags in a day he had once helped to slay, but to-day he had beaten his record, and in the fulness of his heart he insisted on presenting me with his stick on the way home. The "big chap," by the way, scaled 10st. olbs., exactly the same, curiously enough, as a stag I shot two years after; the latter, however, did not reach the larder for some forty-eight hours after he was killed, which probably told against him, although perhaps not to the extent of 7lbs. per night on the hill, a popular superstition among stalkers. This is a very heavy weight for a Ross-shire wild stag, although on forests which can provide good wintering for the deer, in the shape of wooded low ground, it is often exceeded. Among such forests, the Duke of Hamilton's, in the island of Arran, has long been famed for the weight of its stags, and, to show the enormous size of its deer, I cannot do better than quote from the letter of a friend of mine who did a great deal of stalking there in the "seventies." I had written to him asking him for the exact measurement of his biggest stag, and in reply he writes as follows:—" This particular stag was got (I think, but can't be sure) in '73; anyhow, it was on Michaelmas Day. The weight was 28st. 6lbs. The stag was only a 'Royal,' and the head looked bare from the great length and

breadth of the horns. I took the measurement with a tailor's tape, one of which I carry in every shooting jacket I own, and can recommend the practice. From the burr round the curve 42 inches. Greatest span between, 40 inches (a remarkable feature in this head was the great length and strength of the brow antlers-22 inches), and round the beam, between brow and bay, 7 inches. The stag was in very good condition, but not quite at its best. J. Mackenzie (head stalker) said it must have weighed full 30 stone a week or so before. Although this was, perhaps, the heaviest stag ever weighed in Arran, there might have been some as heavy killed. Mackenzie thought he had seen some as good, but said this was the biggest framed and tallest stag he had ever seen. Very little trouble used to be taken about weighing deer in Arran, and unless they could bring the deer to Brodick they would not weigh for want The late Duke of Hamilton got a stag 27st. 10lbs. a few vears ago, and about '70 Mr. C-- got two splendid stags, very much alike, both over 26 stone, and with, I think, the best heads in the Castle; very stout, black, and corrugated, and well spread; fifteen points on one, and, I think, fourteen on the other. I got a sixteen-pointer with a very handsome, large, and symmetrical head, weighing 24st. 10lbs., and a thirteen-pointer, with a very fine head, weighing 25st. 2lbs. All these heads were, and probably are, in Of course, all deer were weighed scrupulously Brodick Castle. 'clean.'" My friend adds, "While I was in Arran, the year after C--- got his big stag, Mackenzie got a letter from him asking him (Mackenzie) to write him a confirmation of the weights and description of the stags he had killed. It appeared he could get no one to believe him. With that example before me, you may see that I rather hesitate to sanction the use of my name!"

Entirely apart from the actual "gunning," red deer are most interesting creatures to watch. "It's grand to be lying aside the deer," a young Ross-shire stalker once said to me; and, indeed, there are few things pleasanter than to lie on the hillside on a fine afternoon, idly hoping that the deer you cannot approach will "feed up" to you, and studying their habits. You will note the ways of hinds with their calves, the bickerings of the hinds among themselves, as with ears laid back they rear up and strike out at each other with their forefeet; the respect of the "nobber," or "two-

year-old," for the big stag who is lording it over the herd, and the constant duels between the champion and rash intruders. Personally, although a spectator of numberless fights, I have never seen one that really amounted to more than a shoving match, in which the result was purely a matter of weight; but doubtless stags do sometimes fight to the death. Mention of deer "feeding up" to one reminds me of a funny incident. Noticing in the early stages of a long and obviously futile crawl that the stalker was continually stopping to pick and eat the little crowberries that

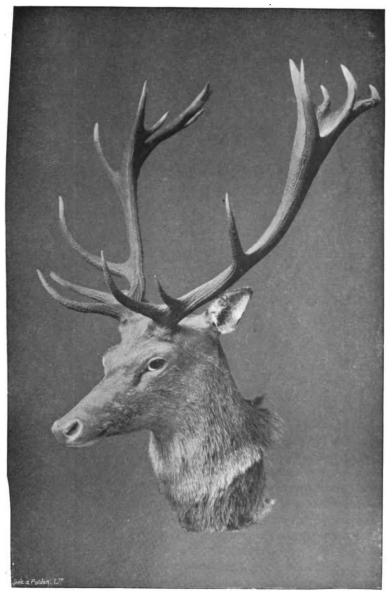


Photo by]

A FIFTEEN-POINTER.

J. Munro.

clustered on the hill, I prodded him from behind, whispering, "Go on, Jimmy; we'll never get there." "Och! sir, we'll just feed up to them," was the ready reply. As an instance of unconscious humour, the same Jimmy's father, my beloved old Donald, who, though once a mighty stalker, now goes seldom to the hill, but generally manages to see all that passes from some craftily chosen spot, was once explaining to me how he had skilfully turned the deer for me without unduly alarming them. He had hidden



THE GLEN QUOICH-20-POINTER.

himself in a peat hag, and started a series of shrill squeals. As he graphically put it, "I was pretending to be a dead rabbut!"

Space will not allow of my comparing at any length the different methods of stalkers. Most are moderate performers, but now and then one comes across a genius, who, partly from a more intimate knowledge of the habits of deer, but chiefly owing to a sort of dashing originality, will attempt and bring off tours de force that would never enter the heads of his less imaginative brethren. really fine stalker seems to have a positive instinct for cover; a rapid survey of the ground suffices him, and, his plan of approach once formed, you know there will be no turning back half-way to avoid unsuspected difficulties. That, to my mind, is the really remarkable thing about a first-class man, and to such a stalker there never seems to be any crux in what I have ever regarded as the surest sign of good work, viz., the accurate locating of the exact whereabouts of the deer when one has long been out of sight of them, and is approaching the spot from an entirely different point of the compass from that whence they were first spied. aspect of the hillside is changed; ground which before looked smooth proves to be rough and broken, unsuspected ridges confront you, behind any one of which, for aught you know, the deer may be concealed; but the really good stalker never falters for a moment; nothing has escaped his practised eye, and he will tell you where the deer are to within twenty yards.

In conclusion, it may be not amiss to whisper a few words in the ear of the novice. First, then, cultivate the habit of silence on the hill, and, if you must speak, let it be in low tones. Imitate the movements of your stalker in every particular, save one, viz., the raising of the head to reconnoitre; many a stalk is ruined through the impatient curiosity of the sportsman, who will insist on seeing for himself how things are going, and does not know how to set about it. In the same way, drop when the stalker drops, but do not hasten to rise the moment he rises; remember that, although he has passed the point from which he can be seen, you, being behind, may still be in view. Always keep up close in the stalker's tracks, and especially when in sight of deer; not necessarily straight behind him, but in such a position as to expose only one figure to the deer; two moving figures will always attract attention quicker

than one. Never in approaching deer let your head be higher than the stalker's; if you are a taller man, and you are both bending, you must bend relatively lower than he does. Don't spare yourself in the matter of wet crawling; stalkers have an irritating habit of stopping in a crawl just on the far side of water, oblivious of the fact that you are just in the water. This is unpleasant, but has

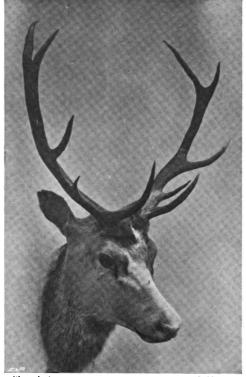


Photo by] [J. Munro. WHITE-FACED STAG.

to be faced, for it might be that the slightest movement would betray you. On a Highland deer forest you will be often cold and generally wet, wetter as a rule from crawling than from rain, and the sooner you make up your mind to it the better. When about to take the shot, don't be flurried by any appearance of excitement

or haste on the part of the stalker; some stalkers will literally tremble with keenness as they hurriedly thrust the rifle into your hands, and one is apt to mistake this as indicating necessity for haste, often with disastrous results. At any fairly close range, say 100 yards or less, be very careful and deliberate in putting forward the rifle to shoot, especially when you are on the sky line to the deer; in such a case they are quick to "pick up" the least movement on your part. If "picked up" when out of range or unprepared, remainabsolutely motionless, no matter what your position; deer have very sharp sight, but it is curious how often they will be deceived by a motionless object, and will at length, as stalkers put it, "give up the suspeccion." I remember once sitting with stalker and gillie beside a hill path while some twenty or thirty deer, who had been disturbed on the next beat, came up out of a ravine; they came within fifteen yards and stared at us for two or three minutes. We sat like graven images, and their innocent curiosity was pretty to watch, as they gazed round-eyed and constantly shifted their positions to get a better view. We meant them no harm, and presently they straggled off in leisurely fashion. When following up a wounded beast extreme caution is needed to keep out of sight; the stag will then be doubly watchful, and, even though being bayed by the dog, will break his bay the instant he catches sight of the sportsman. In these circumstances it is often well to let the stalker finish the beast. Save your legs as much as possible; ride where you can, and you will be all the fitter when you get to real business. Don't be bustled uphill; go your own pace, and let the stalker adapt himself to it. You cannot be expected to get along as fast as a man who is born and bred to the work, so have no false sense of shame in the matter. Apropos of which I remember a neat adaptation of Virgil in the visitors' book of a hospitable lodge:

> "Down Beinn an Raimh's steep slopes facilis decensus; it's easy: Sed revocare gradus, at the pace that a Highlander takes it, Hoc opus, hic labor est.

At the same time, take pains to keep hard and fit, and you will marvel to find how your walking and general powers of endurance will improve. Rain, snow, icy cold winds, and wet crawls will be accepted cheerfully, and as all in the day's work. Hills that you



FRANCIS OGILVY.

once faced with a sinking heart will have no terrors for you, and the weary tramp homeward hour after hour in the dark will seem as nothing. When you get home, don't volunteer interminable descriptions of your sport; not one man in ten will listen to you, and it is galling to become aware of this. Assuming an air of intelligent interest in the feats of others, be reticent, almost taciturn, regarding your own, and not only will your popularity in the smoking-room be ensured, but,

Francis Copyly

on the *omne ignotum* principle, you will probably be respected as a veritable Nimrod. Never make excuses; if you have missed, say so, and don't explain. How well one knows the thousand and one reasons for that miss! "Snapshot in the dark," "beastly long run," "couldn't see the stag for the grass," and so on, *ad lib.* "Hoots! I hate them grass people," said a blunt old stalker to me once, on hearing of ——'s time-honoured explanation.

And so, year by year, your experience will increase, and with it, we will hope, your keenness. No longer will you be "led up" to your stag, in absolute ignorance of where he is, or how you are to get at him. No longer will you find the stalker turning round to hiss out directions and words of caution, his features contorted by anxiety to an expression of almost diabolical ferocity. He will gradually come to trust your movements, and, indeed, some day may actually go to the length of consulting your opinion. Truly that will be a proud moment for you; you will feel that life after all is worth living, that there are still some consolations to be got out of existence, and that not in vain have you passed all these scasons of honest hard-working apprenticeship to what you now firmly believe and will ever after loyally maintain to be the King of Sports.

## BEAGLING.

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T has been said by Mr. Hedley Peek, that it would not be difficult to trace the unbroken history of harriers back to the time when Xenophon wrote: "The hare is so pleasing, that whoever sees it either tracked, found, pursued, or taken, forget all other things to which he is most devoted." Mr. Peek, and

other writers, seem to claim Xenophon as the earliest known Master of Harriers; but, surely, we have, at least, as much right to claim him as the first Master of Beagles, seeing that he and his field always followed their hounds on foot. Now-adays, we ride to harriers, and run to beagles, and therein lies the chief difference between the two sports. Xenophon was obviously an enthusiast, and the beagler of to-day is at one with him here, though he may not express his sentiments quite so forcibly. The old Greek was keen indeed, and keenness may be said to be the chief characteristic of the modern beagler. Were it not so, he would scarcely go through the hard work that he does to see his sport—far harder work, in fact, than is the share of his brother sportsman, who rides to hounds.

As to the amount of sport to be seen with beagles, the hare has certainly more than a fair chance of escape, and one sees more hound-work with them than with either fox-hounds or harriers; and what greater pleasure can there be for a man, who really loves hunting, than to see hounds work? In the first case, the hare is more full of tricks than the fox; and, in the second, with harriers, she has less time to put forth her tricks than with the smaller hounds, the consequence being, that beagles have to

use their noses more than either fox-hounds or harriers. We may take it that a sportsman's idea in hunting, is not so much to accomplish the death of the animal he hunts, as to have a good run, and, though he will put forth all his skill to bring his game to hand, he would sooner see hounds run well for an hour, and lose, than run hard for twenty minutes and kill. Opinions may differ as to what constitutes a good run, but, granting that a kill is not his chief object, he is, at least, as likely to have a good run with beagles as with fox-hounds or harriers.

Another point of view, from which Beagling has much to recommend it, is as exercise. To keep near a pack of Beagles, with a fair scent and a strong hare, is no child's play, and, to do so all through the season, one needs a sound wind and a good pair of legs, and, in addition, one must keep in good condition, if not in strict training. Of course, many people who come out, do not attempt to run up to hounds, and, if they know the country, they can, on most days, see a lot of sport by standing still, or by walking quietly along, and taking advantage of any high ground. For these, there can be no doubt that Beagling is the best form of hunting, because a hare will nearly always try to make her way back towards where she was found, and, it hounds lose or kill her, they generally draw back in that direction for another, and there is no trotting off some miles before drawing again.

As to how many hounds are necessary in the field, probably from ten to twelve couple is the most convenient number. It one has less, they do not cover enough ground, either when running or casting, and, if more, they are apt to interfere with and jostle one another when their noses are down. To have ten couple out, and hunt two days a week, one wants thirteen to fifteen couple in kennel. The actual number required, will depend on several things—their sex, how many are first season hounds, and how many are old ones, that are, perhaps, hardly good for more than one day a week. A few old hounds are invaluable in a pack, especially if it is at all inclined to wildness,

and it is hard to bring oneself to put away old hounds that one knows are reliable, as long as they will do even three days a month. The most satisfactory, and interesting, way of keeping the pack up to full strength, is by breeding, but one must breed many more puppies than one wants to enter. The Master of Beagles—whose photograph is shown below—when I went over his kennels last year, had just got fifteen couple of puppies in from walk, and he proposed to enter only three or four couple, as being exactly his size. He is, however, extremely particular, and most men would have accepted more.

With regard to hounds, this a great exnature of to be huntbig grass like Leithey must and here, inches in even a little

With a good pack hounds, in that or A Well-known Master wonderfulamount of

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OF BEAGLES.

must depend, to tent, upon the the country ed. In a country,

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less, is sufficient. of thirteen-inch similar countries, a

sport can be shown, and anyone who has not seen it, would be surprised at the way in which these little fellows will fairly run down their hare. The pack referred to above, consists of fifteen couple of 12½-inch hounds, and I have seen some real good runs with them in Mr. Fernie's and the Ouorn Countries. You will have to go your hardest to see them run into their hare, after 60 minutes over the big grass fields, as they often do. Leicestershire hares, too, are generally real strong ones, and the explanation of this, given me some years ago by another Master, may account for the fact. His words were—"Ilares here are always in hard condition. because they get coursed day after day by sheep-dogs as the In heavier countries, with much plough and little grass, one wants bigger and stronger hounds, or they will have little or no chance of killing hares. Thirteen-inch hounds will kill a hare, even in such countries, with a blazing scent and luck, but they will not stand the hard work for long, and, as a rule, will soon be run out of scent by a good hare.

Another thing is, that in a plough country, the fields, as a rule, are smaller, and this enables one to keep near bigger hounds that would run clean away from one on grass. For heavy countries, fifteen to sixteen inches is, in my opinion, the best size. I have run with and hunted them bigger still—up to 17½ inches; but it is a great mistake to have them as big as this, for they are bound to run away from everyone, with anything like a scent, and will very probably get into coverts, and cause trouble with shooting men, and with the M.F.H., neither of whom, naturally, like to have coverts disturbed by Beagles.

Beyond this, with such big hounds, the huntsman cannot be near them when they check, and if they fail to hit off the line again themselves, his handling of them, when he gets up, must be, to a large extent, a matter of guesswork. If he sees his hounds check, has experience of his business, and is of an observant nature (as he must be), he will notice many things which will materially help him to make his cast successfully when his hounds have made their's: always let them make their's first. He will see exactly where they lost the line, which way they seemed to incline when they lost it, what his old and reliable hounds were doing at the moment, and whether these seemed disposed to go forward or back, left or right. check occurs on a road, he may see some old hound feathering down or up it with not sufficient scent to open upon (if he is lucky enough to possess such a treasure as a real road hound, his task will be simpler).

In such a case, on casting the pack in the direction indicated, they will often hit off the line a bit further on, whereas, had he not been up in time, very likely the old hound would have come back to the body of the pack, without taking the line far enough. This is a common fault with Beagles; they will take the line in the right direction, but if scent is bad, they will not carry it far enough. When this seems to be the case, the huntsman should press them quietly forward, by walking slowly behind them—his doing so is all right, for they know him; but, on no account let the field press on close behind the huntsman, or hounds will soon have their heads up.

A very experienced huntsman, if he knows his hounds well, will sometimes, when they check, even know, from their



Photo by] [L. Jones, Surbiton.
"Truelove"—A 16-Inch Black and Tan Beagle.

behaviour, that they think their hare is down, or has "clapt," to use the technical term. I do not profess to have arrived at this stage myself, and few huntsmen do. Having got on the line of the huntsman, we may as well stick to him. It is certainly desirable that he should be able to keep his hounds in sight, as has been shown before, and it is also well that he should be as good a runner as any of the followers. The spectacle of a huntsman plodding along half-a-mile behind the field, is rather

an ignominious one for him, and if a check occurs, they will not have his restraining influence to keep them from pressing too close on hounds. If he is well out of sight, one or two of them may even be tempted to make his cast for him, and though they may be competent, yet it is certainly bad for hounds to be handled by two or three people during a run.

It has been said, that a man who can hunt a pack of Beagles well, can hunt any hounds. Whether or not this is so, I cannot say. Personally, I should think that a man who had the long experience necessary to make him a good huntsman with beagles, would prove a bit slow if he started to hunt foxhounds. Certainly, he must have many of the qualities which go to make a good huntsman for the "nobler sport," including a cool head, an even temper, quickness in making up his mind, and in acting when he has done so, keen powers of observation, and untiring energy, with, perhaps, an extra amount of patience, and his heart must be in his work.

The whipper-in to Beagles is, like the huntsman, generally an amateur, and on him the success of the pack largely depends. He will certainly have a lot of work to do, and often see less of a run than most people. He must be, above all, unselfish and quiet. He must not mind being sent back after lagging hounds, which probably puts him out of most of the run, or being told off to guard a covert, or occasionally a railway. Beagles run many risks of being cut up on the railway in most countries, for a hare will often run the line for a long way, and unless someone can get to their heads, it is a difficult matter to get them off, should a train approach.

An extraordinary occurrence was reported last season, with the Clifton Foot Beagles. The hare had run the line, and two or three couple of hounds got away after her, running merrily straight down between the metals to an approaching luggage train. The engine passed over them, and the whole train after it, but, strange to say, when it had passed, the hounds were unhurt, and, one report says, still running in full cry. The latter part of the story I cannot vouch for.

One thing a whip should never do, as a rule, namely, hit a hound, and never with any force. Beagles will not stand so much rating as larger hounds, and, if they get too much, will become shy or sulky. When the huntsman is casting, if any hounds are skirting, the whip should get quietly round and put them to him. If any noise is made, it will disturb the pack, as they try to pick out the line, and will get their heads up. Remember, it is much easier to get hounds' heads up than down; in fact, the quieter both huntsman and whips are with beagles, the better. An ex-M.F.H., and a Member of the



LEAVING KENNELS.

House, told me the other day, that he had lately been out with a well-known pack of harriers, the Master of which is a mutual friend. He went on to say, "He hunts them beautifully; but what struck me most, was how very quiet he is with them; in fact, you hardly ever hear his horn or his voice." This man, before he took harriers, was Master of a pack of Beagles for eight seasons, and his hunting of them was not to be beaten. If his method is right with harriers, it is much more so with Beagles.

The kennel management of the hounds is a very important point, for, unless they are turned out in good condition, they will not show much sport. Kennels need not be elaborate or expensive, but they must be sanitary, and if your hounds are to be low scented, the kennels must be kept scrupulously clean and sweet. Cleanliness, light, fresh air, and exercise, with regular feeding hours, are most essential. The more hounds are out of kennels in the summer, the better, but they do not want hard work then, nor should they go out in the heat of the day. For a month or six weeks before hunting begins, they want a good long walk daily, on the roads, for several hours, to get them fit, and to harden their feet. At this time, they will do with an



AN EARLY SEPTEMBER MEET.

increase in their food, including some flesh. The latter, they are better without in the summer. Green vegetables, boiled, and chopped up in their food, once or twice a week, all the year round, are excellent for them. Their staple food should be the best oatmeal, well boiled, with, in the hunting season, horse flesh, the latter being boiled and chopped small before it and the broth are mixed with the meal.

I strongly advocate their being sprinkled with broth when they come in from hunting. They will then lick themselves and one another, and it will help to clean them, and to heal cuts and wounds. During the season, they want little exercise on non-hunting days, but should always go out for a short time.

Having touched upon the subjects of hounds, huntsman, and whips, there remains the field, and to them I would say (and a good deal of it applies equally to master, huntsman, and whips), remember that we only hunt on sufferance, that our hunting is essentially the poor man's hunting, that we get all from the farmer, the landlord, and, in some cases, the shooting tenant, and give nothing in return. This being so, the least we can do is to study their interests, and to do as little damage as possible to fences and crops. Take a gate, or stile, or rail where we can, even if it entails a little extra travelling. Foxhounds and harriers, and their followers, spend much money in the country they hunt, whereas we spend little or nothing. The farmer is the man to whom, most of all, the beagler is indebted for his sport, and, without his good-will, Beagles could not exist. Remember, too, in your keenness to keep with hounds, not to over-run them. Hounds will not, and cannot, do their best, if the field are close on their heels. It is necessary for the huntsman to be near his hounds, but you should always be well behind him. If, when he gets to his hounds to handle them, the field are close at his heels, they will hamper him, and spoil their own sport, and the hounds' as well.

I have often, when hunting hounds with a too eager field, had to keep back, when it was advisable to be nearer hounds, knowing that if I went forward, they would be close after me, and probably get hounds' heads up. Remember, that quiet is essential, and holloaing disastrous, and that, in drawing for a hare, a straight line should be kept, and that each individual should keep his eyes open, and look for a hare squatting, instead of walking along with his eyes in the air, talking to his nearest neighbour, as we sometimes see.

Of the hare, and her habits, so much has been written, that there is nothing new left for me. One thing I can vouch for, from personal experience, namely, that a hare will, and does, go to ground at times, chiefly when hard pressed. This fact is known to few, and doubted by many, who have not seen it, but a fact it is, and it probably happens more often than is known. In the Sixteenth Century, writers on hare hunting gave her credit for marvellous cunning, and if their stories are true, the modern huntsman may congratulate himself that she has degenerated somewhat since then. Turbervile says, "I have seene hares oftentimes runne into a flocke of sheepe in the field,



IN FULL CRY.

when they were hunted, and would never leave the flocke, until I was forced to couple up my hounds and fold up my sheepe, or sometimes drive them to the cote, and then the hare would forsake them, and I uncoupled my hounds at her againe, and killed her."

I have no little anecdote to compete with this, and it is about time that I whipped off; but, before doing so, I will try to give an account of a day's Beagling.

'Tis the middle of November, and a still day, with just that crispness in the air which makes one feel a man, as we draw nine couple of sixteen-inch hounds from the kennels, and start on our seven miles' tramp to the meet, which is in the best part of our country, with hares just plentiful enough for sport, and the farmers always glad to see us. Punctually at eleven o'clock, we arrive, and are joined by about a dozen members of the Hunt, three or four ladies, and half-a-dozen farmers. Five minutes' chat, and a refresher for some of us, and then

we move off down the road, into a meadow. At the far side of this, is a cluster of holly bushes, which has, for years, been a sure find. She is not at home to-day, however, and we cross another meadow to a big field, stretching down towards the railway. We make a line across this, and draw down hill (the two kennelmen having previously been sent ahead to stop hounds at the line, if a train is signalled).

Swinging round to the right, when we reach the bottom, we turn up hill again, but have not gone far, when up jumps a real big hare. Hounds do not see her at once, as they are a bit on

her right, busy drawing on their own account; but a sharp note on the horn gets all heads up, and away they go in view. Through the fence, and over the adjoining grass, they race to a deep lane, over this, and across two more fields. to the road. It is evident there is a scent to-day, and hounds fairly drive her over this, and across two big fallows beyond. By this time only three of us are near hounds, and now, as



A CHECK.

they enter a spinney, we lose sight of them. Doing our best, we catch them again, however, as they swing round a bit towards us, in the field beyond, and they are through another spinney without any hesitation. A few more fields, and they are back to the road again, and here the bulk of the field join us, as, luckily for them, she is making back for where we found her. Crossing the road, we are on a wet wheat-field, where is the nearest approach to a check that we are destined to get. Hounds dwell a moment, and we hear that two hares are in front of them. Without any help, however, they stick to the right one, and

are soon racing again, over another road, and back to the lane. She has no time to run this, as hounds are close behind her, and after racing her for another field or two, they pull her down near the holly bush. Twenty-five minutes without a check, and the pace a cracker. We break her up, distributing the pads among those who are up, and then start to draw again, and the best of the day has yet to come.

It is some time before we find again, and we hear that we have disturbed several hares already. Our next hare gets up well in view of the pack, and they get away at her scut.



A KILL.

Running hard for three fields, they turn up towards the village, and crossing the main road, and through the churchyard, beyond which our hare had run the path, they hunt her prettily over the cricket ground, and three or four more fields, down to the allotments. Here they throw up their heads, but casting themselves nicely, the hare gets up in view of Comrade, who, being old and rather jealous, races after her without opening. A "forard, forard," however, gives the rest of the pack a glimpse of her, as she disappears through the fence, and once more they race their hardest into the valley, and up the opposite hill. When we get

to the top, they are well ahead of us, and turning up a road, they sink the valley beyond, scent here decreasing, and some pretty work is put in before they are at fault in the bottom.

She has apparently put in some of her work here, and hounds puzzle it out up one furrow and down another, until they can make no more of it, and they look towards their master, as much as to say, "We have done our best, give us a hand." A wave of his hand, and he holds them quietly forward over the road, and in the far fence old Lawyer opens, and once in the fallow beyond, the rest of the pack fly to him, and away they go



BREAKING HER UP.

again. A real big field this, and after running at a nice pace over it, they come to another road, which the hare has run for a quarter-of-a-mile. Two or three hounds take the line slowly along this, and then, where she has turned on to the grass, the whole pack open, and we are going once more. A few more fields, and a holloa forward from a yokel, which, luckily, does not get their heads up, and then we are on to a big heath, where hounds run slowly a nice ring of nearly a mile.

Through a garden at the edge of this, they swing over the road into a small wood, and with a burst of music, rattle her down it.

One whip runs forward on either side of the covert as they reach it, and soon, four or five hares are away at the bottom end, but our's not among them. A keeper now comes up and asks us not to disturb the covert further, as it is to be shot again in a week's time, so we have reluctantly to whip off, leaving, no doubt, a fairly-beaten hare behind. Fifty-five minutes up to the time we entered the wood, and as pretty a run as we could wish. We are three miles away from where we found, and we have never run the same line before. Probably we bustled our hare so much at first, that she got out of her country. We trudge back



CASTING THEMSELVES.

towards the meeting-place, picking up the tail-end of the field on our way, and draw again, but without success, and as it will soon be dark, and we have a seven miles' tramp back to kennels, we knock off at 4.30.

A hard day, for men and hounds, and after a well-earned drink with one of our good friends, the farmers, we light our pipes, and home is the word. We shall be tired when we get there, but that does not go for much after such a good day, and after a hot bath and a light dinner (a heavy one is a great

mistake after a hard day's Beagling), we shall have our smoke and turn in early.

Have I spun this out too long, my reader? If so, please forgive me, and put it down to my keen love of the game. If anything I have said should induce even one or two, who have no experience of the sport, to try it, I shall be delighted, and they will not regret it, especially if they possess at all that wonderful passion which, once a man gets, he never loses—the love of hunting.



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## STAGHOUNDS: DEVON AND SOMERSET.

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## HUNTING ON EXMOOR.

T is a strange thing howfew House men have experienced the delights of a holiday in Somerset. Of all the counties in England, it is the wildest and most fascinating, the natives are the keenest at any sport you can suggest, and thorough good fellows. Though you can

pass your time fishing, shooting, badger digging, otter hunting, hare and fox hunting, yet the crowning sport of all is "Hunting the wild stag;" and no better way for hunting men to get into condition can be found than about six weeks of hunting on Exmoor in September and October, starting early and getting home late, wet through several times a day, desperately hungry, frequently thirsty, but always enjoying it.

As Exmoor itself is about twenty miles square, it may be of some interest to give a short account of a few of the best places at which to stay. Dulverton, on the south of the moor, is a good centre, as you can get two packs of staghounds and two packs of foxhounds. In the spring, there is also the advantage of some nice trout fishing. The fish, though small, four or five to the pound, give splendid sport in the fast-running water. Winsford and Exford, in the centre of the moor, also have the advantage of a stream, but you ought to have a large party of your own to stay there. On the north of the moor there is Minehead, where there are fine golf links and several

cosy hotels. Porlock, a quaint little village, with three hotels, and where good rooms can be had, and Porlock Weir, where the Anchor Hotel is all that can be desired for a quiet little inn, where the living is excellent and the landlord and his wife take great care of their guests; the sea fishing here is sometimes good. There are plenty more small villages dotted round Exmoor where one can be very comfortable: as a rule, the cooking is exceptionally good, though plain, and the food is of the best. At Dulverton, Minehead, and Porlock, hunters can be hired at a reasonable charge, and it is wonderful what a lot



FORDING HORNER WATER
(A Study.)

of choice horses change hands, as it is a fine place to try a horse, and, if he carries you well over the moor, you may be pretty sure he can get over a country.

Now for a few words as to tackle and horses. Every hunting man should give a little time to overlooking his horse before he mounts, to see that everything is right. Any number of horses are troublesome all day long, simply because they are badly bitted, or the saddle is in the wrong place. When going into Devon or Somerset, a horse does not want, in my opinion, to be heavily bitted, unless he is a puller, in which case he should be

ridden, if very bad, in a gag; a good Irish snaffle, with, perhaps, a martingale for some horses, will be, in my opinion, as pleasant as anything. Should you be riding a horse that is always throwing its head up, a double bridle with a running martingale, and a thick bridoon, are the most effectual things to tackle him with.

As to saddles, it is rather an advantage to take your own, as the long days in a saddle that does not fit the rider finds out the weak places. For the benefit of my friends who hunt, I wish

to recommend which I have eight years, numerous never played is made by Exeter, and can get it. It is you cannot and I have the stirrup away when it which is a many I have

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UP TO CLOUTSHAM.

a saddle bar, tried now for and, in my falls, it has me false; it Passmore, of any saddler most simple; get hung up, never found leather come should not, fault with tried.

thing that ing man is the the hounds, is the steep-

ness of the hills; really, riding to hounds is absolutely impossible, except over the best part of the moor, where the going is sound. There are parts very trappy—a series of narrow ditches, two or three feet deep, and about forty yards apart, which, almost covered with the long, wavy grass peculiar to Exmoor, take heavy toll when the hounds cross; however, the falling is beautifully soft, and it is wonderful how they cool down a hasty horse. I am strongly in favour of taking your own horses to Exmoor; the galloping through the heather makes them

go with their hind legs well under them, the hills make them carry their own heads, and you find them go much more together after a season there; but, a horse to go well over the moor, must be short coupled and very well bred, in fact, thoroughbred for choice, as the gallop over sticky tops, and the series of steep hills, will soon settle a commoner. I know of nothing more depressing than to have a horse absolutely give in when hounds are running well, and to realize that in a few minutes you may be left absolutely alone on those endless moors, perhaps miles from the nearest farmhouse. It is always



OPENING MEET, 1899.
KENNELLING THE PACK AT CLOUTSHAM.

satest to carry a pocket compass, in case of anything happening, or of a fog coming on, which frequently occurs in late autumn.

However, we will go to Cloutsham, and see how they handle these hounds. The path through the Horner Valley is absolutely lovely, with the stream rushing down over the boulders, ferns of every kind growing profusely. The ride from the Valley to Cloutsham is steep and slippery, and it makes the horses blow before they get up; but once on the top, a beautiful picture is opened up; you are on a green ball about 800 feet high, with hills nearly double as high on three sides, and the valley stretching to the sea on the fourth. The pack is on the top, with the Master on a useful-looking cob, Anthony on a rare sort of pony, and Sidney on a well-bred chestnut. The pack is kennelled in the farmhouse buildings, and 3½ couples of hounds are brought out to tuft for the stag that has been harboured below in the high bracken. He stays till the hounds are right on him, and then with a crash he starts up and over the top in an instant, hounds running in view; he disappears over the brow into the wood below, and we hear the hounds running merrily up the Valley, so we gallop up the hill, to see if the stag will break away over the moor, or up the side of Dunkery. After beating the woods backwards and forwards for the best part of

an hour, he cover and the Exford the tufters and the lops back of the pack. the hounds up, the stag 20 minutes' deer carry



GOING OUT TO TUFT.

leaves the breaks over road, where are stopped, Master galfor the rest By the time are brought has about start, but a strong

scent, and hounds can run well, even with an hour to the bad, unless there has been heavy rain. Our deer has made the most of his start, and as the hounds stream into Nutscale, one realizes that these big hounds, which seem to be lolloping along through the heather, are really going quite fast enough, if not too fast, for most horses. Up to the top we struggle, horses blowing hard, and then we have a nice bit over Lucott Moor; two or three riders, going a little wide, find a soft place, one losing his horse. Through the gate, by Hawkcombe Head, we go as hard as we can, and then we have a gallop to Larkbarrow, where we catch sight of the stag going down to Badgworthy. He goes down the water about half-a-mile, and then turns

right-handed over the hill, which gives us a good stretch of sound ground, till we get to Oare. The deer turns up the water, and we see him going up by Oare Post and into the heavy covert above Ashley Coombe. By the time we have reached the Lynton Road the hounds are running hard towards the sea, and so we make the best of our way down a kind of watercourse full of large stones, which they call a road, and arrive just in time to see a boat putting out from Porlock Weir; and we then see the stag, about a mile out, swimming high and strong, with half the pack after him in the water, and the other half sitting on the beach.

The end is at hand, and having seen the stag hauled on board the boat, we get away home, regretting deeply that, owing to the

large indeer all over and the descaused to crops, it is necessary many as and that this after having a good run

should not



SIAG ABOVE A COVER,

crease of the moor truction the farmers' absolutely to kill as possible, fine stag, given such in the open, have suc-

ceeded in saving himself to lead us a merry gallop once more.

The hound work is often very good indeed, and the tricks of a stag are marvellous. It frequently happens that having gone away with a good stag over the open, in a short time you find there is a hind before the hounds, which then have to be stopped, and it may take a long time to puzzle out when you changed the deer; and if you have time to watch a hunted stag that is not hard pushed, you will often see him beating a covert for fresh deer, and having forced one away, lay down in the exact spot where he has pushed him up, and hounds will often run right past.

It is not all child's play, as when the stag goes to bay, he is sometimes very dangerous, and will frequently charge, and hounds are often killed. I remember one stag at bay on the top of a water wheel, and another on a point of the cliff, which swept four hounds over before he was lassoed. Another charged furiously anyone coming near, sending two horses and riders over, but luckily neither were hurt. frequently see a native go in single-handed and catch the stag by the horns and hold him; to do so vourself, you must know how, and it needs nerve. The staghounds. during the season, now hunt three days a week, and on the bye-days you can go with harriers or two packs of fox The Exmoor foxhounds are well handled, and the hill foxes run splendidly. It is a pack that affords great pleasure to go with, as the Master and his wife have a genial word for everyone, and take the greatest interest in showing sport and kindness to strangers. In fact, they go out of their way to make you feel at home, and I hope they will receive liberal support for many

years to come. If you have taken your own horses, you will bring them back full of muscle and fit to go, and you will find that you have lost a lot of weight, that your nerve has improved wonderfully, and you start the hunting season fit and hard. The accompanying photographs, which are so full of interest to the sportsman, as well as to the artist, were taken by Mr. H. Lomas, of Minehead, and kindly presented to me for the purpose of this article.



The Moors-11th of August,

"PFACE."

## GROUSE DRIVING.





all the different forms of shooting in the country, grouse driving on a well-stocked, well-managed moor, in my humble opinion, takes the first place. Often and often in the early days of the season, when shooting over dogs, however beautiful the surroundings, and however plentiful the birds, have 1 thought

with every shot I had (the birds, alas! frequently rising within a yard or two of one's feet), there's another good shot over a butt spoilt.

I do not for one moment wish to deny the sporting element that exists in seeing well-trained dogs find their birds, and standing staunchly to their point, but here I think the sport ends. Any fairly active man who is an average shot, ought, when birds lie well, to make almost a certainty of his right and left on the rising of a brood of grouse.

Of course, there are times and circumstances when birds flushed over dogs offer anything but easy shots, as, for instance, rising off the steep side of a hill in a strong wind, when their flight is often more like that of a snipe than a grouse, but these occasions are comparatively rare. I heard an indifferent shot once say: "Well, duffer as I am, I would sooner miss six grouse over a butt, than kill twelve over dogs." To stand in a butt on a really fine day, on a well-stocked moor, to see the line of beaters come over the skyline, and brood after brood rise (looking in the distance more like large blue-bottles than grouse), to watch them sailing towards you, then the rush and swish of wings as they



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come like bullets past your butt, is enough to make the blood run fast in the veins of the coolest and most phlegmatic of men.

The experience of nearly all owners of moors I have spoken to, where driving has been but lately introduced, is that the stock of birds has been materially increased thereby. This, of course, is easily to be understood, for not only are the birds on the moor thoroughly mixed up, but the old birds, at all events in the earlier drives, being stronger in their flight, are the first to come over the butts, and, consequently, suffer most. The breeding stock left after the season is over, thus consists mostly of young and healthy birds, with naturally a greater chance of producing strong coveys in the coming year.

Further, it may not be generally known, that old cock grouse are among the most destructive vermin that a moor can contain. An old solitary cock will range a whole braeside, sucking any eggs he may come across, and disturbing and driving away many other nesting birds.

And now let us go for a while into the practical part of driving, which means, I take it, in putting as many birds as possible over the guns, and to the best advantage.

We will take, for example, a moor that has never been what I call systematically driven. In most cases you will find your keeper strongly opposed to driving, putting forward all sorts of bogeys, to prove that it is the worst possible thing that could happen to First of all, if you can, overcome his opposition by reasoning with him, and make him interested in the new departure: it will help you greatly in the future. Secondly, go over every inch of the moor with him; notice the natural flight of every grouse you put up, mark every corrie or deep burn that runs up out of the different brae sides, as you go along. The face of a hill with constant interruptions of small corries, is a most disappointing, if not impossible, place to drive grouse successfully; for when flushed, they invariably make for the tops, up one or other of these corries, and a very small proportion reach the After making yourself thoroughly cognisant of the formation of the ground, and the general flight of the birds, set

about making your butts, selecting for choice, places where the side of the hill narrows into something resembling a pass or neck. Unless absolutely compelled to do so by the natural formation of the ground, never place your butts on the tops of knolls or on the skyline; choose rather the slopes or hollows between the knolls: for grouse seldom, unless hard pressed, fly over the top of a knoll, but always round it. In fact, they follow in their flight, as nearly as they can, the formation of the ground.

On putting up a new line of butts, it is quite unnecessary to make solid three-walled erections or circular butts at first, for with every care in the selection of your site, you may find that the butts won't do, and the grouse do not come, and then considerable time and expense have been wasted. It is quite time to improve your butts when you find that the particular drive is a success.

As to the shape of the butts, opinions vary. I think the best all round is the circular sunk butt, but it takes far more time and trouble to make, and, consequently, more expense. The ordinary circular butt, not sunk, with an entrance at the side, is quite good enough for most men. The proper space interval between butts is fifty yards. Have as many as will occupy the ground you intend to cover, and according to the number of guns and the direction of the wind, use the number of butts you require. Always, however, let the man in charge of the beaters know in which butts the guns will be placed.

The ideal weather for grouse driving is an almost calm day, with just a light air, not strong enough, however, to influence birds in their flight, but this, unfortunately, you cannot always depend upon in the part of the world in which the grouse make their home. It is, therefore, of great importance to so butt your moor as to be more or less independent of the direction from which the wind is blowing. I had a place once that could only be driven (as it was then butted) with the wind in the E. or S.E., the consequence was, after engaging beaters, and going to considerable expense, one often had the choice of giving up, or seeing a good day spoilt.

Butt your moor so that you can, if you really want to, drive it in most winds. In case of very strong wind, however, my advice is (much as it may go against the grain), to postpone your shoot and wait for better days. The foregoing remarks as to butting, of course, only apply to a moor that is fairly round or square in area. Special measures must be adopted for a long and narrow, or wedge-shaped moor.

We will suppose that, with infinite care and trouble, the owner or tenant has butted his moor, and the time is due for his first drive. If possible to avoid it, never begin by driving up wind, make up your mind as to your plan of campaign, and carry it out. Should there be a fairly strong wind, and enough to influence the flight of grouse, commence by having, say, two drives down wind; the birds, of course, are more difficult, but in the end, the bag will be larger.

After these two drives down wind, it is possible, if desired, to bring the birds back up wind, for it is extraordinary how grouse will face almost a full gale when trying to get back to their own quarters, after being driven down wind, and away a considerable distance from their usual haunts. In driving across a wind, great care should be taken in disposing the flankers before the line of beate s moves a yard forward. It is exceedingly difficult to keep birds forward over the guns, when driving across a rather strong wind; but, it is wonderful what can be done by generalship.

The great aim and object of the man in charge of the drive should be to always keep his birds going in front of him, and into the next drive. Few moors there are, where you see the beaters thoroughly under control, and who take an intelligent interest in carrying out the instructions of the keeper. The fact of grouse breaking back over their heads, is, more often than not, the signal for fearful war cries, screams, and weird shouts, of which the grouse, in nine cases out of ten, take not the least notice, so far as altering their flight, but only get up high, and possibly break away rather further than they would otherwise have done. In grouse driving, silence is certainly golden. The most important places to fill in a drive, are those of the flankers

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or wing men. Personally, I always choose, as flankers, the more intelligent among the men and boys who act as beaters. My experience is, that it is not of the least use for a flanker to stand on a knoll with his flag waving, it is far better for him to lie down in the heather, watch the birds rising in front of the line, and if he sees some inclined to break out on his flank, to wait, until they are within a 100 or 150 yards of where he is, and then to jump up and wave his flag, but no shouting. This action is far more effectual in turning birds over the guns than, as I remarked before, standing upright with flag unfurled.



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A GROUSE DRIVE.

[Leggatt Bros.

And now a few words about the gunners. I suppose more accidents occur grouse driving than in any other form of shooting, and in the majority of instances, accidents, that with the most ordinary precautions might be avoided. There are several instances on record of accidents, some fatal, that have occurred when picking up the wounded birds after the drive is over. I consider the custom (a very common one) of the occupants of the butts going out after the wounded birds with loaded guns, as courting trouble. Beaters, keepers, fellow

gunners all round, behind, and in front of you, and a flutterer rises and skims a foot from the heather. It takes a very cool and practised hand to be always safe on such occasions. Far better is it to have a fixed rule that no one leaves their butt with a loaded gun. If you are in a position to do so, it is better to let one of your keepers take his gun after the drive is over, and the guns and beaters on their way to the next drive, and cover the ground in the neighbourhood of the butts, with a steady old pointer; in this way many cripples are secured, and all danger is avoided.



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OUT OF THE VALLEY OF DEATH.

Leggatt Bros

It is a good plan in every drive to place two or three boys, say 200 to 300 yards behind the butts. It is extraordinary the number of grouse they pick up, that carry on over the butts, apparently untouched, and fall dead after going some distance.

Another source of danger, especially among men unaccustomed to shooting driven birds, is following the birds with their guns, *i.e.*, following with pointed gun across the line of butts. No one, on any pretext whatever, should ever allow the muzzle of his gun to be depressed to a horizontal position along the

line of butts. If shooting with one gun only, endeavour, if you can, to get in your two shots in front of the butt; if not practicable, raise the muzzle after the first shot, and drop it behind the line of butts for the second shot. You will lose nothing by this; in fact, your shooting will be better. A good plan to adopt is to have turfs, or sticks about two feet in length, placed upright at the sides, or slightly in front of the sides of the butts; this precludes any possibility of men swinging across the line.

In walking from your butts to the next drive, tempting shots will often present themselves; but I think it is a mistake to allow any shooting while walking from drive to drive. You may add a few brace to your bag, but I am sure the shooting, at all events when birds are wild, often disturbs other birds that would, in all probability, come over the guns in the next drive.

In concluding these few remarks, I crave the indulgence of many who may possibly read them, and who have forgotten more than I shall ever know about the wily grouse bird, his ways, his habits, and how he should be shot. I have only endeavoured, to the best of my ability, to put down a few simple experiences, which have occurred to me, in the pursuit of one of the most fascinating sports to be had in this country.



attm young



From an Etching by Pausinger, in the possession of J. Oakley Maund, Esq.  $The \ \ Home \ \ of \ \ the \ \ Chamois.$ 

## CHAMOIS HUNTING.

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T the eleventh hour there comes to me a summons from the Editor to write an article on Chamois Hunting. Fortunately, the sport is not unfamiliar to me, for I owe to it some of the pleasantest hours of my life during the last fifteen years; nor is the subject a hackneyed one. As, however,

these notes are written at short notice, and abroad, beyond the reach of proof-sheets or books of reference, I must ask, in anticipation, my reader's indulgence for any errors, typographical or otherwise, which may creep into the text.

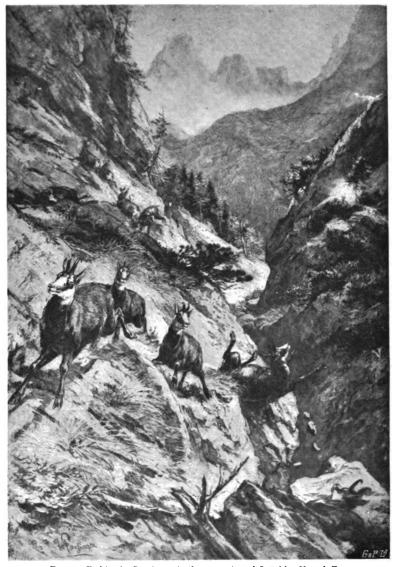
The literature on Alpine venery is surprisingly scanty in this country. There are only two English books devoted to the subject, Mr. Charles Boner's "Chamois Hunting in Bavaria," and Mr. Baillie Grohmann's recent and excellent work, "Sport in the Alps." In Germany and Austria, of course, works on the gemsjagd abound. Some of the older of these treatises form most entertaining reading, containing as they do much quaint lore and many astonishing yarns. The chamois is depicted as possessing phenomenal agility and performing the most astonishing antics. He has a tendency to commit suicide by jumping over dizzy precipices on to his head, or else, when pressed by his foes, he hangs himself to the rocks by the crook of his horns, and thus perishes miserably. In spite, however, of these tendencies to felo-de-se, he often attains to a fabulous The hunters of this marvellous beast seem to have been Nimrods of the most desperate character, "mighty hunters before the Lord," if half we read of them be true. Their very countenances were those of men accustomed to face the most appalling perils, and to "have Death as a constant companion beside them."

The romance and the reality of chamois hunting are, or course, by no means the same thing. Nevertheless, I always regard it as the most fascinating sport with which I am acquainted. There is a subtle sentiment and glamour hanging round it which I do not think attaches to any other sport, unless it be fox-hunting, and I never can understand why so few Englishmen indulge in it. The reason, probably, is, that most sportsmen are not climbers, and most climbers are not sportsmen—I mean in that lower and more limited sense of the word, which confines sport to the slaving of wild birds and beasts, and the backing of race-horses. Not the least of the charms of chamois hunting, is the fact, that in it the mere shooting part of the business seems more subordinate than is the case in the pursuit of other big game. The gemsjäger, who is also a lover of mountains, is content to sit on a hill-top and watch the game, if a stalk is impossible. Apart from the glorious scenery and surroundings, there is nothing more diverting, to my mind, than watching a herd of chamois at play. The bucks lie down and sleep on the grass or snow, as the case may be, while the does look after their kids. The latter gambol and sport in the most absurd fashion, hopping and skipping about as though made of whalebone—"like india-rubber idiots on the spree," as Kipling would say. Perched on some rocky pinnacle above them, awake and watchful throughout, is the "lady guide" of the herd, the knowing old doe who acts as sentinel when at rest, and as leader when on the move. Often, as you are planning your most skilful stalk, her shrill whistle from a jutting crag, which your glass had failed to spy, gives the alarm to the others, and spoils your sport and makes you swear.

Please to remember, that the chamois is not a goat or a member of the goat tribe, but a true antelope, as his grace and agility would seem to suggest. He inhabits a fairly wide area, extending from the Carpathians, on the East, right through the length and breadth of the Alps. He is also to be found in the Pyrenees and the Spanish Sierras Nevadas, while in the Caucasus large herds are frequently met with. Many people in England think that the chamois is almost extinct in the Alps, and London cockneys willingly pay a franc to see him in a cage at Grindelwald and other mountain centres. As a matter of fact, chamois are exceedingly numerous in many mountain districts, though they are scarce enough in places where foreigners are allowed to shoot. In most cantons, large tracts are at intervals made *Freibberge*, *i.e.*, sanctuaries, for periods of four or five years, by which means a fair head of game is kept up.

Mr. Baillie Grohmann, if I remember right, calculates that about 11,000 chamois are shot annually in the Alps, the bulk of them, of course, being killed on preserved shoots. The finest of these preserves in Europe, if not in the world, is the Royal *chasse* in the valleys of Cogne and Valsavaranche, in the Graian Alps, where the King of Italy, though a less ardent sportsman than his father, Victor Emanuel, has a shooting party every year. Here chamois are almost as numerous as rabbits in England, and the noble bouquetin, or ibex, adorns the loftier summits with his lordly presence.

The interest, as well as the difficulty and danger, of the chase of the nimble antelope of the Alps, varies, as I need hardly point out, enormously under different conditions and in different localities. In Eastern Europe and other districts, where the hills are low and the ground easy, chamois may be killed with no more difficulty than roebucks in the Highlands. I read in the World, a week or two ago, that in one of the Royal battues this summer, an Italian Princess bagged no less than sixteen chamois to her own gun in a single day, which seems a bit rough on us poor veterans, who sometimes toil for the best part of a week after one old buck! More interesting is the sport as pursued in the Bavarian Highlands, or in the Tyrol, where the nature of the ground entails a good deal of climbing, and mountaineering skill and nerve are called into play. To



From an Etching by Pausinger, in the possession of J. Oakley Maund, Esq.  $\label{eq:Achanois} A \ \ Chamois \ \ Drive.$ 

my mind, however, chamois hunting can only be had in its perfection among the grand mountains of the loftier Alpine ranges. Here the hunter is environed by the everlasting snows of the great glacier regions, while above him the hoary giants of the central mountain chains thrust their heads up into the sky of Italian blue; and the stalking itself is more varied and exciting in many ways. For instance, it is only in the high Alps that one gets any glacier work or scope for ice-craft. Some of our most amusing hunting work has been on glaciers, threading our way among crevasses, along razor-backed icebridges, and trying to circumvent the séracs, or ice-pinnacles, without disturbing the game. Again, even when no chamois are in sight, large tracts of glacier often have to be traversed, and then, as one does not use the rope out hunting, some knowledge of ice and snow is indispensable if the sportsman would avoid coming to grief.

The following may serve as a sample of a hunting expedition in the high Alps. Our base of operations is a beautiful green valley in North Italy, running up into the heart of the Pennine Alps. Leaving our rustic quarters, among the cattle and goats, before sunrise, in order to be on the high ground while the chamois are still feeding, we mount up through the forest of larches, and emerge on to the alp, or upland pasture, just as the first saffron flush of dawn overspreads the mountains to the East. By the time we have scrambled to the top of the rocky ridge above us, the sun is well above the horizon. Northwards, all the mountain monarchs, from the Matterhorn to Mont Blanc and his attendant aiguilles, are in full view; while to the South, the graceful spire of the Grivola dominates the lower summits and glaciers of the Graians.

My excellent hunter, as well as Alpine guide, philosopher, and friend, J. B. Perruquet, has no eye for scenery when chamois are abroad; so, while I am scanning the familiar faces of old mountain friends, he is carefully spying the surrounding country. No chamois being visible, we proceed cautiously along the ridge, peering into every *couloir*, or rock-gully, below us.

It is nearly noon when a black object on a distant pinnacle of crag catches my eye. It is a fine buck, and there are four others with him, but they are separated from us by a deep valley, and, as a stalk is quite out of the question, we must wait until they shift their ground. The result is one of those long, enforced

al fresco siestas with mountain game time is divided ing, smoking, game, and warm, be pleasano n e m a v alone with her grandest above and while from where the hidden tall crags pinewoods, music of the cow - bells

After nearly waiting, the a move, and, as it, in our direction.

and easily steep rocks, across the

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HEAD OF A BUCK CHAMOIS (Winter Coat).
In the possession of J. Oakley Maund, Esq.

are familiar. The by eating, sleepand watching the as the weather

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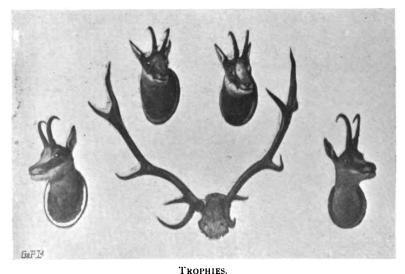
begin their evening meal, in a spot admirably adapted for our evil designs. A scramble over some easy rocks, and up a steep snow slope, brings us to a point higher up on the arête; after which we skirt the base of a cliff, past some curious rock formations, two of which resemble gigantic toads, and finally get, without much difficulty, within a hundred yards of a fine

buck. At the shot, he mps up and scampers off, apparently untouched, but is bowled over stone dead, as it seems, at the second discharge. A long track of blood, however, shows that we had been mistaken. He had been struck fair by the first shot, the second missing him altogether, and the fact that he was able to run so far with a '450 Express bullet through his heart, shows the extraordinary vitality of these little mountain antelopes.

Another day we passed the same spot, and then climbed a steep rock couloir up to a col 10,000 feet above sea-level. A big solitary buck had been seen by us here in the morning, but he escaped us. Higher up the mountain side we skirted along the upper slopes of a craggy range, and presently started six chamois out of a couloir on our left. They gave me a very fair chance, but of three bullets that I sent after them, not one found its billet, much to the worthy Perruquet's disgust, and, I think I may add, contempt. Descending the rocks, and crossing a small glacier, we had another long pull up to the top of the range. No chamois were to be seen on the other side, but our labours were partially rewarded by a curiously weird sunset scene, the valleys and foothills being all bathed in a flood of opalescent vapour, out of which the loftier peaks rose here and there like islands from a shimmering sea. Strange indeed are the effects and transformations produced by the witchery of the atmosphere in the mountains. It got bitterly cold as the sun went down, and my artistic perceptions not being sufficiently keen to blind me to the fact that my fingers were rapidly getting benumbed, we ran down hill to our quarters for the night. These were in an empty and singularly filthy cowshed, with a roof of big flat stones, built flush with the slope of the hill, to preserve the edifice from the impact of the winter avalanches.

Next morning we sighted chamois early, on the lower slopes of a beautiful pyramidal peak, 11,500 feet high. They were browsing on some narrow ledges of grass with formidable precipices above and below. The stalk was a long one, and took us over some ticklish ground, where a slip would have sent us to perdition, the ice-axe being more than once called into play while crossing

some frozen gullies. I was rather afraid lest the sound of the chopping might frighten the chamois, but they are so used to loud noises, the crash of falling ice and stones, and the thunder of avalanches, that they are not so easily frightened in this way as lowland game; and they were still a long way off. At last, crawling forwards under cover of a big stone, I had a fair shot at what I thought was a big buck, but, aiming rather low, I only broke its off fore-leg near the shoulder. The herd made off down the cliffs, passing some terrible ledges



I KOPHIES.

In the possession of J. Oakley Maund, Esq.

of water-worn rock with perfect ease. The wounded beast lagged behind the rest, and presently lay down. Making a long détour, we hoped to polish him off where he lay, but he had gone before we arrived, and was nowhere to be seen. Accordingly, we abandoned our original plan of campaign, and spent the rest of the day pursuing him. For seven mortal hours we followed that beast, tracking him by the occasional blood-stains on the stones, and being helped here and there by seeing his spoor in

patches of snow. He was evidently making for the crags of the range we had crossed the day before. High up the mountain side we caught sight of him, hopping gaily up some very steep rocks, which Perruquet, unwilling to be "bested" by a three-legged chamois, essayed to climb, while I an easier way round. My hunter is a magnificent rockclimber, but it cost him a severe struggle, not to mention much profanity and perspiration, to get to the top. We knew, however, that in spite of his wonderful agility while going uphill, the poor beast would be done for when he had to descend, and on reaching the crest of the ridge, at a height of about 11,000 feet, we saw him lying down on the other side. I put a bullet through him, and he rolled over into a very awkward position for us, as he rested on a steep slope of slippery earth near the edge of a precipice 800 feet in depth, and it was only Perruquet's immense strength that enabled us to haul him up. My supposed buck proved to be a very old and somewhat mangy doe, and if, as some hunters maintain, the rings on the horns indicate the animal's age, our quarry must have been about twenty-three years old.

Chamois are now, I regret to say, very scarce in my old hunting-grounds. Too many peasants have followed our evil example and taken to the chase, while the introduction of the magazine rifle is responsible for a great deal of mischief. Not only does it kill and wound a great number of chamois, but the repeated fusillades scare the herds out of the country.

The chamois is, in my humble opinion, a difficult beast to hit, though I know at least one good judge of mountain sport who takes the contrary view. To begin with, the mark is a very small one, and the beast's brown coat matches exactly with the rocks among which he is born and bred. Again, the distances are not easy to judge, and one is usually shooting downhill at a considerable angle. On the other hand, with regard to the stalking part of the business, I am inclined to think that the wariness of chamois is a good deal exaggerated. Their powers of vision are little, if at all, superior to those of an average man,

while, as I have already pointed out, a slight noise made by the hunter probably does no great harm, beyond turning their gaze in your direction. Against this must be set their sense of smell, which is really marvellous; and the chief thing the stalker has to study is the wind, which, in the mountains, is continually shifting. And if once a chamois winds you, be the distance ever so great, he will not stop until he has put many a mile of mountain country between you and the herd.

As to equipment, the would-be *chasseur* cannot do better than consult the recognised authorities on mountaineering *passim*. Next to a good rifle, a stout pair of boots is the chief requisite,



Тик Астнок.

and the nails should be of soft iron—above all, not of steel, which is most dangerous on slippery rocks. Inexperienced climbers will, or course, do well to avoid risky ground at first. Remember that out hunting

you have to depend on yourself, and that if you slip on a bad place, there is no guide to haul you up with a rope. The grassy ledges, where the chamois love to feed among the rocks, should be negociated with care, for their treacherous surfaces have caused many an accident. Look out for stones when chamois are moving above you; many a man has been killed or hurt in this way. Your rifle should not be of too small bore, though a '450 is rather large, as the chamois is a tough little beast, and takes a lot of killing. It should be fitted with a sling, to leave your hands free for climbing; and don't forget to

bring a sight-protector, as the muzzle is constantly coming in contact with the rocks.

In conclusion, I am aware that a considerable and, I am inclined to think, an increasing section of the public dislikes all "sport," on the score of cruelty; and of this section I have come across a few who regard my favourite pastime with especial disfavour. I can merely plead, in extenuation, that my total bag, like the housemaid's baby, is only a little one; and the score or so of beasts for whose demise I am responsible, have given me many hours of the keenest pleasure, during which I have learned, not only to know, but to love, the silence and the solitude of the everlasting hills. Moreover, such moderate mountaineering skill as I possess, has been acquired chiefly in the gemsjagd, which is a better school for self-reliance than ordinary climbing. Many of the finest guides in the Alps received their early training in the chase, and their passion for the sport, leading them into places which prudent persons, like the writer of these notes, avoid, has caused not a few of them to meet their end among the mountains.





## CURLING.

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HERE is nothing new under the sun," and Curling may be truthfully described as one of the most hoary of veteran pastimes in existence. Much has been written on the subject of this great winter game, but the best known living authority, the Rev. J. Kerr (Historian to the Royal

Caledonian Curling Club), whose able articles are not only interesting, but instructive, has written a book on the History of Curling, which ought to occupy a prominent niche in the library of every curler.

Whether the game was actually invented by Scotsmen, and there are some who fancy it "came over" to seek a home in the colder part of Great Britain at a very early date (probably the "Stone" period), does not greatly signify. The main facts are, that it flourished by the careful nurture of our northern neighbours, and, as no one denies them the responsibility of having set England ablaze with Golf, neither can anyone deny them the credit of having given us this other and delightful pastime.

Some of the current words in use at the game have, doubtless, a foreign smack, and this gives partial colour to the suggestion that it owes its birth elsewhere, but, all the same, the backbone of the game fairly bristles with Scottish expressions.

These expressions, it would not be possible to put in other language, and still convey the same pithy meaning, and it is, doubtless, in recognition of this fact, that wherever one goes,

where Curling obtains, these Doric phrases surround him with the tang of a Scottish atmosphere.

It says much for the inherent qualities of the sport that, despite the "frequent infrequency" of frost, and the consequent lack of opportunity, it has flourished so strongly, even in more recent years, when our winters have been so capricious. Any cessation in its pursuit, caused by an open season, when the curler goes about desolate and mourning, appears simply to

whet his appetite when the hard, keen frost puts in its tardy appearance.

Once a curler, always a curler, may be taken as true, and an off season does not make him a worse player only a keener one. But when the frost has converted every pond, and many lochs, into his happy hunting ground, then the curler is seen at his best. Clubs are on the qui vive, "Spiels," or games, are the order of the day, and "Bon-



THE GLASGOW STOCK EXCHANGE AND THE GLASGOW IRON EXCHANGE.

Loch Lomond.

spiels," or matches on a larger scale, are looked forward to with much elation.

It is an axiom that wherever the wandering Briton goes, he carries with him his love of sport, and so devotees of the "roaring game" have founded clubs in different quarters of the Globe. On the Continent, Davos Platz, St. Moritz, and Grindelwald, are well known to Curling enthusiasts as spots in Switzerland, where they can pursue their favourite pastime with

greater certainty of ice than we can have here. Thither, during winter, some of our curlers fly; indeed, there is a well-known member of the "House" who keeps a pair of Stones at Grindelwald, ready for resurrection when that season's approach calls him away. The most important fixture in Switzerland is the annual Bonspiel between Davos Platz and St. Moritz, which causes much local interest and excitement.



GLASGOW STOCK EXCHANGE AND GLASGOW IRON EXCHANGE. LOCH LOMOND,

Curling is, in this country, essentially an open-air pastime, though, of recent years, it has been played, at times, on covered-in rinks. This, however, is attended with greater success in Canada, where the winters are more severe, and it may be mentioned, that there the good players of the game have attained a marvellous proficiency. With a three months' winter, without chance of a thaw, this is not, perhaps, to be wondered at;

while in some parts of America, the game also flourishes with increasing vigour.

Outside its original home in these islands, however, it is in Canada that Curling has attained its greatest vogue, and there one finds a skill in the players, that would surprise and delight the hearts of the best curlers in the "Auld Country."

No doubt, originally, the chief element was either British



LOCH LOMOND. A QUIET DAY.

born, or of British extraction, but now the native talent is not only numerous, but sufficiently proficient to frequently beat teams of Scotsmen who are good players. It is worthy of note, that, apart from the nationality of the player, the air is redolent of these expressions, which have been already referred to as untranslatable without falling "flat, stale, and unprofitable," on the ear.

There, the curlers are not content with what ice can be got, but keep it smooth by constant flooding and planing, until its

condition reaches perfection. The severity of the weather makes the covered-in rinks more comfortable resorts, while the ice itself is more under the direct control of the club officials. Here, also, the shades of night need not interfere with the pursuit of the game, as the rinks are lit up in the evening.

It is, however, one of the principal points of the game, in the minds of most of our untravelled curlers, that it should take

place in the although, in liability of falling gathering on face. Coveredthis country a somewhat cess.

The princi-Club, which magnificent great banthis may be, tent, followed ciations; but rule, especountry, is fashioned dinand Greens" or Bonspiel as quence. On sions, convi-



J. D. Hedderwick, Skip, Directing Shot.

GLASGOW STOCK EXCHANGE AND GLASGOW IRON EXCHANGE, LOCH LOMOND, open air, even this case, the always exists snow or water the ice surin rinks in have achieved limited suc-

pal Montreal possesses very plate, gives quets, and to some exby other Assothe general cially in this that the oldner of "Beef follows a Spiel a natural sethese occaviality reigns

supreme. Curling toasts are many, while song and sentiment at these "Nichts wi' Burns," speed the pleasant evening.

A copious literature has clustered round the game, to which it is impossible, in a short sketch, to do more than refer. Of more recent times, the Rev. J. Kerr's authoritative book has already been mentioned; the Curling songs of Dr. Sidey, of Edinburgh, are well known, and every village has its past victories celebrated in verse. A Canadian curler, Dr. Conway Cartwright, has written a most excellent song, to the tune of "When the kye come hame." It is here quoted as showing not only that "he who runs may read" appropriate lessons from the game, but that the same perfervidum ingenium characterises



St. Moritz. A Rink between Snow Walls, about 6 feet high.

the curlers of Greater Britain that animates players in the Motherland.

Come, all ye jolly curlers,

That love the roaring game,
I'll tell ye of a pleasure

That others canna name.

## THE "HOUSE" ON SPORT.

'Tis where's no cauldrife courtesy, Nor etiquette too nice, When we meet in honest manhood On the level of the ice.

248

When our favourite season comes,
And frosts are biting keen,
The jolly curlers gathering
Where ice is glittering seen.
Then we come with words of welcome,
Each hand grips like a vice,
When we meet in jovial manhood
On the level of the ice.

We care not here for rank or class,
But single out as best,
The keenest eye, the wisest head,
To lead and guide the rest.
And we play the ready stane,
To the canny skip's advice,
When we meet in buirdly manhood
On the level of the ice.

We here can read a lesson,

To kings and all their powers,

For winning stanes will whiles be chipped,

In other games than ours.

But we'll fight again the battle,

Though we're beaten once or twice,

When we meet in stalwart manhood

On the level of the ice.

But should our fellow mortal,

Tak borrow that's no right,

And being biassed from the Tee,

In wrongful course delight;

Then may he get from Curling friends,

A wick of guid advice,

When we meet in kindly manhood

On the level of the ice.

Or should a stane that's lacking strength,
Be hogging near the score,
May ours the willing besoms be,
That helpful sweep him o'er,
That guide him onwards to the right,
That clear his path of ice,
When we meet in sturdy manhood
On the level of the ice.



ST. MORITZ. "SOLEING THE STONE."

At Curling—one of the most democratic of games — all players "meet on the level, and part on the square." An expert curler, whatever his rank, has always, on the rink, been, for the time being, the equal of the Lord of the Manor. Nor is any Socialistic doctrine promulgated

when the villager skips his Laird. The latter has to do what he is told, and, unhesitatingly, does his best.

The story known to most curlers may not be known to all, and perhaps, therefore, may be repeated here as an example of this spirit. A little village "body," once on a time, skipping a rink in which the Earl of Eglinton was playing, loudly expressed his opinion of a bad shot



ST. MORITZ. CLEARING AWAY THE SNOW.

by his lordship, "Dang it, Eglinton, ye've spoilt a'." It is recorded of a Duke of Atholl, who was a keen curler, that, on the occasion of his making a bad shot, the "local," acting as skip, addressed him more in sorrow than anger—"Yer Grace! Yer Grace! yer jist a per-r-fect dis Grace." The best man on a rink is the best player, irrespective of birth or financial position.

A somewhat amusing story is told of a highly respected and wealthy member of a Jewish family in Scotland, resident in an



St. Moritz. "Oh, for a Guard!"

enthusiastic Curling county, where he owned property. In an exciting county match, his skip, a little local villager, noticed him standing, broom in hand, but absolutely idle. He gazed for a moment in indignation at the calm, tall, robust figure, and, in a storm of wrath, yelled, "Soop, d—n it! What way are ye no soopin', ye muckle Hebrew monument!" We may be quite sure, that the gentleman in question accepted the rebuke without offence, and in a proper spirit.

A story is told of a sheriff substitute, of Fife, who had snatched a day off from his magisterial duties to indulge in a Curling match at Boarhills. The skip, addressing him, as he was ready to play his stone, pointed to an opponent's winner, almost a "pat lid," and said, "Dae ye see onything o' this stane, Shirra?" "Fine," replied the sheriff; "A' see the hale o't." "Weel," rejoined the skip, at the same time pointing to the county jail in the far distance, "Sixty days!" For the



ST. MORITZ. "SOOP!" LADS.

benefit of those who always wish to know the absolute end of a story, it is satisfactory to say, that the sheriff nobly did his duty, and drove the obnoxious stone out of the head.

There is no thought of undue familiarity where the zest of the play is due to its keenness in such phrases as—"Break an egg on the back o' this yin Laird," "Just lay me a gaird here, man," "That's rale bonnie noo!" "Eh, man, I like ye weel," "Man, that's a pat lid; just a gran' shot;" or "Ca canny, man!" "Man, ye're awa' wi' it; ye're ower the parish!"



CURLING AT GRINDELWALD.



GRINDELWALD CURLING CLUB.

A rink in play is always a most interesting sight to watch; but, perhaps, the most picturesque Bonspiel in Scotland, is that of Carsebreck, where as many as 2,000, or even more, curlers have been seen in friendly contest to decide whether curlers north of the Forth, or those south of the Forth, were the superior exponents of the game. Carsebreck Loch is about three miles from the nearest railway station, but the railway company stop their trains opposite the Loch, on the main line, thus giving extra, though necessary, facilities to the curlers. The getting there, as well as the return of so large a crowd, even under the



Photo by ] [A. Brown & Co.

GENERAL VIEW OF ROYAL CALEDONIAN MATCH AT CARSEBRE K. 1898, SHOWING ABOUT TWO-THIRDS OF THE CURLERS ENGAGED.

above conditions, is a matter of some difficulty; but, fortunately, your curler is an orderly, though jovial, person, and the result is, that each returns to the bosom of his family only the happier for his day's sport. This being, perhaps, the most important meeting of the year, we are enabled to give some photographs incidental to it, through the kind permission of Messrs. A. Brown & Co., photographers, Lanark. The game, to one of the uninitiated, looks easy, and devoid of skill; but when he tries, for the first time, to play a stone, after the manner of the experienced player, he finds out that it is not so easy as it



CARSEBRECK. LORD BALFOUR VIEWS THE SITUATION,



CARSEBRECK. LORD BALFOUR SENDS AWAY HIS STONE.

looks. When he stoops to grip the handle of the stone, rises slowly, and, with the forward swing of the body, quietly, but firmly, puts his stone down on the ice, with what he thinks is the proper impetus, he may be surprised at the result. It may rock about like a Dutch lugger in a storm, and settle anywhere but the point aimed at; perhaps, short of the hog score, or, possibly, career past the boardhead and out of play.

Appended, the reader will find the rules of the game, and a diagram of a proper rink—as published by the Royal Caledonian Curling Club in their annual—and while the rules are

in telligible enough to anyone, it may not be out of place to give here a few of the principal points of the game, and so, possibly, interest those who have never yet played it.

A stretch of smooth ice is necessary — it cannot be too smooth and too



"JUST A REFRESH." LANARK LOCH.

even for the purpose—as although bias (or unevenness) adds to the difficulty of the curler, by altering the true course of a stone, as it skims along the surface, it is better that a rink be without any bias at all. Having found this stretch of ice (not less than forty-six yards in length), two large circles are drawn (each of a 7-ft. radius), whose centres must be thirty-eight yards apart. Inside these circles, smaller ones, of a 4-ft. radius, are drawn, and the centre is called the Tee. Other still smaller circles may be added, and frequently are, to enable players to form



Photo by]

[A. Brown & Co.

LORD BALFOUR BEING DIRECTED BY HIS SKIP AT CARSEBRECK.

a quicker decision as to which stone or stoneslie nearer the centre of the Tee, whereby points are scored in the game.

The whole of the largest circle is called the boardhead (in play, more usually the head, the

"hoose," or the parish), and five feet behind its outer edge a line is drawn across at right angles, called the foot score, to fix the point from which players put down or play their stones.

Between the two boardheads, and at right angles across the

rink, two lines, called hog scores, are drawn, at a distance of seven yards from the respective Every Tees. stone must be played past the further hog score, or, in default, is styled a "hog," and at once removed from the



Photo by]

[A. Brown & Co.

THE KILT AT CARSEBRECK.

game. If, however, it has struck another stone, which has just scrambled over the score, it remains in play, although itself not over the score.

Other lines are drawn, called central lines, back scores, and sweeping scores, which the reader will find on referring to the appended diagram; but here it is not so necessary to give them, as it is those already touched upon.

Each player has to provide two curling stones and a "kowe," or broom, and with this complete outfit, he is properly armed for the fray.

The two skips, having decided, by luck of the "toss," which



SUBURBAN CURLING NEAR GLASGOW, SKIP DIRECTING A SHOT,

side begins, the leader, or first player, is instructed by his skip as to the exact spot on which he wishes the stone played to rest. This is jusually a yard short of the Tee, and close to the central line. His immediate opponent, the leader of the opposite side, will probably be directed by his skip to draw, if possible, a better shot on the other edge of the central line. Subsequent players will, in rotation, do their best to carry out the instructions of their respective skips. The aim of these wise generals, who rejoice in the honourable office of skip, is to protect a winning shot by guarding it, while the opposing side tries to dislodge a winner and lie to count. Should the road be open, a skip will, of

course, direct his players to draw a better shot, and then to guard that one. As the stones accumulate on or about the head, the difficulties naturally increase, and the later players are called upon to exercise rare skill.

The excitement thickens as the game advances, and is frequently intense when the last shot is played. Almost every curler has, in his day, played in a rink where the last stone has done prodigies of valour in the face of heavy odds. This is a reminiscence never forgotten by him, and does duty in the way of conversation in his lighter moments. From the above attempts at explanation, the reader, who did not previously



LOTS OF ROOM FOR A "CANNY DRAW."

understand it, will perceive that the object of the game is for each side to put as many of its own stones on the boardhead as possible, while it drives or "rides" its opponent's stones away, should they be lying to count.

The game is won by the side which first reaches an agreedupon number of points—the usual game being twenty-one. But frequently, players agree to play a certain number of heads.

In the regulation game, there are eight players, *i.e.*, four aside, and the most experienced of each side is made "skip." His duty is to direct the shots of his three partners, while not

## CURLING.

himself playing, and when he himself plays, he usually elects the third player of his side to skip him. He also directs the sweeping operations of his side, each man being furnished with a broom for the purpose. Absolute obedience to the skip's directions is called for, and invariably and unhesitatingly given, as he, standing at the back of the boardhead, can see what is wanted, and so direct his men accordingly, from time to time, as the game proceeds.

The skip's instructions as to sweeping are also most important, and many a stone that looks like pulling up short is brought into position by the energetic use of the broom. Just enough



NOT A GOOD "HEAD."

sweeping, also, and not too much, is equally important, and depends upon the usually sound judgment of the skip. Where the ice is keen, and free from snow particles, or a touch of softness, sweeping is less necessary.

The office of skip requires great knowledge of the game in all its features, besides experience and sound judgment. It is the custom, in many clubs, to elect the various skips for the year at their annual meeting, and should any of those be present when matches are played, they, ex-officio and by seniority, take the office without question.

Having now given a general idea of the game, it may be well to say something of the Curling stone itself. This is a rounded block of stone, very highly polished, through the centre of which a bolt or pin is fixed. A curved handle is screwed on this bolt, and the player can remove it, and screw it on the reverse side of the stone at will. This is frequently necessary, according to the state of the ice, whether keen or dull, the shape of the stone on one side being slightly different from the other. The side for play on dull ice is more rounded (frequently with a slight hollow or cavity in the centre), and, therefore, moves, as it



"DINNA SWEEP."

were, on a pivot, offering the least resistance. It is important that this side, more particularly, should be highly polished. For play on keen ice, the other side, with a wider hollow in the centre, is preferable, as moving on the edges of this hollow, it is obvious that the wider it is, the better will be the grip taken of the ice.

By the recognised rules, the stone may not weigh more than 44-lbs., must not be more than 36 inches in circumference, and in height must be at least one-eighth of its circumference.

There is a great variety of stones in use, and different curlers have their own fancies—the varieties most generally used are known to players as Ailsa Craig, Crawford John, Burnock Water, Carsephairn, Earnock Moor, Tinkernhills, and Crieff. All the above are capable of taking on great polish, and are less liable to crumble or break, than some others in use.

The more ancient custom of using large, rounded stones, taken from the banks or beds of rivers, gave rise to the poetical name of "Channel Stanes," by which curlers still frequently style their implements of war; but quarries are now the principal producers.



"LAY ME A GUARD HERE."

In Canada, at some rinks, Curling stones made of iron have been and are used, and, in some instances, they have an airhole going right through to prevent suction.

Before the Royal Caledonian Curling Club was formed, in 1838, there was no recognised governing body, nor, indeed, any strict rules and regulations. This Association has done much to forward the interests of the game, and has given an impetus to it which it previously lacked. To this Association, the various clubs in Scotland and England (as well as many abroad) are affiliated, and it exercises a wise supervision over the interests of all. International matches are played up to,



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[A. Brown & Co.

SIR JAMES GILSON CRAIG, BART., SKIPPING A RINK AT THE GRAND MATCH.

under its auspices, and Curling fraternities have now a distinct authority to look to on matters connected with the game.

For the purpose of educating players, and putting the various points of the game on an interesting

footing, the Royal Caledonian Curling Club instituted certain competitions under special regular rules. These competitions, in what is called "the point game," greatly assist the player

acquiring proficiency, and anyone who can hold his own in them, will be an acquisition on any rink.

These rules, etc., are to be found in the Annual of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club; but, for the reader's benefit, the nine points played are described here in a general way, for the reason that they give certain important words in common use



COUNTRY CURLING.
"BRING HIM IN! THAT'S FINE!"

in the game, which might otherwise strike the unlearned with unnecessary awe.

- 1. STRIKING.—A stone is placed on the Tee, and the competitor has to strike it; if he knocks it out of the board-head, an extra point is scored.
- 2. INWICKING. Playing a stone which has to reach the Tee, or another stone, after first striking the inside edge of a stone lying nearer the player.
- 3. Drawing.—Playing a stone on, or as near the Tee, as possible.



R. H. HEDDERWICK.

- 4. GUARDING.—Playing a stone up so as to form a guard to another stone already lying well.
- 5. CHAP AND LIE.—Playing a stone to knock away a winner, and, at the same time, to lie as near the Tee as possible.
- 6. WICK AND CURL IN.—Playing a stone on the inside edge of another stone, which touches the edge of the boardhead at one side, and thereafter curling in to the Tee.
- 7. RAISING.—Playing a stone on to another, with the result of putting the latter on or near the Tee.
- 8. Chipping the Winner.—Playing a stone on the winner, where only a portion of the latter is visible, or, in other words, where it is half-guarded.
- 9. DRAWING THROUGH A PORT.—Playing a stone up between two others, without touching either, where the passage is very narrow.

OUTWICKING.—Playing a stone on the outside edge of another stone—placed on the edge of the boardhead, at an

angle from the central line—and driving it in to the centre.

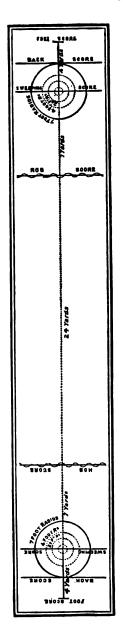
This point is only used to decide ties, should they occur in the competition.

Round London, perhaps, the principal and best known Curling Clubs are those of the London Scottish and Wimbledon Park, at Wimbledon, and of the Crystal Palace Curling Club. Granted a keen winter, those ignorant of the grand game might do worse than pay any of these clubs a visit, and add to their information a practical knowledge of this sport.



COMPOLEGET OPTIBRAL

# Diagram to be drawn on the Ice and referred to throughout the Rules as RINK. ·· THE



DIRECTIONS.

SCALE BF FEET

line, viz.:—

(a) The Foot Score—18 inches in length, 4 yards behind each Tee.

(b) The Back Score—behind and just touching outside

the 7-foot circle.

4. Draw scores across the Rink at right angles to the central

1. The Tees to be 38 yards apart.

2. Around each Tee draw a circle having a radius of 7 feet.

[Inner circles may also be drawn.]

3. In alignment with the Tees, draw central lines to points 4 yards behind each Tee.

N.B.—The length of the Rink for play is 42 yards (Chap. V. Sect. 1). It may be shortened (Sect. 21), but in no case shall it be less than 32 yards (Sect. 1).

All measurements of shots shall be from the centre of the Tee to the nearest part of the stone.



#### THE RINK AND THE RULES OF THE GAME.

#### THE RINK.

- 1.—The length of the Rink for play, viz., from the Hack or from the Heel of the Crampit to the Tee, shall be 42 yards. The shortening of the Rink is provided for in Section 21, but in no case shall it be less than 32 yards.
- 2.—The Tees shall be 38 yards apart—and, with a Tee as the centre, a Circle, having a radius of 7 feet, shall be drawn. Additional inner Circles may also be drawn.
- 3.—In alignment with the Tees, lines, to be called Central lines, shall be drawn from the Tees to points 4 yards behind each Tee, and at these points Foot Scores, 18 inches in length, shall be drawn at right angles, on which, at 6 inches from the Central line, the heel of the Crampit shall be placed; when, however, in lieu of a Crampit a Hack is preferred, it shall be made 3 inches from the Central line, and not more than 12 inches in length.
- 4.—Other Scores shall be drawn across the Rink at right angles to the Central line, as in the Diagram, viz.:—
  - (a) A "Hog Score," distant from either Tee, one-sixth part of the distance between the "Foot Score" and the farther Tee.
  - (b) A "Sweeping Score," across each Seven-Foot Circle and through each Tee.
  - (c) A "Back Score," behind and just touching outside the Seven-Foot Circle.

    NOTE.—In forming Rinks the Diagram opposite should be referred to.

#### THE RULES OF THE GAME.

- 5.—All Matches shall be of a certain number of Heads, or Shots, or by Time, as may be agreed on, or as fixed by an Umpire at the outset. In the event of Competitors being equal, play shall be continued by all the Rinks engaged for another Head or Heads until the Match has been decided.
- 6.—Every Rink of players shall be composed of four a side, each using two Stones. The rotation of play observed during the first Head of a Match shall not be changed.
- 7.—The Skips opposing each other shall settle by lot, or in any other way they may agree upon, which party shall lead at the first Head, after which the winners of the preceding Head shall do so.
- 8.—All Curling-Stones shall be of a circular shape. No stone, including handle and bolts, shall be of a greater weight than 44 lbs, imperial, or of greater circumference than 36 inches, or of less height than one-eighth part of its greatest circumference.
- 9.—No Stone shall be substituted for another (except under Sections 10 and 14) after a match has been begun, but the sole of a Stone may be reversed at any time during a Match, provided the player is ready to play when his turn comes.
- 10.—Should a Stone be broken, the largest fragment shall be considered in the Game for that Head—the player being entitled to use another Stone, or another pair, during the remainder of the Game.
- 11.—When a played Stone rolls over, or comes to rest on its side or top, it shall be put off the ice.
- 12.—Should the Handle quit the Stone in delivery, the player must keep hold of it; otherwise he shall not be entitled to re-play the shot.

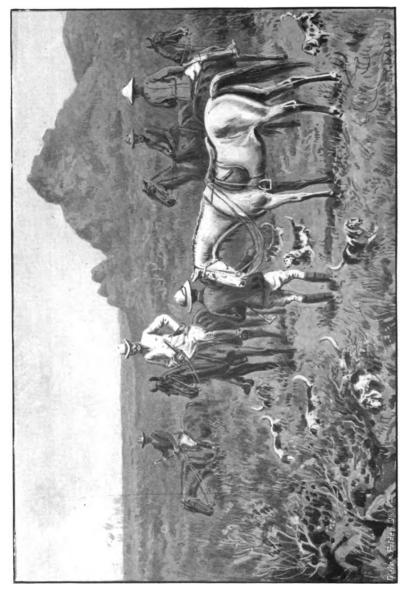
- 13.—Players, during the course of each Head, shall be arranged along the sides, but well off the centre of the Rink, as the Skips may direct; and no one, except when sweeping according to rule, shall go upon the centre of the Rink, or cross it, under any pretence whatever. Skips only shall be entitled to stand within the Seven-Foot Circle. The Skip of the playing party shall have the choice of place, and shall not be obstructed by the other Skip in front of the Tee, while behind it the privileges of both, in regard to sweeping, shall be equal.
- 14.—Each player must be ready to play when his turn comes, and must not take more than a reasonable time to play. Should a player play a wrong Stone, any of the players may stop it while running; but if the mistake is not noticed till the Stone is at rest, the Stone which ought to have been played shall be put in its place, to the satisfaction of the opposing Skip.
- 15.—If a player should play out of his turn, the Stone so played may be stopped in its progress, and returned to the player. Should the mistake not be discovered till the Stone is at rest, or has struck another Stone, the opposing Skip shall have the option of adding one to his score, and allowing the Game to proceed, or of declaring the Head null and void. If another Stone be played before the mistake is discovered, the Head must be finished as if it had been properly played from the beginning.
- 16.—The sweeping shall be under the direction and control of the Skips. The player's party may sweep the ice from the Hog Score next the player to the Tee, and any Stone set in motion by a played Stone may be swept by the party to which it belongs. When snow is falling or drifting, the player's party may sweep the ice from Tee to Tee. The sweeping shall always be to a side, and no sweepings shall be left in front of a running Stone. Both Skips have equal right to clean and sweep the ice behind the Tee at any time, except when a player is being directed by his Skip. At the end of any Head, either of the Skips may call upon the whole of the players to clean and sweep the entire Rink. If objected to, this shall be subject to the approval of the acting Umpire.
- 17.—(a) If, in sweeping or otherwise, a running Stone is marred by any of the party to which it belongs, it may, in the option of the opposing Skip, be put off the ice; but if by any of the adverse party, it may be placed where the Skip of the party to which it belongs shall direct. If marred in any other way, the player shall re-play the Stone.
- (b) Should any played Stone be displaced before the Head is reckoned, it shall be placed as nearly as possible where it lay, to the satisfaction of the Skip opposed to the party displacing. If displaced by any neutral party, both Skips should agree upon the position to which it is to be returned; but if they do not agree, the Umpire shall decide.
- 18.—No measuring of shots shall be allowed previous to the termination of the Head. Disputed shots shall be determined by the Skips; if they disagree, by the Umpire; or, when there is no Umpire, by some neutral person chosen by the Skips. All measurements shall be taken from the centre of the Tee to the nearest part of the Stone.
- 19.—The Skip shall have the exclusive regulation and direction of the Game for his Rink, and may play last stone, or any part in the Game he pleases, but he shall not be entitled to change his position when that has been fixed. When his turn to play comes, he shall select one of his players to act as Skip in his place, and take the position of an ordinary player. He shall not have any choice or direction in the game till he returns to the Tee as Skip.

2c.—If any player engaged in the game shall speak to, annoy, taunt, or interrupt another, not being of his own side, while in the act of delivering his Stone, one shot for each offence may be added to the score of the party so annoyed.

21.—If from any change of weather after a Match has been begun, or from any other reasonable cause, one party shall desire to shorten the Rink, or to change to another, and if the two Skips cannot agree, the Umpire shall, after seeing one end played, determine whether and how much the Rink shall be shortened, or whether it shall be changed, and his decision shall be final. Should there be no acting Umpire, or should he be otherwise engaged, the two Skips may call in any neutral Curler to decide, and his powers shall be equal with those of the Umpire. The Umpire shall, in the event of the ice appearing to him to be dangerous, stop the Match. He shall postpone it, even if begun, when the state of the ice is, in his opinion, not fitted for testing the Curling skill of the players. Except in very special circumstances, of which the Umpire shall be judge, a Match shall not proceed, or be continued, when a thaw has fairly set in, or when snow is falling and likely to continue during the Match, nor shall it be continued if darkness comes on to prevent the played Stones being well seen by players at the other end of the Rink. In every case the Match, when renewed, must be begun de novo.

22.—Every Stone shall be eligible to count which is not clearly outside the Seven-Foot Circle. Every Stone which does not clear the Hog Score shall be a Hog, and must be removed from the ice, but no Stone shall be considered a hog which has struck another Stone lying in position. Stones passing the Back Score, and lying clear of it, must be removed from the ice, as also any Stone which in its progress touches the swept snow on either side of the Rink.



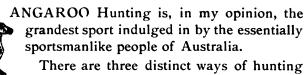


## KANGAROO HUNTING

(IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA).

-···· Kes sex ····-

"The pursuit of experience is the refuge of the unimaginative."



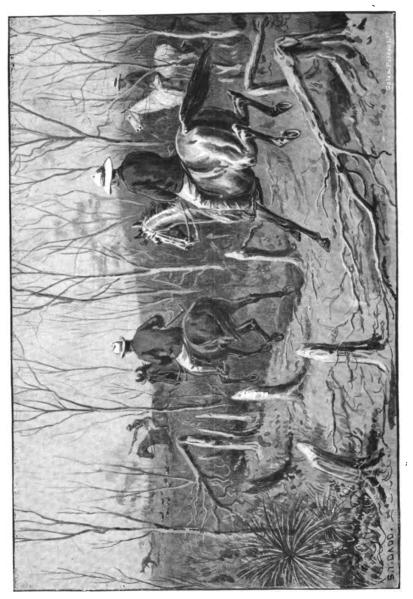
There are three distinct ways of hunting the Kangaroo, the typical Australian animal, and it may be interesting to give a rough sketch of the two least popular, perhaps, with an Englishman, before endeavouring to describe more fully my own experience.

Armed with a good Winchester repeating rifle, you can ride or drive out to the Bush, where Wallaby,\* senior, his wife, and their small Joeys,† are likely to be found grazing.

You can then walk up to your quarry (much the same as in deer-stalking), or lie in wait, and bag your animal, with, very possibly, his wife and little one. The latter, if very young, can often be taken alive. If, however, the game be plentiful, as it is in many parts of Australia at the present day, you will agree with me in thinking this very tame sport.

Another way, when you feel fit enough, is to ride or drive out to the Kangaroo feeding ground, with a couple of well-trained deer-hounds—or "Kangaroo dogs," as they are usually called in Australia—walk up to the quarry, and course the Kangaroo, as we do hares in England.

\* Male Kangaroo, † Young Kangaroos,

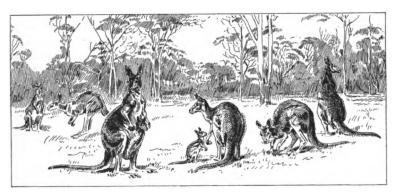


This is really rather good sport, particularly if one is lucky in striking a seasoned old man Kangaroo Wallaby, that means to show fight after being run down.

However, of all the numerous sports to be had in the home of the Kangaroo—not forgetting cross-country paper-chasing, and moonlight opossum shooting—Kangaroo Hunting, with a smart pack of fourteen-inch beagles (as used in Western Australia), has the most fascination for me.

And now, I should like to give you a brief description of a day's run I had in Western Australia. Western Australia!—a colony rich in gold and other mineral wealth; the colony (no doubt prejudicially) described by jaundiced cynics as:—

"The land of sin, sand, sorrow, sore eyes-and Sir John Forest!"



THE FAMILY AT HOME.

(But here let me add, that a personal acquaintanceship with that illustrious Premier has convinced me of the inaccuracy of the insinuation; and as for the sin, sand, and sorrow—well, they left me unscathed. And I have not contracted any eye disease!)

Our fine little pack of beagles, owned and hunted by R. T. Candy, son of Colonel Candy, included some of the best English blood, the dogs in most cases being direct descendants of Champion Reader, Lignum, and Ringwood, etc.

The field was chiefly mounted on the same type of hardy little horse, that, in spite of poor food and scarcity of water, did so much in early days for the pioneers of the (now) richest gold fields in the world. The beagles hunt the wily Kangaroo entirely by scent, as the fox is hunted in England.

Our party, including the Governor's daughter and A.D.C.,

started for the meet from Perth about 9.45. following the picturesque road along the banks of the Swan River, where flocks of graceful black swans (after which the river is named) were pluming themselves in the sunlight. Presently we turned off to the right through Osborne, and again into a small Jarrah forest. Here one felt strongly - almost irresistibly—inclined to loiter among the wealth of gorgeous tropical flowers, to inhale the intoxicating perfume of the Baronia, or gather some of the peculiar



BLACK BOYS.

orchid-like blooms, locally known as "Kangaroo Paws."

Then half-an-hour's canter across country brought us to what looked like a wide stretch of wild moorland, with, here and there, rocky ridges rising to a height of some two or three hundred feet; in the distance, Freemantle, veiled in haze, and beyond Freemantle, a glimpse of quivering, blue Indian Ocean. The moorland is covered with a thick heather-like bush, reaching

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TRYING GROUND, BY THE SWAN RIVER.

almost to the saddle, but the hardy little Australian horse dash ably through, at times nearly dragging its rider out of his seat!

Barely had we time to admire our surroundings, before we sighted the Master approaching with his party and the small little pack of hounds, full of life, eager for the fray. No time was wasted upon salutations, so we moved off into the Bush.

After casting around for about fifteen or twenty minutes, the voices of the hounds broke forth into the music so familiar and invigorating to the genuine sportsman. Away they went !— and what with the dense Bush and blind sand pits, one had to ride hard, and keep both eyes open, to be in with the first flight.

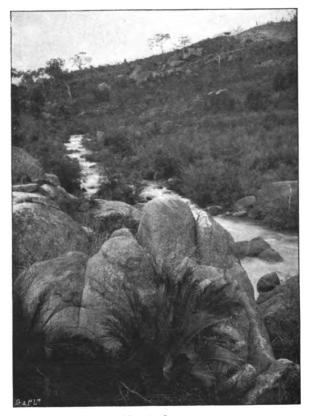
A check, however, often gives one time to catch up, and affords a glance at what, to most Englishmen, must be an entirely novel sort of hunting country. Picture to yourself a hard drive through dense bush; a perilous climb over rocky ridges, that would simply knock up any English horse, and a mad gallop down the other side into a new clearing, where the red and white gum trees have been "ring barked,"\* and where many of these have fallen, leaving awkward stumps about a couple of feet from the ground.

Picture also others still standing, stripped of every leaf, and you will be irresistibly reminded of the white spectre trees in one of Doré's pictures.

Again a change of scenery, as the ground, at an angle of sixty-five degrees, slopes towards the river, still rocky, but wooded profusely with Mimosa trees, about fifteen feet high, bush ferns, and "black boys." The Master, however, had given the "View-halloa!" and we were obliged to turn our attention to the hunt.

<sup>\*</sup>Land is given to settlers on certain conditions, one being that it shall be cleared of trees, which is done by cutting a ridge in the bark about two feet from the ground. The trees then die and eventually fall, and white ants complete the work of destruction.

A fine Kangaroo, who, thanks to the sterling qualities of our little hounds, found things getting somewhat uncomfortably hot for him, made tracks in ungainly leaps for fresh cover, and, failing to find it, doubled back, re-crossed the rocky ridges, and made straight for a wood of gum trees, rich in



HELL'S GATE.

an undergrowth of red gum and wattle. Though our beagles seemed a trifle slow at times, they were dead on the scent, and very shortly "Twang!" went the Master's horn, and "For'ard!" was the word. And as we tore off in hot pursuit, a "Laughing

Jackass"\* flitted across our path with a shrill, mocking scream, whimsically suggestive of a burst of sarcastic laughter from some supernatural agency.

Very shortly a check occurred, occasioned by one of the younger dogs halting over an encounter with an offensive smelling stump-tailed lizard. But a smart crack from a whip soon sufficed to bring him into line, and imbue him with a strict sense of his day's duty. And then followed another hard run for about five-and-twenty minutes, with the Kangaroo well



ABORIGINES.

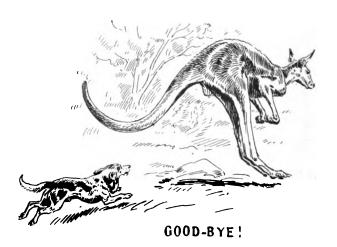
in sight most of the time. Soon the old boy began to show signs of fatigue, and after one or two more ineffectual efforts to out-distance the hounds, he suddenly turned to face them in a final, frenzied death-struggle.

<sup>\*</sup>A bird similar in size and colouring to our common Jay, but with head and beak like a Kingfisher. It is much valued by the natives, owing to the fact that it kills snakes by swooping down and rising with the reptile to a great height, then dropping it, and repeating the treatment until it proves fatal. On this account, there is a Government order prohibiting the shooting of these birds,

This was of brief duration, finished by a sharp crack behind the ear from the butt end of the Master's crop. The fore-pads were taken, and the carcass (including the tail, which makes excellent soup) given over to a charcoal burner, who happened to come on the scene. Thus ended one of the best day's sport it has ever been my good fortune to enjoy.



Mague hommers



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#### CONTENTS.

																	PAGE
ARC	HERY	ľ										By	F.	L, (	3ov en		1
ATH	LETI	C S	POI	RTS	& A'	rhl	ETES	3			By	· w.	M. (	Сни	NNER	ı.	7
BOA	T SA	[LI]	۲G	КО	THE	UP.	PER	THAM	ES		1	By V	V. F.	J٨	CKSO	N.	19
	ING.						•••								ANGLI		37
			SIN	ſG.	A m	onth	in a (	Canoe Y	awl	•••	Вy	GEO	. A.	Rus	SHTON	7	66
COA	CHIN	G		•••	•	•	•••				Ву	W. 1	R. F.	LU L	CONE	R	57
COU	RSIN	G		•••			•••	•••		•••		В	у Т.	W.	LANG	;	79
CRIC	KET	in 1	1898							Вy	GR	EGO]	R MA	cG	REGO	R	89
CRIC	CKET								By C	HA	RLE	s CA	RLO	s C	LARKI	E	100
CYC	LING.			•••					-	Вv	G	eo. I	LACY	Hı	LLIE	R	108



#### CONTENTS—(continued).

	••.		, (,,,		PAGE
FENCING				By Godfrey R. Pearse	121
FISHING, Salmon-				BY ERNEST M. BRISTOWE	128
FOOTBALL, Associ		•••		By J. L. Nickisson	142
FOOTBALL, The D					
100101111, 1110 2				ACLAGAN and G. L JEFFERY	150
FOOTBALL, Rugby	·		•••	By AUB SPURLING	164
GOLF		•••	•••	By S. MURE FERGUSSON	171
HOCKEY		•••	В,	STANLEY CHRISTOPHERSON	182
HUNTING			•••	BY PHILIP G. BARTHROPP	190
HUNTING			By Lo	ORD ALWYNE COMPTON, M.P.	195
HUNTING				By A. J. SCHWABE	202
LACROSSE		•••		By H. E. BYERS	206
MOUNTAINEERIN				By J. OAKLEY MAUND	259
POLO				nd WALTER S. BUCKMASTER	221
PUNT RACING	•			By W. COLIN ROMAINE	236
RACING				By A. J. SCHWABE	287
				HENRY D. G. LEVESON GOWER	243
ROWING, Metropol					293
ROWING, Cambrid				MAN and S. D. MUTTLEBURY	313
ROWING, Oxford	•••				325
SCULLING		•••	•••	By GUY NICKALLS	341
SHOOTING, Phease			•••	,	
		• •	l Sir '	THOMAS TROUBRIDGE, BART.	385
SHOOTING, Wood-				By H. F. LAWFORD	401
SKATING, Bandy		•••	•••	By G. E. B. KENNEDY	349
SKATING, Figure	•••	•••		By ROGER II. FULLER	256
STEEPLECHASING			•••	By Cecil Grenfell	363
SWIMMING		•••		By R. G. F. COHEN	377
TENNIS				KENNEDY and W. H. COHEN	408
TENNIS, Lawn				By II. F. LAWFORD	424
WALKING				By FRED A. COHEN	432
WILD FOWLING				By W. A. BEAUCLERK	138
YACHTING. Corin					****
indirina, com	onitali Ia	onving and	. 0,/1111	By Augustus G. Wildy	449
				D, MUGUSTUS G. WILD!	773

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August 6th, 1870, and the events that preceded it. A		
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numerous coloured maps. By LieutCol. G. F. R.		
HENDERSON, York and Lancaster Regiment, Instructor		
in Traction for D.M.C. Candhurat	6	_
in Tactics, &c., R.M.C., Sandhurst	6	О
Battle of Custozza. The.  A Tactical Study from the German of His Excellency General Von Verdy du Vernois, sometime Minister of War, Chief of the Staff of the First Army Corps, and Professor of the Kriegs Akademie (Staff College) in Berlin. Translated by LieutCol. G. F. R. Henderson, The York and Lancaster Regiment, Author of "The Campaign of Fredericksburg" and "The Battle of Spicheren," and Capt. R. A. Henderson, Adjutant 3rd Battalion The Manchester Regiment	6	o
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